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France Needs A NEW REVOLUTION

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

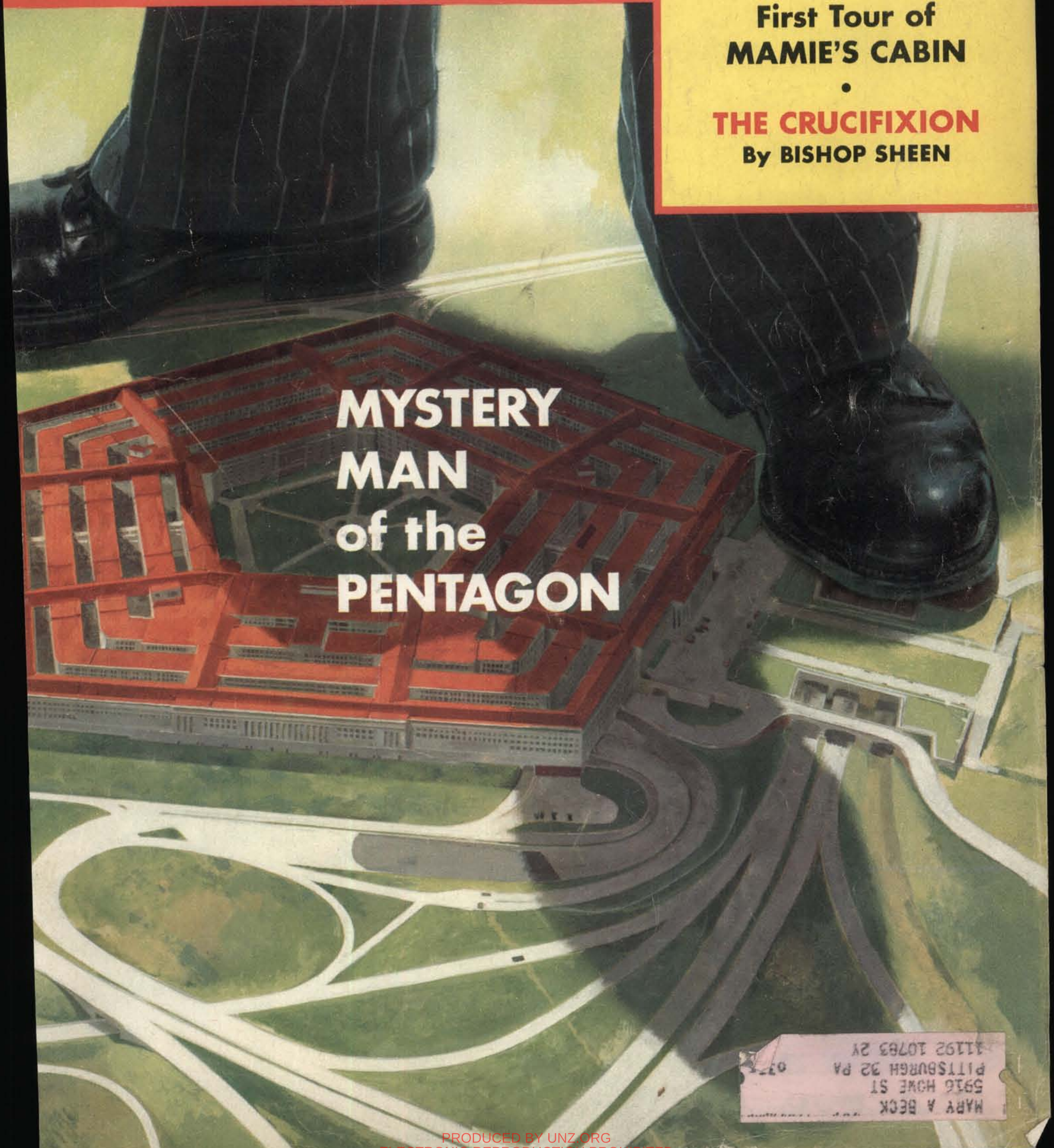
•

First Tour of MAMIE'S CABIN

•

THE CRUCIFIXION

By BISHOP SHEEN



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The ***Transistor*** was announced only five years ago but it is already the daddy and granddaddy of many promising offspring. All of the growing uses of this tiny electronic device stem from its invention at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Seldom has there been an invention with such exciting possibilities in telephony and in other fields. A recent issue of *The Reader's Digest* calls it "The Fabulous Midget" and reprints these words from an article in the *Science News Letter*: "In less than half a century, the electronic tube has changed the world. The effect of the transistor on our lives may be equally potent."

The Bell System, in accordance with its established policy of making all of its inventions available to others on reasonable terms, has licensed forty companies to make and sell transistors. These include makers of advanced equipment for defense, as well as radios, television sets, computing machines, hearing aids and a wide range of electronic apparatus.

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JANUARY 22, 1954

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THE COVER . . Arthur Lidov

The hidden figure who looms over the Pentagon is one of the most important men in Washington—yet he is virtually unknown to all but relatively few Americans. Critics and friends alike agree that almost no one knows more about our defense machine. The big question is: Does he play a significant part in policy decisions? Charlotte Knight gives the answer in an article which starts on page 30

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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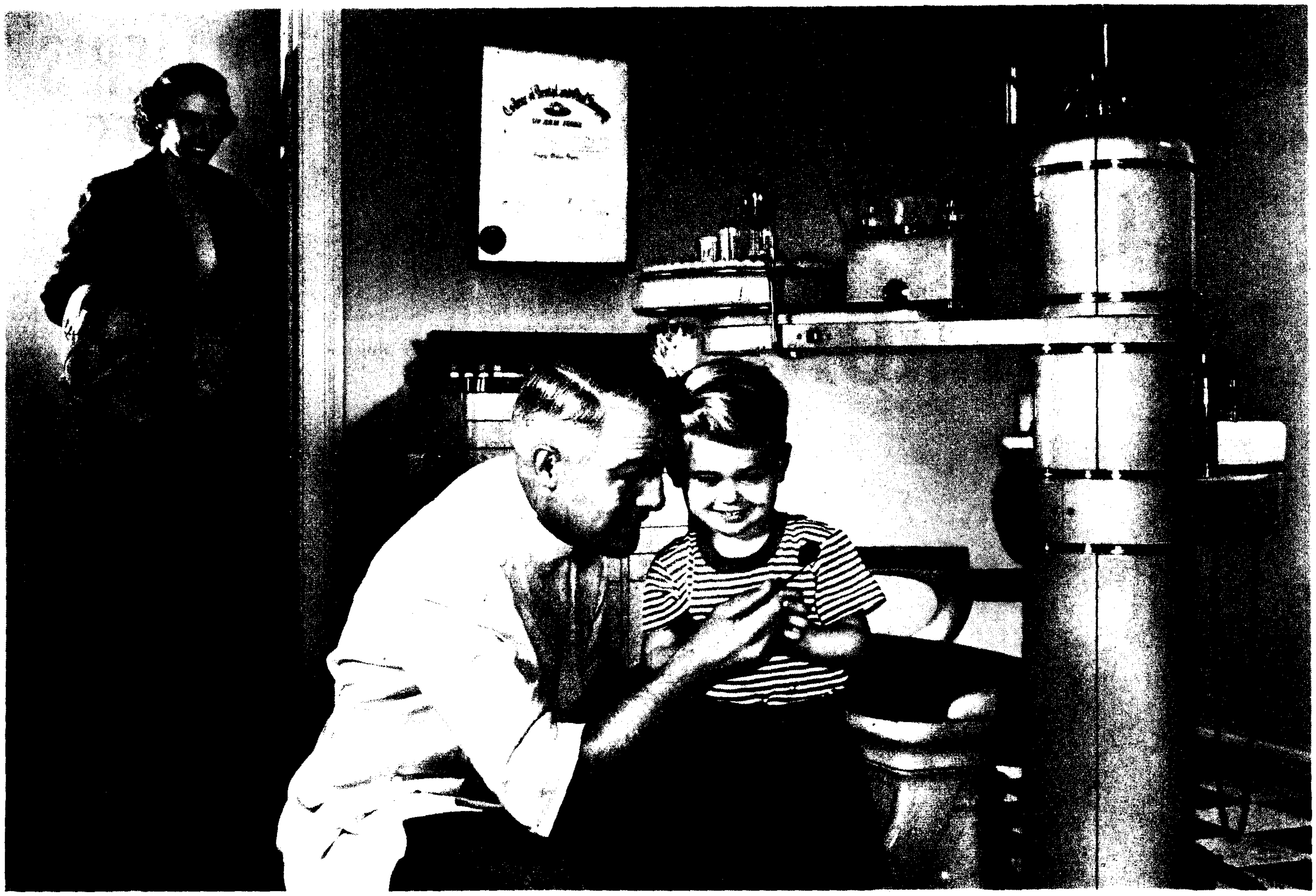

When should a child first go to the dentist?

When a child is about three years old, he should visit the dentist. This may seem quite young, but authorities say it is generally the best age to introduce a child to dental care.

In most cases, little if any treatment is needed during the first visit. This appointment, however, is important because it gives the child an opportunity to become acquainted with the dentist and his office. It also helps to build the child's confidence so that future visits may be less likely to cause fear and anxiety.

Authorities recommend dental examinations for a child at least twice a year after he is three years old. This enables the dentist to detect any small cavities in the so-called "baby teeth" and fill them promptly. If this is not done, decay will progress with possible early loss of these "baby teeth." This in turn may result in irregularities or crookedness in the permanent teeth.

When the first permanent molars appear, around age six, dental check-ups are particularly necessary. Though these molars may be mistaken for "baby teeth," they are a part of the permanent set, and if they are lost, nature will not replace them. Prompt repair of weak spots or surface cracks in the six-year molars is essential for their preservation.

Good dental health requires more than regular visits to the dentist. Diet, for example, plays an important part in keeping children's teeth and gums healthy. Daily care of the teeth and gums is also essential to good dental health. Dentists say that all children should be taught to brush their teeth within ten minutes after every meal, for at least three minutes at a time.

Tooth decay is largely a disease of the young. The American Dental Association estimates that about one out of every three children, entering the first grade, has a permanent tooth so badly decayed that extraction is required.

Fortunately, the prospect of reducing tooth decay has been improved by sodium fluoride treatments. These require four visits to the dentist at weekly intervals, and involve nothing more than applying the chemical directly to the children's teeth. Dentists recommend that these treatments be given when children are three, seven, ten, and thirteen years of age. Studies show that after four treatments with sodium fluoride, decay in children's teeth may decrease as much as 40 percent.

Adults, too, should visit the dentist regularly, have defects promptly repaired, keep the teeth clean, and eat well-balanced meals. These safeguards are important because it has been established that there is a relationship between the health of teeth and gums, and general health.

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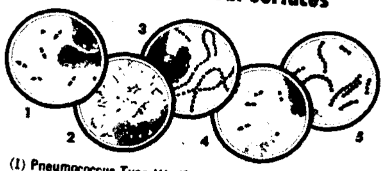

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

At the first sign of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or irritated throat, start the family on that wonderful Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . and keep it up!

You may spare yourself and your family a long siege of colds. That is also true of sore throats due to colds.

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Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel above).

These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you. Tests showed that germs on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour after.

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We repeat, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands . . . why not you?

At the first symptom . . .

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Quick and often!

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

KRYN TACONIS

Gen. Gruenther, writer Mowrer

AT ONE high point in his newspaper career, 14 years ago, Edgar Ansel Mowrer impelled Nazi propagandist Joseph Goebbels to face a radio microphone for five successive days and defend himself to the German people. This satisfactory reaction occurred after Mowrer cabled to the Chicago Daily News (for which paper he was Paris bureau chief) some juicy detailed information he had latched onto concerning Goebbels' private fortune at a time when private fortunes were not considered cricket or *comme il faut* in Nazi circles. Herr Goebbels publicly asserted he was willing to expend one German army division for one Edgar Mowrer, but the correspondent knows his way around and Goebbels' men couldn't catch up with him.

Our subject's dossier includes a University of Michigan education, class of 1913; experience as a war correspondent in France, Belgium and Italy during the first World War; authorship of innumerable English and American magazine articles; receipt of a Pulitzer prize in journalism for correspondence (1933) and other Who's Who items of interest. At present, he syndicates a world affairs column for General Features, Inc.; and his sojourns in France, where he assiduously learned the customs and the thinking and behavior pattern of its people, made him the logical man for Collier's, which recently asked him to return to the Continent for a few weeks of pinpoint investigation. France Needs a *New* Revolution is Mowrer's conclusion, the facts leading up to which are laid out on page 19.

★ ★ ★

TELEPHONE message found on our desk after lunch yesterday:

"Mr. Arthur Watson phoned from Baltimore to say he forgot to tell photographer Laura Beaujohn that though Dr. Tom eats cigarettes he is also partial to fried shrimp and strawberry shortcake with whipped cream. However, he hates anyone wearing a cap, which, unfortunately, includes cops and servicemen. He is fond of improvising on the piano but plays each composition only once. Probably has a poor memory. The other man in the picture you have is Ben Gary, head keeper.

"I do not understand any of this. Do you, Ramona?"

Don't look now, Ramona, but the message will be quite clear after you've examined pages 44, 45 and 46.

★ ★ ★

THE vivid, fictionalized drama behind the production of that new car you just bought, or plan to acquire this year, is the first such story of a series based on business themes by Cameron Hawley, to be published in this magazine during the year. The author, an eminently successful advertising man who three years ago decided to forsake a tycoon's desk for a typewriter desk, knew the stories wouldn't ring true if he merely sat in a library and did his research. That is why he has been traveling extensively during the last few months, visiting industrial areas and exploring every facet of the manufacturing picture, and that is the reason the fascinating details in The $20,000,000 Decision (page 72) are accurate.

The upcoming series took a prodigious bit of doing, and the author gave up all other work to do it.

Readers of author Hawley's best seller, Executive Suite (Houghton-Mifflin, Ballantine Books, 1952), may well look forward to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's major production for 1954—a screen adaptation of the book—and they may also expect a new Cameron Hawley novel later this year.

★ ★ ★

ASIDE light on the tact, bravery and know-how of Major David MacGhee, who begins his potent POW saga on page 82, comes from Lieutenant General Earle E. Partridge, Deputy Chief of Staff, USAF Operations, in Washington.

"I first met Major MacGhee when he was assigned to the Pentagon shortly after World War II. This husky, red-headed navigator-bombardier had a pipe stuck in his mouth and exuded an air of quiet cockiness that bore out his reputation—even then—of speaking his mind regardless of the consequences. I handed him what was considered a pretty ticklish problem: how to retrieve 300 aircraft assigned personally to high-ranking Army and Air Force commanders during the war, but which the Air Force could no longer afford to maintain on that basis. In two weeks MacGhee had cut the number down to 60 planes—allocated on a regional basis—and, what was more remarkable, had everybody concerned agreeable to the idea. That this young man had the courage, brains and gall to outwit the Communists for 34 months in their prison camps, therefore, came as no surprise to me."

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

LAURA BEAUJOHN

Dr. Tom, Arthur Watson and Ben Gary look over Beth's shoulder

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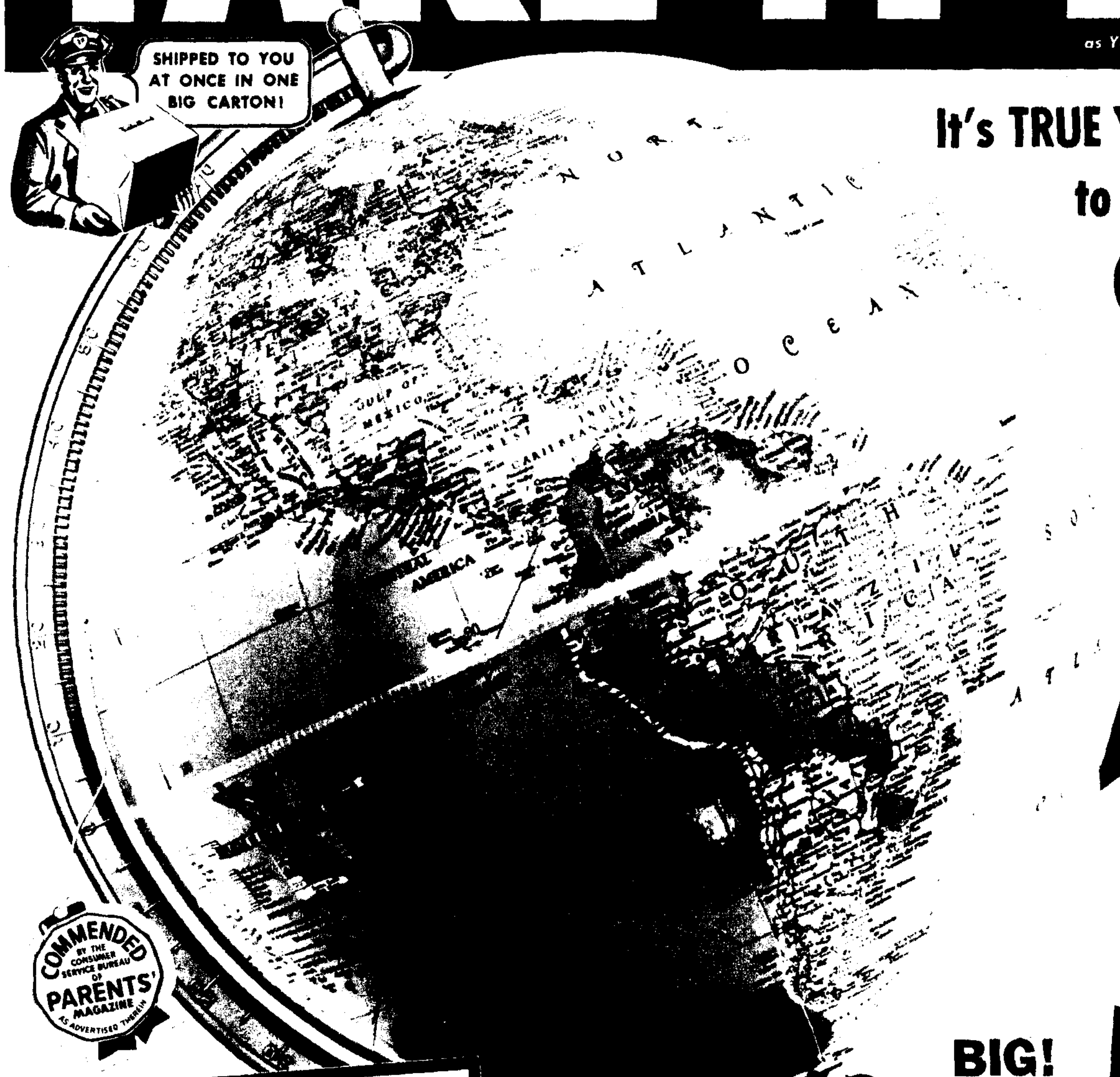

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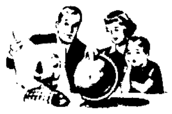

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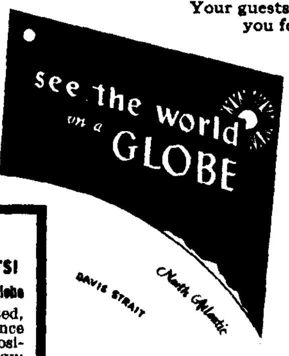

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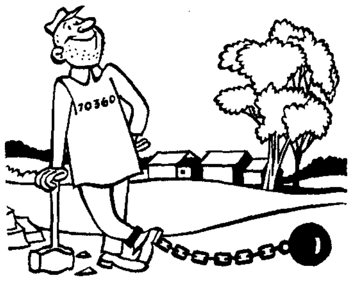
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Just as we were starting this column we heard from Mrs. Bessie Graywing, of Boston, Massachusetts. There will be a short delay while we beg Mrs. Graywing not to send us a pair of parakeets, notwithstanding her statement that one of the birds is brainy and could do our thinking for us.

* * *

Maine newspaper headline: Man Sentenced to Life in Vermont. To some people (and not just Vermonters) that would make crime almost a paying proposition.



* * *

This will notify Mr. Nils Shoeburger, of Pasadena, California, that we see nothing remarkable in the fact that Sitting Bull wrote his memoirs although totally unable to write. We have read quite a number of autobiographies by persons similarly handicapped.

* * *

Word has just arrived from Garibaldi, Oregon, that there's a restaurant near that town which flaunts a sign reading, "Rotten Food." How's business? Business is great. You can scarcely get into the place.

* * *

In Reno, Nevada, a husband-and-father received a letter from the local Internal Revenue office. It informed him courteously that he had erred in computing his income tax. The explanatory paragraph of the letter read: "A figure on page 3 appears to be computed from the chart to be used by heads of households. This does not apply to married men."

* * *

While we pause to look around for something of major importance to tell you, please consider this: there's a microscopic but dignified hamlet in Georgia named Everywhere. Several people we know say they've been there.

* * *

Pay no attention to the trumpeting of Johnny-come-lately communities like Los Angeles and Houston. The fastest-growing town in the United States is Stanzel, Iowa. Stanzel has tripled its population in three years. It now has 33 people and the local chamber of commerce reportedly is demanding to know why Stanzel's name has been omitted from the government's list of American communities in prime danger of atomic attack.

* * *

Mr. Eugene Brilliant, of Topeka, reports that somewhere in Kansas there's a gasoline filling station under the sign: "Buzz twice for night service. Then keep your shirt on while I get my pants on."

* * *

And from Havre, Montana, Mr. Joe Jeff Toth reports that a customer in a feed store ordered half a ton of calf fodder. The clerk asked him if he wanted it delivered. "No," said this customer. "I'll tell the calves to drop over and get it if they feel hungry."

* * *

One of our well-read readers, Mr. Mike O'Sander, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, bids us not to smirk at the English clergyman who has eaten a water-lily sandwich every day for 12 years. Mr. O'Sander has wolfed two water-cress sandwiches daily for 15 years. To make one, you clutch a large handful of water cress between two pieces of buttered bread. Very tasty, Mr. O'Sander says, even when made without water cress.

* * *

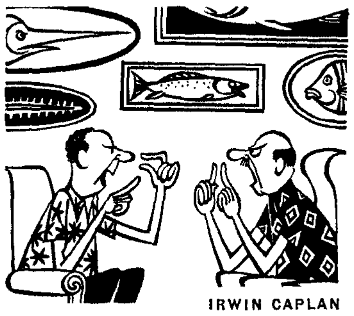
To give you some idea of how things are going in Omaha, Nebraska, they've equipped the central police station with an up-to-date burglar alarm.

* * *

Two hundred citizens of Springfield, Illinois, are demanding that the city council do something to discourage engineers on the Chicago & Illinois Midland Railroad from playing Yankee Doodle and The Monkey Wrapped His Tail around the Flagpole on the locomotive whistles as they pass through town. Particularly at 3:00 A.M.

* * *

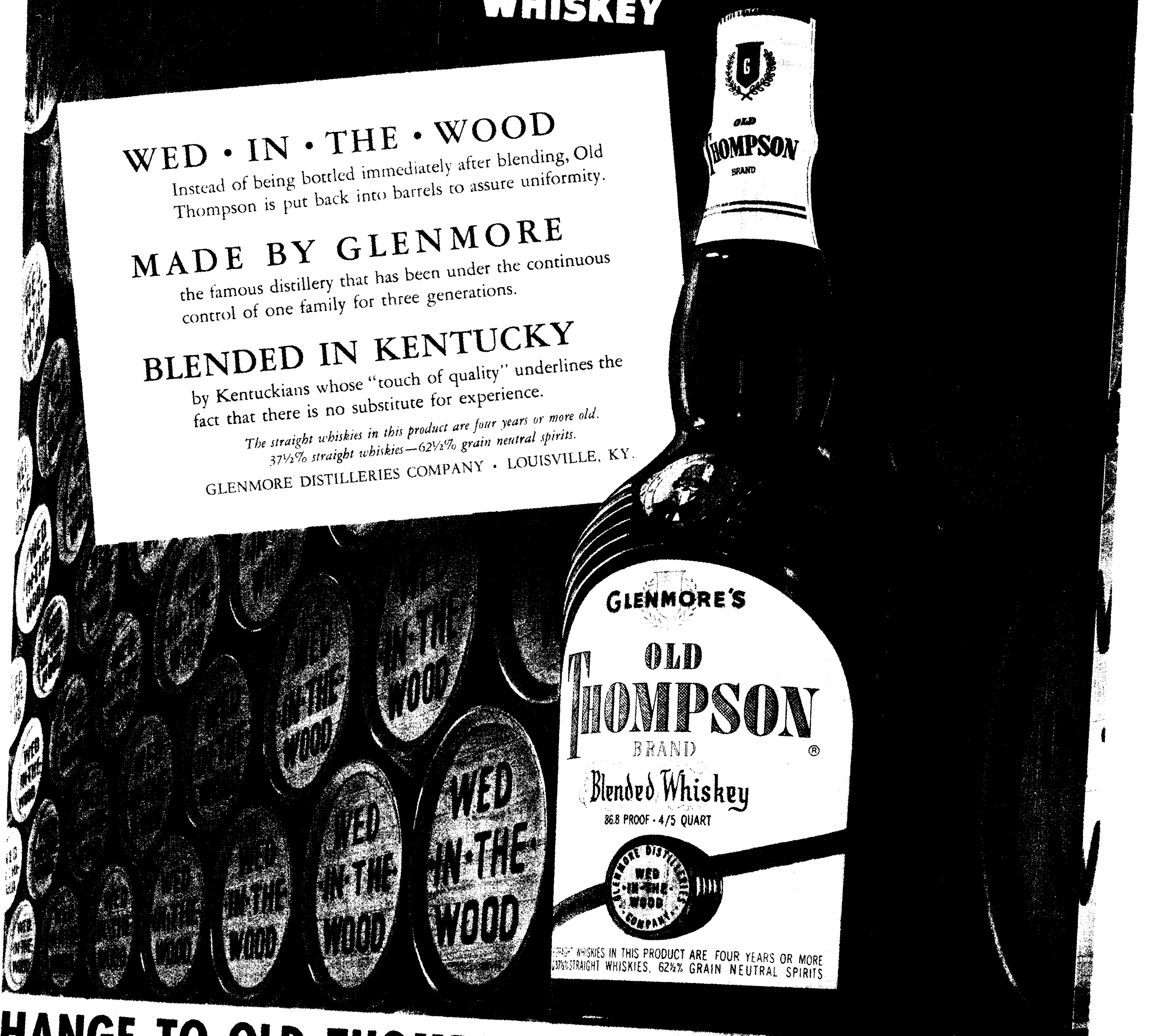
After considerable uproar in Hawaii it has finally been decided that the smallest fish in the ocean is the lauwiliwilinukunukuoeoe. The backers of the humuhumunukunukuapuaa have conceded defeat, and Mr. Charley Jin N'yuk Tuu Bhang, of Nonopapa, Niihau, feels you'll be happy to hear that all is peaceful again. ▲▲▲



IRWIN CAPLAN

OLD THOMPSON

THE WED·IN·THE·WOOD WHISKEY


G
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Blended Whiskey
86.8 PROOF · 4/5 QUART
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
WED-IN-THE-WOOD
WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE
37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
WED IN THE WOOD
WED IN·THE WOOD
IN·THE WOOD

WED • IN • THE • WOOD

Instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

MADE BY GLENMORE

the famous distillery that has been under the continuous control of one family for three generations.

BLENDED IN KENTUCKY

by Kentuckians whose "touch of quality" underlines the fact that there is no substitute for experience.

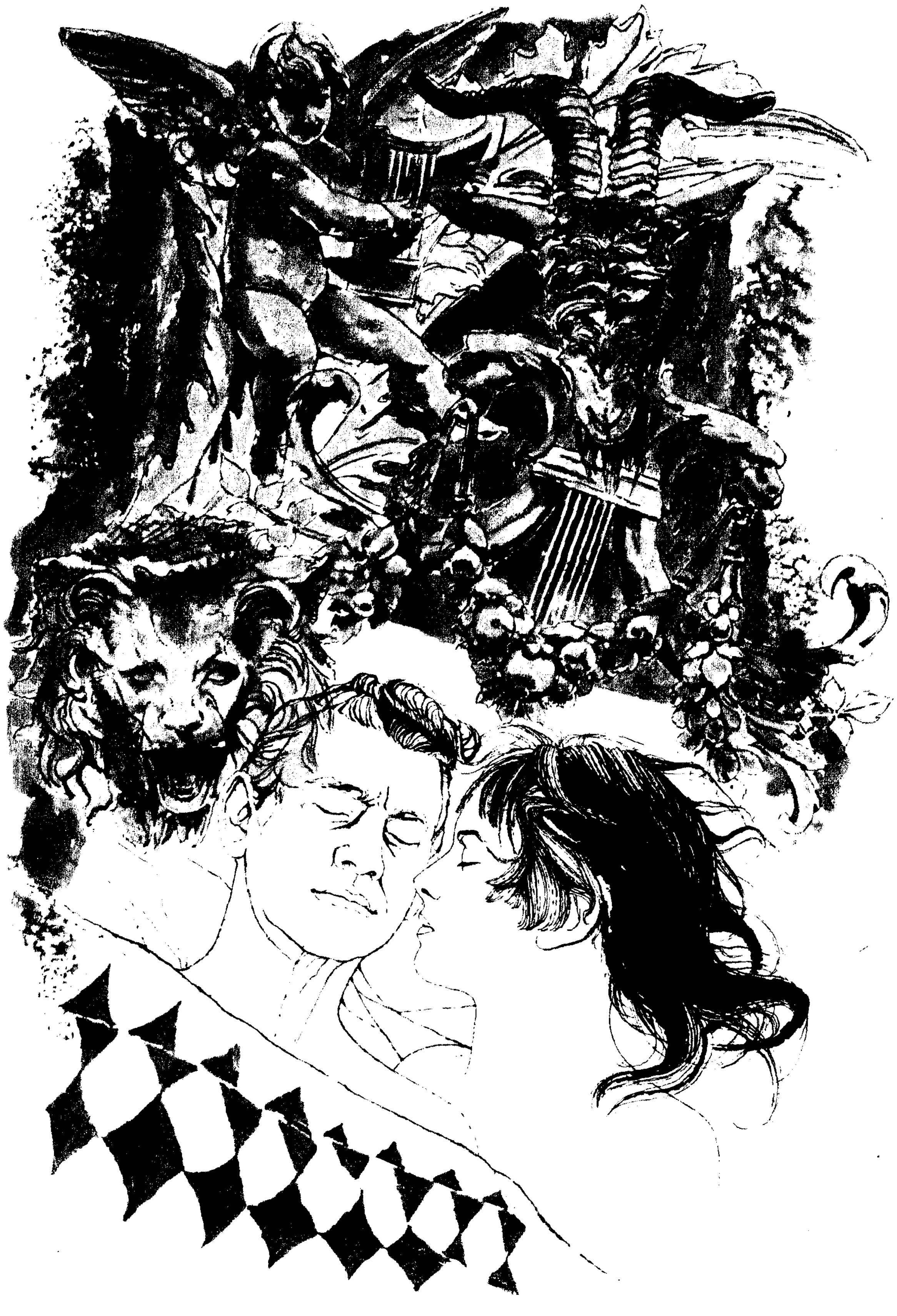
The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KY.

HANGE TO OLD THOMPSON AND KEEP THE CHANGE

The Marriage Mender

By RAY BRADBURY



ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

IN THE sun, the headboard was like a fountain, tossing up plumes of clear light. It was carved with a harp and lions and gargoyles and bearded goats. It was an awe-inspiring object even at midnight as Antonio sat on the bed and unlaced his shoes, and put his large callused hand out to touch its shimmering harp. Then he rolled over into this fabulous machine for dreaming, and he lay breathing heavily, his eyes beginning to close.

"Every night," his wife's voice said, "we sleep in the mouth of a calliope."

Her complaint shocked him. He lay a long while before daring to reach up his hard-tipped fingers to stroke the cold metal of the intricate headboard, the threads of this lyre that had sung many wild and beautiful songs down the years.

"This is no calliope," he said.

"It cries like one," Maria said. "A billion people on this world tonight have beds. Why, I ask the saints, not us?"

"This," said Antonio gently, "is a bed." He plucked a little tune on the imitation brass harp behind his head. To his ears it was Santa Lucia.

"This bed has humps like a herd of camels was under it."

"Now, Mama," Antonio said. He called her Mama when she was mad, though they had no children. "You were never this way," he went on, "until five months ago when Mrs. Brancozzi downstairs bought her new bed."

Maria said wistfully, "Mrs. Brancozzi's bed. It's like snow. It's all flat and white and smooth."

"I don't want any damn' snow, all flat and white and smooth! These springs—feel them!" he cried angrily. "They know me. They recognize that this hour of night I lie *thus*, at two o'clock, *so!* Three o'clock *this* way, four o'clock *that!* We are like a tumbling act, we've worked together for years, and know all the holds and falls."

Maria sighed and said, "Sometimes I dream we're in the taffy machine at Bartolo's candy store."

"This bed," he announced to the darkness, "served our family before Garibaldi! From this wellspring alone came precincts of honest voters, a squad of clean-saluting Army men, two confectioners, a barber, four second leads for Il Trovatore and Rigoletto, and two geniuses so complex they never *could* decide what to do in their lifetime! Not to forget enough beautiful women to provide ballrooms with their finest decoration. A cornucopia of plenty, this bed! A veritable harvesting machine!"

"We have been married two years," she said, with dreadful control over her voice. "Where are *our* second leads for Rigoletto, our geniuses, our ballroom decorations?"

"Patience, Mama."

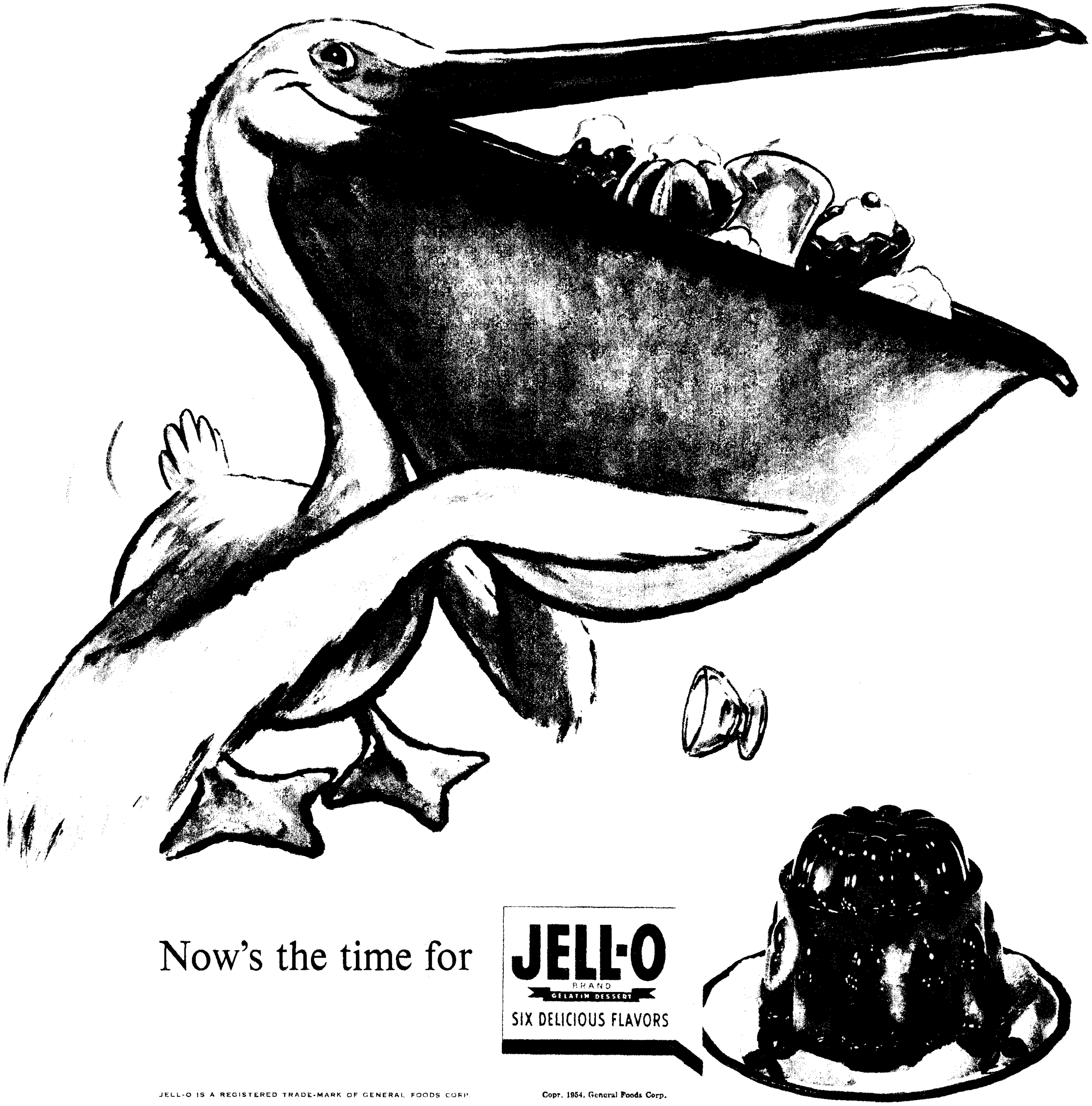
"Don't call me Mama! While this bed is busy favoring you all night, never once has it done for me. Not even so much as a baby *girl!"*

He sat up. "You've let these women in this tenement ruin you with their dollar-down, dollar-a-week talk. Has Mrs. Brancozzi children? Her and

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

When I'm eating Jell-O
I wish I were a pelican

...because then I could show everyone how Jell-O fills
the bill when it comes to delicious desserts!



Now's the time for

JELL-O
BRAND
GELATIN DESSERT
SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORP

Copr. 1954, General Foods Corp.

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You can, you know...
with an Air-Way Sanitizor
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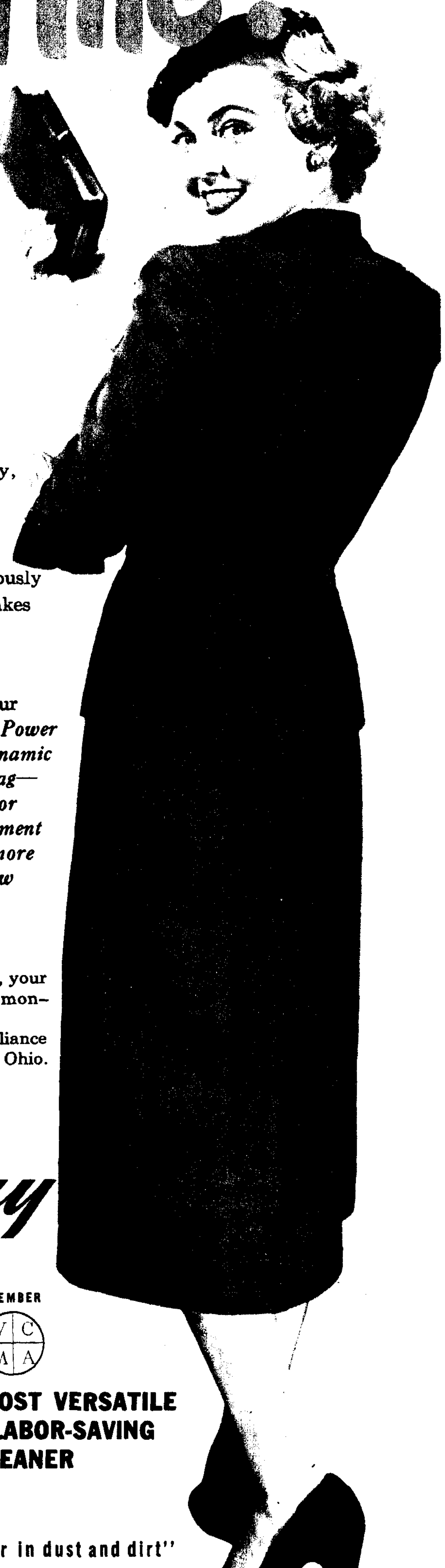

Yes—Air-Way is designed for the modern woman who wants to get her cleaning done quickly, thoroughly and efficiently — who knows what to do with the hours of leisure gained through the use of this marvelously versatile home cleaner that "takes the work out of housework".

And just think! With all its ORIGINAL FEATURES for your everyday convenience—*Extra Power to Clean—Constant, Live, Dynamic Suction—"Throw-A-Way" Bag—Revolving Intake—Swivel Floor Nozzle—All Matching Attachment Ensemble—Attacha-Kit and more* —Air-Way still *costs only a few pennies a day* on the liberal budget plan!

Call Air-Way Branches, Inc., your city, for free home demonstration, or
Write Air-Way Electric Appliance Corporation, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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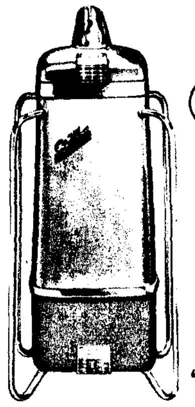
SANITIZOR®



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REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MEMBER
V C M A

WORLD'S MOST VERSATILE TIME AND LABOR-SAVING VACUUM CLEANER

"There's danger in dust and dirt"

her new bed that she's had for five months?"

"No! But *soon!* Mrs. Brancozzi says . . . and her bed, so beautiful."

He slammed himself down and yanked the covers over him. The bed screamed like all the Furies rushing through the night sky, fading away toward the dawn.

The moon changed the shape of the window pattern on the floor. Antonio awoke. Maria was not beside him.

He got up and went to peer through the half-open door of the bathroom. His wife stood at the mirror looking at her tired face.

"I don't feel well," she said.

"We argued." He put out his hand to pat her. "I'm sorry. We'll think it over. About the bed, I mean. We'll see how the money goes. And if you're not well tomorrow, see the doctor, eh? Now, come back to bed."

AT NOON the next day, Antonio walked from the lumberyard to a window where stood fine new beds with their covers invitingly turned back.

"I," he whispered to himself, "am a beast."

He checked his watch. Maria, at this time, would be going to the doctor's. She had been like cold milk this morning; he had told her to go. He walked on to the candy-store window and watched the taffy machine folding and threading and pulling. Does taffy scream? he wondered. Perhaps, but so high we cannot hear it. He laughed. Then, in the stretched taffy, he saw Maria. Frowning, he turned and walked back to the furniture store. No. Yes. No. Yes! He pressed his nose to the icy window. Bed, he thought, you in there, new bed, do you *know* me? Will you be kind to my back, nights?

He took out his wallet, slowly, and peered at the money. He sighed, gazed for a long time at that flat marbletop, that unfamiliar enemy, that new bed. Then, shoulders sagging, he walked into the store, his money held loosely in his hand.

"Maria!" He ran up the steps two at a time. It was nine o'clock at night and he had managed to beg off in the middle of his overtime at the lumberyard to rush home. He rushed through the open doorway, smiling.

The apartment was empty.

"Ah," he said disappointedly. He laid the receipt for the new bed on top of the bureau where Maria might see it when she entered. On those few evenings when he worked late she visited with any one of several neighbors downstairs.

I'll go find her, he thought, and stopped. No. I want to tell her alone. I'll wait. He sat on the bed. "Old bed," he said, "good-by to you. I am very sorry." He patted the brass lions nervously. He paced the floor. Come *on*, Maria. He imagined her smile.

He listened for her quick running on the stair, but he heard only a slow, measured tread. He thought: That's not my Maria, slow like that, no.

The doorknob turned.

"Maria!"

"You're early!" She smiled happily at him. Did she guess? Was it written on his face? "I've been downstairs," she cried, "telling everyone!"

"Telling everyone?"

"The doctor! I saw the doctor!"

"The doctor?" He looked bewildered. "And?"

"And, Papa, *and—*"

"Do you mean—*Papa?*"

"Papa, Papa, Papa, Papa!"

"Oh," he said, gently, "you walked so carefully on the stairs."

He took hold of her, but not too tight, and he kissed her cheeks, and he shut his eyes and he yelled. Then he had to wake a few neighbors and tell them, shake them, tell them again. There had to be a little wine and a careful waltz around, an embracing, a trembling, a kissing of brow, eyelids, nose, lips, temples, ears, hair, chin—and then it was midnight.

"A miracle," he sighed.

They were alone in their room again, the air warm from the people who had been here a minute before, laughing, talking. But now they were alone again.

Turning out the light, he saw the receipt on the bureau. Stunned, he tried to decide in what subtle and delicious way to break this additional news to her.

Maria sat upon her side of the bed in the dark, hypnotized with wonder. She moved her hands as if her body was a strange doll, taken apart, and now to be put back together again, limb by limb, her motions as slow as if she lived beneath a warm sea at midnight. Now, at last, careful not to break herself, she lay back upon the pillow.

"Maria, I have something to tell you."

"Yes?" she said faintly.

"Now that you are as you are." He squeezed her hand. "You deserve the comfort, the rest, the beauty of a new bed."

She did not cry out happily or turn to him or seize him. Her silence was a thinking silence.

He was forced to continue. "This bed is nothing but a pipe organ, a calliope."

"It is a bed," she said.

"A herd of camels sleep under it."

"No," she said quietly, "from it will come precincts of honest voters, captains enough for *three* armies, two ballerinas, a famous lawyer, a very tall policeman, and *seven* basso profundos, altos and sopranos."

HE SQUINTED across the dimly lighted room at the receipt upon the bureau. He touched the worn mattress under him. The springs moved softly to recognize each limb, each tired muscle, each aching bone.

He sighed. "I never argue with you, little one."

"Mama," she said.

"Mama," he said.

And then as he closed his eyes and drew the covers to his chest and lay in the darkness by the great fountain, in the sight of a jury of fierce metal lions and amber goats and smiling gargoyles, he listened. And he heard it. It was very far away at first, very tentative, but it came clearer as he listened.

Softly, her arm back over her head, Maria's finger tips began to tap a little dance on the gleaming harp strings, on the shimmering brass pipes of the ancient bed. The music was—yes, of course: Santa Lucia! His lips moved to it in a warm whisper. Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia.

It was very beautiful.

—RAY BRADBURY

He's dialing his daddy 2697 miles away

... someday, thanks in part to Nickel,
you will be able to reach any telephone
in the country simply by dialing a number

Tomorrow, Sandy Leigh and his mother are going home. Home to San Francisco after a nice, long visit with Sandy's grandmother in Englewood, New Jersey.

To make sure Daddy will be at the airport o meet them, Mrs. Leigh simply picks up the phone. Without the help of an operator, she dials the family number in San Francisco, some 2697 miles away. Dials it directly! And in about thirty seconds, Sandy and she are telling Mr. Leigh just when they'll get in.

You can't do this yet, of course... unless like Sandy's grandmother you live in a city being tested for customer toll dialing. But your day will come!

Meanwhile, remember this: the same little miracle workers, the same little relays that set up connections for Sandy's mother also set up connections for operator toll dialing and for your local dial calls.

When you dial a number, these relays go to work at top speed. They have to split seconds. They have to give you a nice, quiet voice circuit—no small chore when you realize it takes about 7000 relay contacts to complete your average call. What's more, they have to go on working at split second speeds year after year after year.

How can they do it? Only because the designers didn't miss a trick!

They picked corrosion-resisting Nickel silver, for example, for the contact springs of these new relays. Picked it most of all for its lasting snap, its ability to stand up to a billion flexings... once a second for thirty years.

And for relay contacts, the designers chose another Inco-produced metal, precious palladium. They chose palladium because it's a real quiet metal. No spark erosion, no tarnishing! So, you get no hisses in your ear... and the telephone companies get a long-lasting piece of equipment.

Over the years, telephone companies have developed many new and wonderful devices to improve service and keep costs down. And, as you see from the story of the new, high-speed relay, Nickel and other Inco products are helping the good work along.

You and "Your Unseen Friend": *Morning, noon and night, Inco Nickel is always with you—helping to make your life easier, brighter, more pleasant, more worthwhile. Just how? "The Romance of Nickel," an interesting booklet, tells you. Send for your free copy. Write The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 7c, New York 5, N. Y.*

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Inco Nickel ... Your Unseen Friend

INCO The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
and Victoria Vat
SCOTCH WHISKIES

Piper at parade rest
Clan Wallace Tartan

Dewar's never varies!

Famed are the clans of Scotland ...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

Letters...

Collier's 64th

EDITOR: Methinks your 64th All-America team (Dec. 11th) must have given Pennsylvania's coach, "Good ol' George" Munger, a mental twinge. The only three Eastern boys on the eleven are all residents of Pennsylvania: end Meilinger (Kentucky), tackle Jones (Maryland) and guard Fleck (Syracuse).

That trio sure would have been helpful to the Red and Blue and its "suicide" schedule. Only sad commentary is that had they all been on the Penn team, probably two of them would not have been selected to the All-America.

CLAUDE BARRÈRE, New York, N.Y.

. . . Being a Maryland U. fan, I have little quarrel to make with your first-team All-America selections, since you picked Stan Jones as the Lineman of the Year.

I was a little disappointed to see that Bernie Faloney was not picked as an All-America back on your first team. However, I recognize the merits of the four backs you did select, and not having seen any of them in action as I did Faloney, I cannot honestly quarrel with the board on that score.

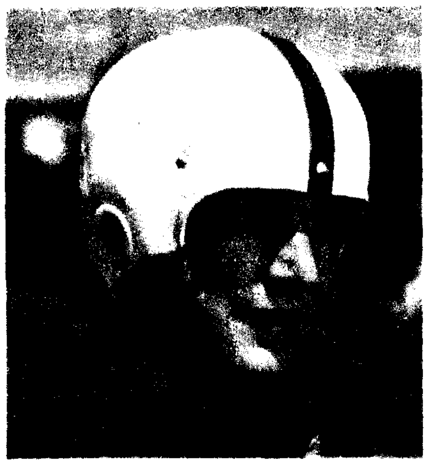
Faloney is a terrific, all-round player. Please remind your board that the two-platoon system is out this year and, to make the regional All-Star team, a back must be outstanding both on offense and defense.

JOHN DEL VECCHIO, Washington, D.C.

. . . Don't you think they could have blundered a little in leaving our great fullback, Alan Ameche, off both your All-America and All-Midwest selections?

The Gridiron Record picked Ameche both this year and last season.

FRANK HINSEL, JR., Wauwatosa, Wis.



Wisconsin's Ameche

. . . Out here in the Southwest there are two gentlemen by the name of Carlton Massey (Texas U.) and J. D. Roberts (Okla. U.) who would give Collier's 1953 All-Americas a very rough afternoon. Of course with Ameche also on the bench, perhaps you are saving the *men* to relieve the boys after the kickoff.

JAY BLAIR, Tulsa, Okla.

No Beaker

EDITOR: I would like to point out an error in your article G-Gas—A New Weapon of Chilling Terror (Nov. 27th).

On page 89 is a picture of Saul Hormats holding what you call a beaker. This is not a beaker at all, but a flask—an Erenmeyer flask, to be precise.

I call this to your attention because I know that if I called it a beaker in one of my general science exams I would be marked wrong.

M. A. MCNULTY (aged 12), Albany, N.Y.

We're staying after school today, M.A., and writing 500 times, "A flask is not a beaker."

. . . Thanks for your informative article by Cornelius Ryan about G-gas. Seems this weapon might be smuggle into our United States in small lots an assembled at desired spot; then on a agreed date a series of small tan trucks with pressure equipment coul drive largely unmolested through ou city streets and defense-plant areas.

What more can Collier's do abou it? Mail copies of your article t commentators, legislatures, to Senator and Representatives, Women's Club schools, etc. You have done a wonderful job as is. Help more people t read this article.

L. E. TERRY, Ponca City, Okl

Native Son

EDITOR: In the article Are You F for Political Office? (Nov. 13th), Richard and Maurine Neuberger, are mis

The ladies...bless 'em are taking over another man's job

...AND THE MEN LOVE IT!

The idea's catching on like wildfire. And why not? You don't have to tell a smart, thrifty woman more than once, that a costly car repair bill can play heck with the family budget. And who *wouldn't* rather have a new dress?

These gals are smart another way. They know their husbands work hard all week—and look forward with no pleasure to spending Saturday mornings getting the car lubricated. Yet they're smart enough to know it has to be done—to protect their investment—and avoid needless repair bills.

So what do they do? Every thirty days thousands, yes thousands of them are driving to the man they've selected to take care of the family car. He takes over while they shop or slip into the beauty parlor. And it's all done during the week—when the work can be done without rush—and there is no waiting.

Why don't you adopt this plan? The "head man" will love it. And you can be very sure your Alemite-equipped dealer welcomes the idea. Sure, also, that the woman who drives in will receive every courtesy and attention.

MEMO TO A BUSY MAN
Join the Alemite Car Care Program . . .

It's a life saver for you and your car—and no chore for your wife. Here's how it works:

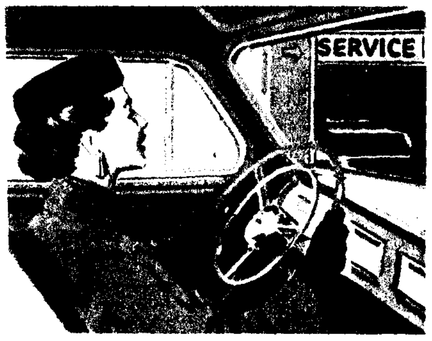
1. To get the *best* in lubrication, patronize the service dealer who uses Alemite equipment, the finest money can buy.

2. Pick a weekday every month, for your wife to take the car in for genuine Alemite lubrication.

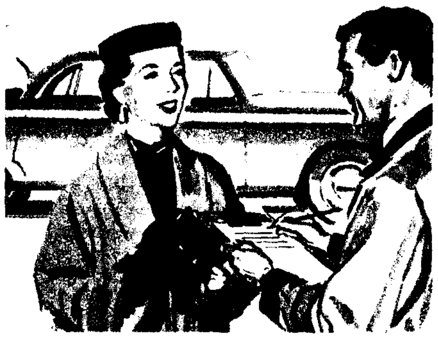
3. As it's lubricated your car is inspected—*free*—for possible sources of trouble.

4. Upon delivery your wife receives the Alemite Report Card—an itemized report on work performed, plus *free* extra services; a *free* analysis of your car's condition; suggestions where prompt attention may *save* you many dollars!

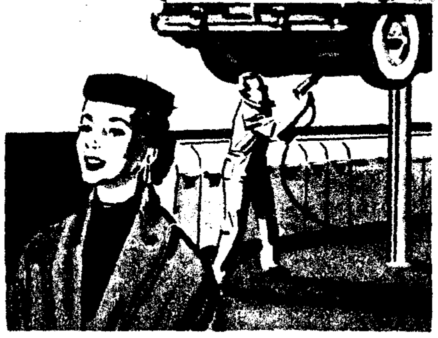
Look, Ladies! You're Money Ahead if you do this:



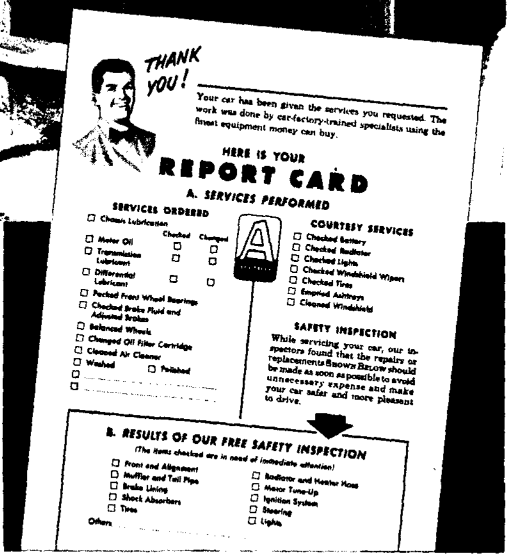
Drive in regularly every 30 days to keep your weekday date with your Alemite-equipped dealer. He has spent up to $10,000 for Alemite equipment to correctly lubricate your car.



He'll lubricate and check your car while you're shopping. His Alemite equipment is designed to scientifically lubricate the Alemite system that comes on your car.



As he lubricates every friction point on your car he can spot trouble that, if neglected, can affect your pocketbook and your safety. This valuable extra care is free.



THANK YOU!

Your car has been given the services you requested. The work was done by car-factory-trained specialists using the finest equipment money can buy.

HERE IS YOUR
REPORT CARD

A. SERVICES PERFORMED

SERVICES ORDERED
☐ Chassis Lubrication

	Checked	Changed
☐ Motor Oil	☐	☐
☐ Transmission Lubricant	☐	☐
☐ Differential Lubricant	☐	☐

☐ Packed Front Wheel Bearings
☐ Checked Brake Fluid and Adjusted Brakes
☐ Balanced Wheels
☐ Changed Oil Filter Cartridge
☐ Cleaned Air Cleaner
☐ Washed ☐ Polished
☐ ....
☐ ....

COURTESY SERVICES
☐ Checked Battery
☐ Checked Radiator
☐ Checked Lights
☐ Checked Windshield Wipers
☐ Checked Tires
☐ Emptied Ashtrays
☐ Cleaned Windshield

SAFETY INSPECTION

While servicing your car, our inspectors found that the repairs or replacements SHOWN BELOW should be made as soon as possible to avoid unnecessary expense and make your car safer and more pleasant to drive.

B. RESULTS OF OUR FREE SAFETY INSPECTION
(The items checked are in need of immediate attention)

☐ Front end Alignment
☐ Muffler and Tail Pipe
☐ Brake Lining
☐ Shock Absorbers
☐ Tires
Others ....
☐ Radiator and Heater Hose
☐ Motor Tune-Up
☐ Ignition System
☐ Steering
☐ Lights

The job done, you get your Alemite Report Card. Show it to your husband. It itemizes work performed and costs . . . lists *free* checkup services rendered . . . forewarns your husband of repairs needed so he can give them immediate attention and avoid unnecessary expense and inconvenience.

ALEMITE

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SW
STEWART WARNER

1826 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois

36 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS

CURTISS
Coconut Grove
CREAMY COCONUT WITH LUSCIOUS BITTERSWEET COATING
CANDY...enriched with dextrose
a food energy sugar

makers of Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Caramel Nougat, Dip *candy bars,* Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops *and* Mints

taken in their answer to the question: What offices can I run for? They say that to qualify legally for election as President of the United States you must have been born in this country. This is, of course, not true, but the following is:

A naturalized citizen is not eligible to the office of President of the United States. A male child born in a foreign land to American parents has an equal chance with one born on American soil to become the President.

Warren S. Harding, Juneau, Alaska

Reader Harding is quite correct. Collier's regrets the error.

Kid-size Pills

Editor: In your article on aspirin (The Original Miracle Drug, Nov. 27th), which we thought quite timely and well presented, you were in error in describing the size of children's tablets as half that of regular tablets.

Each tablet of our St. Joseph Aspirin for Children contains 1¼ grains of pure aspirin (¼ the usual adult size). This is the size that enables doctors to prescribe and mothers to give the exact dosage needed.

G. T. Owens, Memphis, Tenn.

Postal Rates & Salaries

Editor: I think your editorial on the increase in postal rates (A Little Logic Needed Here, Dec. 11th) is very sensible. But as the wife of a postal clerk, I'm wondering why you couldn't have mentioned how underpaid postal employees are. . . .

Mrs. C. B. Rose, Modesto, Cal.

Collier's did indeed bow in the direction of our hard-working postal employees, as recently as the issue of May 30, 1953 (What You Don't *Know About Mailing a Letter, by Margo Fischer).*

. . . I agree with you that the post office is meant to be a service organization, but I do not agree that this service should benefit one group at the expense of another. To be specific, and to put the shoe where it fits best, magazine subscribers should not be subsidized by nonsubscribers.

William F. Matthes, Detroit, Mich.

. . . I see nothing in your editorial about the actual cost of mailing a single copy of Collier's, and I do not know what it would be. I do know that our local daily newspaper mails for an average cost of about one sixth of a cent, and sells on newsstands for five cents. I submit that doubling or even tripling the mailing cost, which is not remotely considered, would not greatly hurt that publication, and I believe the same thing would apply in the case of a magazine.

You also touch on the 30 per cent increase effective next April. You did not say that 20 per cent, or two thirds of that increase, is already in effect, without any very noticeable result in the publishing field.

You speak of inefficiency and lack of mechanization in the post offices. Did you ever work in a post office, or, before writing an editorial on the subject, even look into the workroom of a post office on a heavy day? I plead complete ignorance of mechanization theory or effect in the postal field, but where are the machines that will sort this flood of second-class mail, or turn into the correct sidewalk and climb the porch steps to deliver it? And how is the postal department to get adequate funds to compete in the present labor market, to say nothing of entering into adequate research and purchasing for a mechanization program, without operating on a sound basis and having adequate revenues for such a program?

Harold K. Hill, Assistant Postmaster, Ludington, Mich.

Postal rates, of course, represent only a fraction of the total cost of publishing a newspaper or magazine. But the over-all profit rate in the publication business is low, and in many cases, as Collier's editorial pointed out, the proposed increase—a total of 67 per cent above the 1951 rate—would put numerous magazines and newspapers out of business at their present rates, or would force an increase which might achieve the same effect.

Wrong Impression Charged

Editor: I should like to express my disappointment with your handling of the article Figure Out Your Own Personality (Dec. 11th). The reading public has received a wrong impression. . . . When Gledhill Cameron, the author, solicited my consultation, I acceded in the hope that a sober popularization might serve to enlighten the general public with some of the methods and means used in personality analysis. . . . It is unfortunate, and a matter of deep chagrin, that when a psychologist attempts in good faith to co-operate in an effort to contribute to public enlightenment, the results should be dangerous to the public, an affront to professional standards, and a frivolous disregard of the psychologist's professional reputation.

Your instruction to the reader to analyze his own drawings served only to confuse him. . . . Some readers who may have cause to feel emotionally disturbed are attempting, following the encouragement of the article, to use this method by themselves, and so may be deterred from seeking such psychological help as they may need.

I trust that the printing of this letter will make it perfectly clear to your readers that my co-operation was predicated on the expectation that the intent of the article would be merely to discuss an interesting phase of personality analysis.

Karen Machover, Senior Psychologist, Kings County Psychiatric, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Too Late

Editor: Your article Car Clouting—No Crime Costs Us More, by Robert de Roos (Dec. 11th), was very good. However, I do have one very large complaint to register, not with the author but the editor. The publishing date should have been pushed forward to the previous issue.

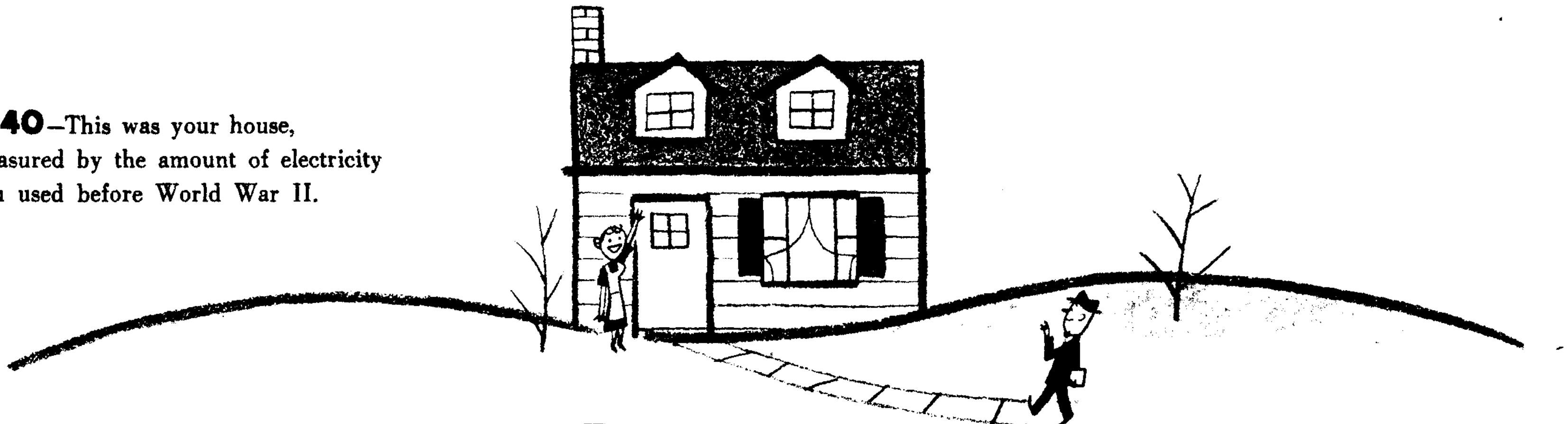
If the latter had been the case, I would have been wearing any one of three different suits and been able to glance over in the closet and see my new topcoat and raincoat hanging there.

I went out to greet the day on Thanksgiving and all that was left on the inside of my car was the shattered glass from the broken window. This victim heartily agrees that No Crime Costs Me More—$580 to be exact. Your exposés of crime, assorted varieties, are doing a lot of good. I'm only sorry I didn't get your magazine Wednesday morning instead of Friday.

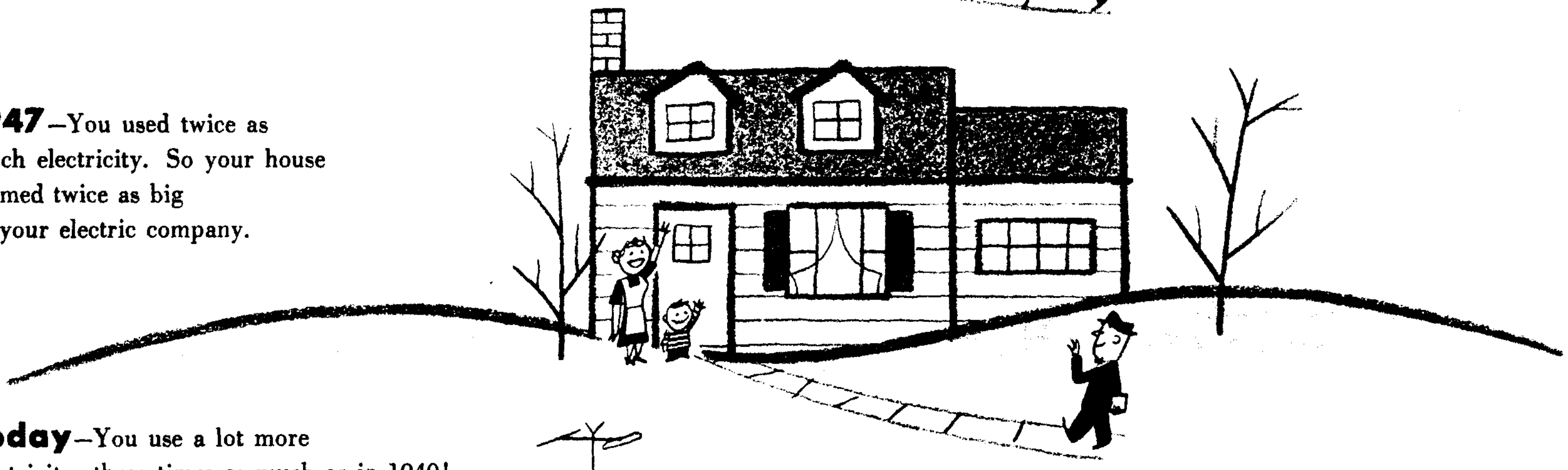
Pat Williams, San Jose, Cal.

Ever look at your house this way? Your electric company does!

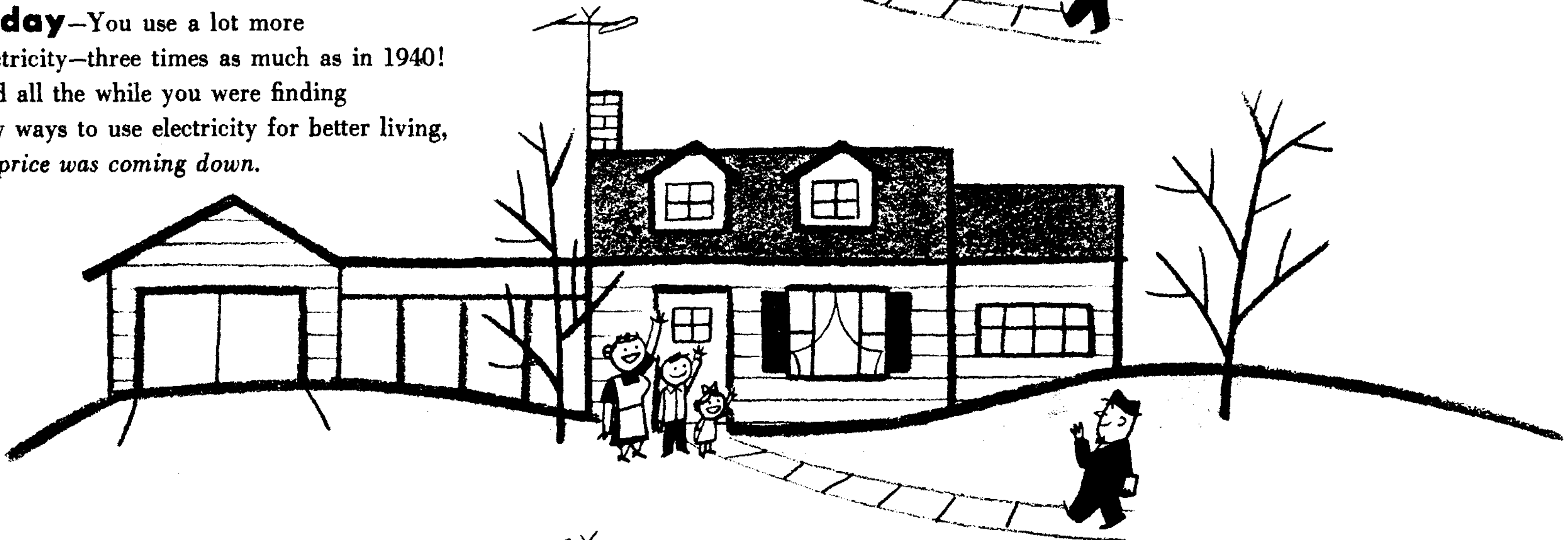
1940—This was your house, measured by the amount of electricity you used before World War II.



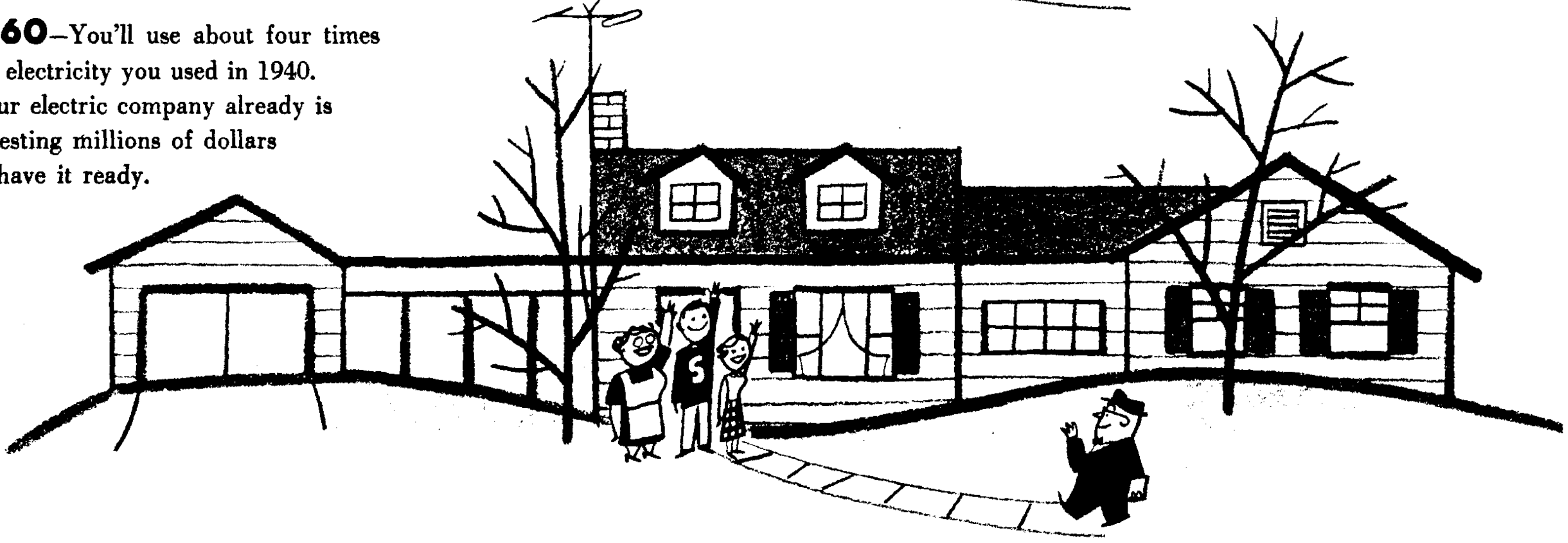
1947—You used twice as much electricity. So your house seemed twice as big to your electric company.



Today—You use a lot more electricity—three times as much as in 1940! And all the while you were finding new ways to use electricity for better living, *its price was coming down.*



1960—You'll use about four times the electricity you used in 1940. Your electric company already is investing millions of dollars to have it ready.

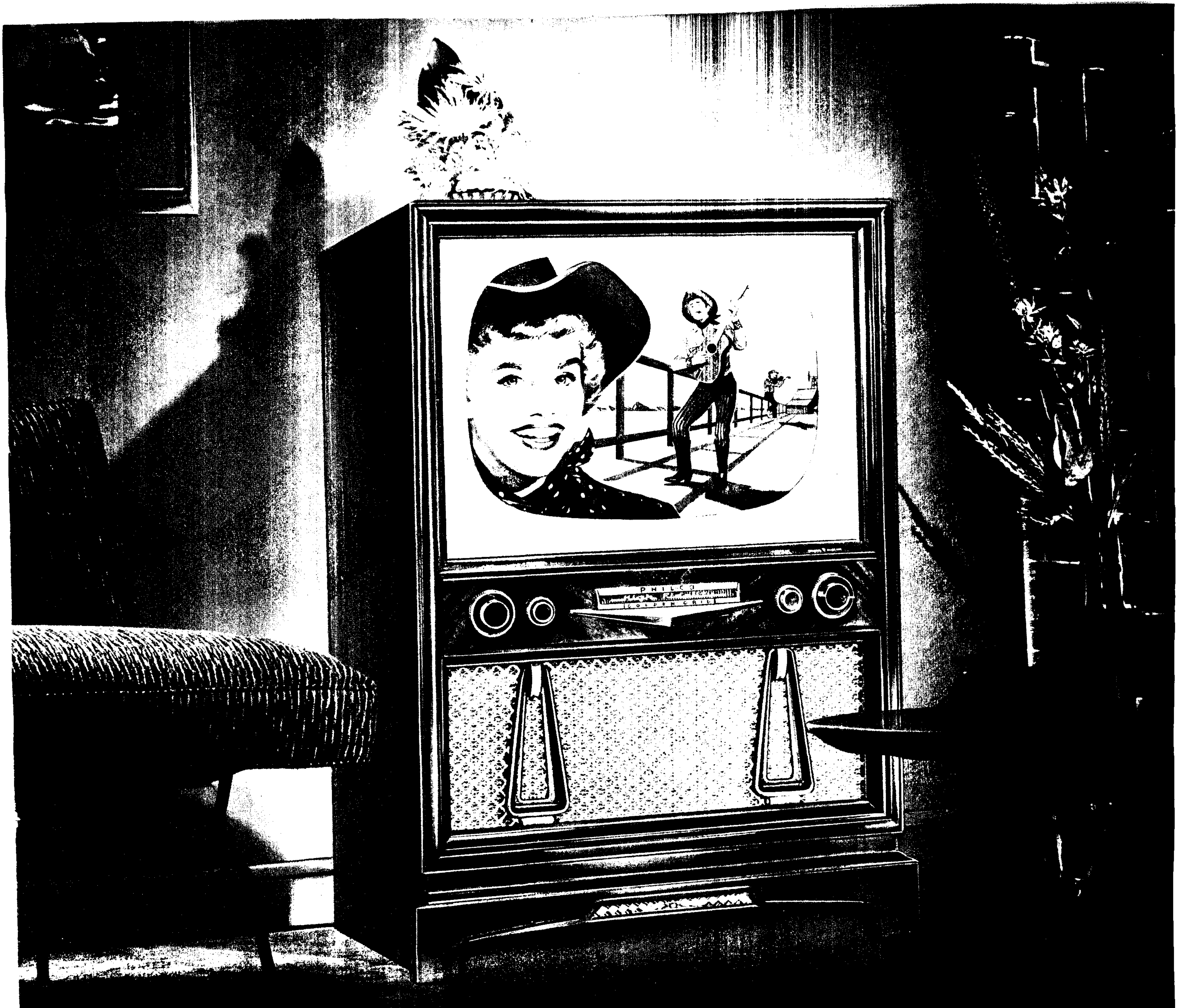


This means that the electric light and power companies of America are planning and building well ahead for the nation's growing electric future. Their $10 billion expansion program is the largest in *all* industrial history. America's business-managed electric companies prove daily that they can meet the country's electric needs. In view of this, you have the right to ask whether *any* federal government electric power projects—paid for with your tax money—are really necessary.

*America's Electric Light and Power Companies**

*Names on request from this magazine

"YOU ARE THERE"—CBS television—witness history's great events



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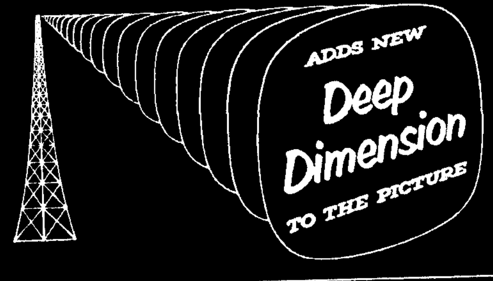

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Collier's, January 22, 1954

FRANCE NEEDS A NEW REVOLUTION

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

JAMES DWYER

Disorganized and weak, France is the sick man of Europe. Unless there's a quick cure, says this foreign affairs analyst, the whole free world may feel the effect. His prescription: a top-to-bottom shake-up, starting with the French constitution

Paris

"WE JUST can't go on like this," Burgundy winegrower Maurice Pavelot, of Pernand Vergelesses, told me over a well-loaded lunch table. "Something has to change here," echoed Rodolphe Collet, market gardener of Angers, a few days later. "It's scandalous," remarked a sewer digger in a small town in the south. Said a Parisian lady scornfully: "France is once more going downhill with a napkin under its chin."

After traveling through France for weeks, collecting these and similiar opinions, talking to all sorts of people from President Vincent Auriol and Premier Joseph Laniel (both of whom are due to leave office this month) to obscure Communist agents, I understood the verdict of Deputy Paul Reynaud:

"France is the sick man of Europe."

What's more, France's sickness seems unlikely to be cured by anything short of another revolution. I have come to believe we may see that revolution—a revolution with a small "r," to be sure, with no bloodshed, no reliance on a single strong man, nothing the Communists can seize upon and use . . . but a revolution nonetheless.

Short of revolution, the French seem condemned to play a less and less important part in today's world. Certainly they cannot continue to mooch along and duck essential issues in the weak hope that all problems will somehow solve themselves.

Nor can France hope to pull in its horns and take itself out of history. The nation is too big—larger than Great Britain and West Germany together—and too centrally located. France's neighbors simply cannot ignore France nor pass it by in their strategical calculations.

The French, now as in the past, seem destined either to remain co-makers of history or to lapse into subjugation or absorption by some less apathetic people. Which of the two extreme courses it will follow depends on whether the French can put an end to their recurrent governmental crises and establish real political stability.

In the seven years of the Fourth Republic, France has had 14 premiers. Some have been in office only a few days before being thrown out by the National Assembly. There have been long intervals when France wobbled along without any effective government whatever. Since January, 1947, there has been a total period of more than 26 weeks—half a year—when there were no officials with the power to make major decisions. The longest single stretch occurred last spring—more than five weeks.

KRYN TACONIS

Gen. de Gaulle told author (l.) the French people are cynical, disillusioned, apathetic

"All I know about French politics," a friend said to me in America, "is that every time the government has an important decision to make, it falls. Why?"

It falls because the governments of France must operate under a constitution which virtually guarantees weakness in office, which places the French executive at the mercy of an irresponsible Assembly, which provides for an advisory Council of the Republic instead of a Senate with real authority, which keeps the people from choosing their leaders or exercising any real influence over them.

Not everyone in France believes the 1946 constitution should be changed. But I found a powerful undercurrent of opinion, cutting across all groups, which favors a fresh start—a revolution—and the sooner the better. "Make France a modern nation." That's a slogan I heard from at least 20 of the 100 or more individuals I interviewed at length.

This open French discontent is a recent development. Some think it started with governmental failure to meet the 1952 promises of wages pegged to rise and fall with prices. During the 36-day Cabinet crisis last June, frightened deputies began admitting publicly that France was ripe for reform. The sudden wave of spontaneous strikes in August also frightened the do-nothings. At that time, with no purpose save pure protest, strikers in public services tied up French life for three weeks. They cost the country an estimated $250,000,000 at the height of the tourist season, and they galvanized the Cabinet into a new series of half measures. Next

Paul Ramadier

Robert Schuman

André Marie

Robert Schuman

Henri Queuille

came the farmers. In June, 1953, they had published in their farm journal, *L'Information Agricole,* an inquiry into the fact, the cause and the possible cure of what the writers bluntly called "French decadence." One day last October, in 12 separate departments, farmers threw up barricades across the main auto roads and gave away unsalable foodstuffs to motorists as a sign of their wrath.

The French public sympathized both with the striking workers and with the protesting farmers. Many deputies have spoken of joining any coming demonstrations. In Burgundy, Julien Magnien, mayor of the 300 citizens of Meloisey village, solemnly told me that "the French people are ready to follow any leader who promises something new." ("Naturally, within the limits of democracy," corrected winegrower André Oger, of Saint-Aubin-de Luigné in Anjou, to whom I told the story.)

How a nation runs its own affairs is, normally, its own business. But under today's critical circumstances, anything that weakens a portion of the free world becomes the business of free men everywhere. Frenchmen who feel at liberty to complain about American politics and economic policies should not object if Americans openly express the hope that France will put through needed reforms before it is too late.

France Is Kingpin in Europe

Most American leaders now agree that France is the key to the security of both Europe and the Far East. The British won't lead West Europe to safety, for that would require a merger with West Europe—which Britain refuses. West Germany can't move to the fore because it's unacceptable to most Europeans as leader. By location and by general agreement, France is the kingpin in Europe. And if France lets go in Indochina, the rest of southeast Asia will surely collapse.

If West Europe and southeast Asia both went, not only there would be no holding the triumphant Reds, but the United States would have to stand against an all but overwhelming force. Therefore it is a matter of direct concern to us when we see France hitting on only five of its eight cylinders.

Yet before any thoughtful American decides to write France off he had better take a long look at what the French have accomplished since the end of a devastating war. Here is a list given me by one American diplomat who believes in France:

"They have rebuilt all their bombed-out bridges, and more than half their war-damaged buildings. They have made their restored railroads the best in Europe. Six times as many tractors plow the rich farmlands. They have greatly increased industrial output, particularly of electricity. Certain industries and public works rival the finest in the United States. Their coal production per man has increased faster than any other West European country's.

"They have raised the living standard to the pre-war level—using only 66 per cent of their gross product as against 82 per cent in the thirties. Today, roughly 14 per cent of income is being reinvested, as against 3 per cent then.

"The French have installed a social security and child-subsidy scheme at a cost of $1,200,000,000 annually, thanks to which the national health has been vastly improved and the population is increasing about 300,000 a year.

"They are spending on national defense 50 per cent more, proportionate to income, than in 1938. They have stood the strain of a nine-year war in Indochina that has cost them twice the amount of the U.S. aid received under the Marshall Plan. They are making a new effort to win this war, after agreeing to Indo-Chinese independence, and after seeing the mighty United States accept what they consider a dubious compromise in Korea.

"Finally," the U.S. diplomat concluded, "French minds have brought forth the most constructive ideas of the postwar West. One of these was the Schuman-Monnet Plan for the six-power coal and steel pool—since realized. The other was the Pléven Plan for combining the armed forces of the six into a single Army of Europe."

These are achievements to be proud of. Yet the terrible fact is, they are simply not enough. To see why not, a discontented member of the French Assembly suggested that I ask myself the following questions:

1. Does the French community provide as well as other comparable countries for the prosperity of its people?

2. Have the people enough confidence in their future to make an all-out productive effort and to take essential political, social and economic risks?

3. Are the people united enough to carry out positive policies both at home and abroad?

The answers, based on the best available information, are not encouraging:

● 1. According to French government statistics, taking the 1929 peak year as 100, today's French industrial production is still only 103. In Italy and West Germany, also war-ravaged countries, it is 144 and 125 respectively (using 1938 as the peak for Germany).

France is the finest piece of farmland in Europe. Yet taking the average agricultural output of 1934-1938 as 100, France is now producing 103, while Britain, Turkey, Switzerland, the Netherlands and Denmark are all reaching 120.

In both industry and agriculture, inefficiency shelters behind a wall of governmental protection. Although half of France's war-wrecked houses remain to be rebuilt, the present rate of moderate- and low-priced house construction falls below normal replacement in time of peace. It can hardly be increased so long as the government controls rents, the price of building material remains so high, and the French workers insist on such featherbedding practices as first building walls and then tearing them down to insert pipes, meanwhile keeping Italian building companies, perhaps the world's finest, out of France by law. Millions of poorer people inhabit dwellings without sanitation, light or even fresh air, and young couples must double up with their parents.

Financing Postwar Activity

The state subsidizes a long list of farm and industrial services and products. Despite such price supports and tariff protection, today the farmers are profoundly dissatisfied.

Moreover, lacking adequate capital, the French have partly financed their postwar activity by nourishing the cancer of inflation. As a result, in a country where perhaps a quarter of the individuals earn not over $100 a month, French prices are as much as 15 per cent above world prices. Sixty per cent of the state revenue comes from taxes on consumption. The value of the franc has fallen considerably—and there's no end in sight.

This, my rebellious young friends insist, is reconstruction at the expense of the widows, orphans, pensioners, insurance-policy holders—those on fixed incomes. The French people find themselves saddled with a system of huge private profits and socialized losses. Poorer people deliberately spend all they make.

France decidedly is not providing for its people as well as other comparable countries.

● 2. The French people have little confidence in their future, are not doing their best and are taking as few economic and political risks as possible.

Again the cause is partly economic. The rich sneak abroad what profits they can—where tax collectors and (perhaps) Communists cannot reach them. The smaller savers buy gold, which inflation cannot touch. Taken together, these estimated $4,000,000,000 to $6,000,000,000 of idle capital could vastly speed up French production, whose inadequacy is the main cause of France's woes.

The middle-of-the-road editor of Le Monde, Hubert Beuve-Méry, considers France's present decadence to be almost entirely the result of the timid, selfish, corrupt interests which perpetuate a system of high profits, limited output and limited risks.

Industrial and trade understandings (whose existence the participants blandly deny) serve to keep prices—and profits—high enough to protect the least efficient producers.

Trade is cluttered with speculators and middlemen ferociously indifferent to the effect on the consumer of their several takes. An outraged housewife near Chartres indignantly told me that one lot of vegetables was traced through 26 different hands between grower and consumer.

The workers reply by organized loafing—which, compounded by poor machinery and general inefficiency cuts heavily into production. On an average, the identical number of industrial workers who produce 100 units in France produce 180 in Great Britain and 310 in the United States.

● 3. The French people have been radically disunited since the original French Revolution in 1789. They have —during my lifetime, at least—been a nation of grumblers. Yet today's disunity and discontent far exceed anything previously recorded. It's a discord that makes, say, the American quarrel over the New Deal seem insignificant.

But the ideological cleavage is as nothing compared to the economic discontent. As I wandered around France, questioning Henri, Jean and François, I could not escape one conclusion: the poor hate the rich, the workers and lesser employees hate the farmers, and the rich fear the poor.

Each can be justified.

The poor suffer from a pitiless price-wage scissors that the rich do their best to maintain. The rich have successfully blocked more equitable income distribution and stubbornly refuse to accept any larger share of the tax burden—or to pay honestly what they owe. Of the people who earned more than 3,000,000 francs—$8,600—in 1952 (it's impossible to estimate their number, but it's certainly in the hundreds of thousands), only 28,800 declared that much income. When the

Georges Bidault
239 DAYS

Henri Queuille
2 DAYS

René Pléven

Henri Queuille

René Pléven
[illegible]

nd for a total of 28 weeks, it has had effective power [illegible]

Laniel Cabinet started after the delinquents, it turned up people who owned villas, hired servants, drove cars—but insisted they had little or no income.

As for the peasants, they are believed to earn a quarter or more of the whole national income, but they manage to avoid paying any tax on most of it. In 1952, they paid 18,000,000,000 francs of income tax. Under a truly proportional charge, they would have paid more than 450,000,000,000. The French often insist that Frenchmen pay "proportionately higher taxes than Americans." The obvious rejoinder is: "Which Frenchmen?"

The French budget has been continuously unbalanced, France is in debt about $1,000,000,000 to the European Payments Union (the clearing house for international trade payments), the franc is unstable, private investment remains small, France's great African holdings are only slightly developed. The greatly increased national production of which the country is capable fails to appear. And, in some places at least, the strength of the Communist protest vote is said to be rising again.

Tells Country Hard Truth

Such a situation encourages dishonesty; bad morals inevitably follow bad morale. Until the French people see some worthwhile future they will continue to take the easy outs. And where can they discern any such future?

Nine years after liberation, the French government has been unable to solve many of its vital problems, internal and external. Successive Cabinets fear to tell the country the hard truth: France cannot afford to support farm products at prices which people cannot afford to pay. France must modernize its backward industries—or let them go broke. France cannot indefinitely continue an indecisive war in Indochina. It must soon either end that war by victory; or share the military as well as the financial burden with other free peoples; or reach a compromise with the Communists; or slowly withdraw altogether.

France must crush Tunisian and Moroccan rebellion by force, or let these protectorates go free, or make them partners. Yet the permanent form of the French Union—which already includes certain former colonies, and may include more—has not even been decided.

The French people cannot simultaneously agree to co-operate with West Germany, and refuse to co-operate; cannot want a united West Europe, and repudiate it; cannot rely for defense indefinitely upon the United States, and resent that reliance; cannot safely go on treating domestic Communists as though they were at the same time patriotic Frenchmen and partisans of a conquering foreign power.

Where in such a situation does a happier future loom? Is it any wonder that the average Frenchman, living without fixed purpose, seems instinctively to be expecting a new catastrophe?

There is also another, and deeper, cause of French distress. It was explained to me by Charles de Gaulle. The general, a little more worn and disappointed than when I last spoke to him three years ago at his country home, made his explanation in his usual crisp, clear style.

"The French people," he began, "are not anti-American. They are antiforeigner. You see, every Frenchman knows that for more than a thousand years France was the world's leading nation."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "*one* of the leading nations?"

General de Gaulle did not smile. "*The* leading nation. Victory in World War I confirmed this impression. Once more France withstood the test.

"But then what happened? The disorder during the 1930s, our wretched preparation for World War II, the quick defeat by Germany—these revealed to every Frenchman his country's real weakness. The world's first nation could never have been beaten like that.

"Once France was no longer the leading nation, the Frenchman lost interest. After being the star he refused to be a walk-on. This refusal to play a secondary role accounts for the quick surrender to the Nazis and the widespread rallying to Vichy that followed. It explains the subsequent readiness of many non-Communists to accept Communism. It accounts for apathy and cynicism. You tell me that France is an eight-cylinder motor working on five cylinders. Yet there is no way to get the others working so long as the French people do not really care whether they work or not."

"But surely even today," I said, "the French people could play, if not the leading role, at least one of the leading roles in the world's great drama."

"I agree," said the general. "But *they* do not believe it."

"Therefore we must wait?"

"Therefore we must wait," responded Charles de Gaulle.

A disillusioned American official agreed with the general.

"How in the name of Heaven," he exclaimed, "can we rely on a nation where one quarter wish to submit to the U.S.S.R., one eighth want the Federation of West Europe, another eighth want permanent partnership with the U.S.A. and Britain—and the remaining half want only to be left in peace at any price?

"The French were once patriotic. There was a time when almost any politician could sweep them off their feet by an appeal to *France, fatherland, glory*. Try it today. You'll get a horselaugh."

Other equally good authorities disagree. At his beautiful old country house in the Burgundy village of Flacey, Jules Paoli, Professor of Roman law at the University of Dijon, said: "Do not make the mistake of judging France by Paris. Here at the University of Dijon the bulk of the students are patriotic, even nationalist. I think they reflect the temper of the country." The two men who probably know most about the morale of French forces in Europe, our own General Alfred M. Gruenther, Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in Europe, and General Paul Elie, chief of staff of the French army, agree with Professor Paoli.

Speaking of Discontent . . .

Yet there certainly is wide discontent. How does it affect the question of another French revolution? A young man whom I met on a train going to Luxemburg put it sweepingly:

"France is the victim of collectivists, bureaucrats, grasping peasants, parasitic middlemen and shopkeepers, and party-picked politicians who put their own re-election ahead of their country's well-being. The last are the worst. We must get rid of them."

"And what prevents you from getting rid of them?" I asked.

He stared. "Why, the political system—the absurd constitution and the electoral law. Believe me, monsieur, these are the chief obstacles to making France a modern country."

Under the French constitution of 1946, the president of the Republic is elected by the advisory Council of the Republic and the National Assembly. The president's only important job is proposing candidates for the real executive job—the premiership.

The Assembly is all-powerful. It confirms the premier, first alone, and a second time with his Cabinet. It can force the Cabinet to resign either by passing a vote of censure or by saying "no" when the premier asks for a vote of confidence. In practice, Cabinets frequently surrender without a fight. Of the 13 Cabinets that have left office since January 22, 1947—under the Fourth Republic—only four have been forced out. The other nine have quit voluntarily, either because they felt they lacked power or in order to avoid a new general election.

This game of musical chairs suits the deputies, for it gives each the hope of one day entering the Cabinet and being called Excellency.

And how are deputies to the omnipotent Assembly chosen? By the voters? No:

Edgar Faure
40 DAYS

Antoine Pinay
290 DAYS

René Mayer
128 DAYS

??? DAYS

Joseph Laniel

Since 1947, France's government has staggered through one crisis after another

Party committees in each French department (comparable to an American state) draw up lists of candidates. The voters choose a party list. The candidates are elected not in order of the most votes received, but in the order in which the party bosses placed them on the lists—regardless of the voters' preference. Pierre Mendès-France, the brilliant deputy who may be premier someday, explained it to me.

"I am not sent to Paris by my constituents. I am sent by the departmental bosses of the Radical Socialist party. So long as these bosses like me enough to give me a place on the list, the voters cannot get rid of me unless they stop voting for my party."

At the time of the two French constitutional conventions in 1946 the three largest parties, Communist, Socialist and Popular Republican (MRP), decided that "democracy must be organized."

They organized it right out of existence.

Six Parties Make Up Assembly

They chose a system that neither permitted the formation of a solid majority nor compelled rival parties to compose their differences. The present Assembly consists of six fairly equal parties and a few splinter groups. Nobody will work with the Communists, so it takes four of the five non-Communist parties to form a positive majority. Such a working majority is rarely reached and never maintained.

How on earth did an intelligent people come to accept such a system?

The French Third Republic, with a similar constitution (1876-1940), produced 103 Cabinets in its 64 years. In July, 1940, most of the frightened deputies at Vichy attributed France's fall to "weakness at the center" (in the executive) and tamely voted to scrap the Republic in favor of Pétain's semi-Fascist tyranny. In 1945 the liberated French still felt the same way. They voted overwhelmingly against returning to the constitution of the Third Republic. Yet less than a year later they ratified a worse version of that Republic's constitution. The excuse then was, better any constitution (the fifteenth since 1789) than none; it could be revised later. Few foresaw that the French deputies would refuse to revise themselves out of their jobs.

But why did the people send to two successive constitutional conventions delegates who did not share their wishes? They didn't. Once the party bosses managed to have these delegates elected on the anonymous-list, proportional-representation basis, the people had nothing further to do with the matter.

Several specific influences shaped the present constitution. First was the fear of a "man on horseback." The French remembered the rule of the two Napoléons, the threats of the strong-arm Generals de MacMahon and Boulanger. In 1946 they feared the towering shadow of General Charles de Gaulle. Next, many politicians already repented of having killed the amiable and ineffective Third Republic at Vichy—and wanted it back.

Again, there was the unceasing pressure of the Communists, whose plan for seizing the reins of power while still a minority absolutely required the presence of an almighty Assembly and a weak executive.

Also, the party leaders sought a regime that would *prevent any one party from riding over or absorbing the others*—which is exactly what good government requires!

Finally, Communists, Socialists and Popular Republicans cared less for stability than for economic reforms. Together they sacrificed popular control and a stable government in order to get a welfare state.

Today, after suffering the government's creeping paralysis since 1946, numbers of Frenchmen have come to regard party rule as their chief enemy. Some even believe that the present French system, if allowed to continue, will eventually throw the disgusted people into the hands of a Fascist dictator, much as a similar omnipotent party system in Germany brought Hitler to power.

In other words, in the log jam of French life they consider the constitution and the electoral law as key logs that must be removed before the nation's life can again flow freely. The argument goes like this:

Without a notable increase in material production, France will be unable to satisfy both internal and external needs. It will fear to federate with West Europe lest its weakness permit West Germany to control the federation.

But without higher wages and lower prices, juster taxes, proper housing, less difference between rich and poor, the industrial workers and farm hands will not produce more. They will continue to vote Communist in large numbers.

Change of Heart Needed

Yet so long as French Communism remains strong and Europe weak, French employers will avoid investing in productive machinery. They will fight any abatement of tariff and other protection and oppose any merger of France in a larger international market.

Without a change of heart on the part of both workers and employers, the state will be unable to stabilize the franc, balance the budget or induce capital and gold now lying idle to become productive.

What then? At some point the French people will insist on sacrificing their international obligations in Europe and Asia to obtain a better living: butter instead of guns.

The solution to the whole vast problem would be a new electoral law restoring to the voters the right to choose individuals rather than a party, and favoring the merger of existing parties. The Assembly elected under the new law must then change the constitution to provide for a strong executive—either a president along American lines or a Cabinet along British lines, obliged to dissolve the Assembly and call a new election in case of defeat.

But how can the French put through such sweeping reforms? The beneficiaries of the present unfair system are many and well-organized. They control the parties. Deputies who vote against them risk political suicide. The present Assembly would scarcely of its own will vote a drastic new electoral law. . . .

Then, say the advocates of change, it must be compelled to do so by popular pressure.

At this point I seem to hear (as I have heard so often) a loud guffaw from many French throats. Here, they chuckle, is another foreign newsman who has been taken in by the talk of a revolution. The French majority, they feel sure, are against such a move.

These believers in keeping things as they are fall roughly into four groups.

The first—which I'd say includes Auriol and Laniel and most of the leading politicians—consider that the present system suits the French. Eventually, they say, the French Assembly will take the measures necessary to bring France abreast of other European countries, but without basic change, without intimidation or violence.

"Most French people yearn to go back to the Third Republic," said Charles Gombault, editor of the largest newspaper, *France-Soir*. "Despite their habitual grumbling, they are living too well to listen to demagogues. They will never accept the type of strong executive the minority demands."

A second group of standpatters foresees another nonrevolutionary solution to France's distress.

"Our salvation will come through the creation of the West European Federation." The speaker was Jean Monnet, one of the most dynamic French

WIDE WORLD

Labor unrest: General strike last August jolted French economy—including transportation

PARIS MATCH BENNETT

Farm revolt: Angered by government's policies, French farmers barricaded roads last summer, resisted police efforts to keep traffic moving

leaders. As we walked across the rolling golf course at Luxemburg City, where M. Monnet is president of the High Authority of the European Steel and Coal Community, he vividly outlined his hopes, stopping occasionally to duck a wandering golf ball. Here is the gist of what Jean Monnet said in the course of three hours:

"Our aim is to complete the steel and coal pool, first by adding the European Defense Community now being discussed, and then by creating a legislative body elected by the peoples, with real power. West Europe, the new superstate thus formed, will then become the equal partner of the United States and the British Commonwealth.

"Here lies the solution to France's difficulties. Creating the federation will restore confidence by lessening the Communist danger. It will end our present greenhouse economy and compel French producers to compete. It will increase our production, bring down prices, raise salaries. It will permit the French again to be a leading people. It will, I hope, enable us to create a stable government in Paris."

There is a third point of view among those who see no possibility of revolution. It is not a hopeful one. "France," a member of this group told me, "will probably sink slowly from a second-class to a third-class nation. What reforms it adopts will be too little and too late.

"The reason for economic decline is not lack of coal, as some will have told you. Switzerland has no coal, yet it is a modern country. The reason is the traditional French way of life, which is unfitted for modern production methods. The French as individuals do not like the discipline and anonymity of mass production. They lack the ability to co-operate politically or compromise their opinions—or to respect a law that seems to hurt them personally. They cannot give up their old ways."

The real pessimists go much further. This fourth faction believes there is no log jam in French life; there is just no current to push the logs. This decadence may end with the restoration of better leadership, as General de Gaulle believes, or it may be permanent, as a distinguished French businesswoman insists.

People Might Submit to Any Conqueror

According to her, France is through. The country is rotten with dishonesty and materialism. The rich, she foresees, "will run away in time of crisis." They will neither produce more nor keep their profits in France. The mass of the people will not work more, but will submit to any conqueror without a struggle. If the United States were to withdraw its troops from the Continent, she insists, "France would be Communist within six months."

There are powerful arguments against all of those viewpoints.

Obviously, any premier who managed to improve France's situation quickly, under the present constitution, would take the wind out of the revolutionaries' sails. Or if France entered the European Defense Community and helped create a West European Federation that brought greater security and well-being, there might be new hope without a great change in the nation's internal political structure. But both those eventualities seem unlikely.

Certainly the French prefer their traditional way of life to all others; who doesn't? But today that way of life is an obstacle to the increased prosperity millions are clamoring for. Which will these millions choose—an outworn way of life or a modernized, flourishing country?

Finally, even the worst decadence may be only temporary. Cultures grow old, but not peoples. All babies are born the same age. "Aged" Turkey was considered the "sick man of Europe" under its last sultans thirty-five years ago. Today, thanks to a revolution and energetic leadership, "young" Turkey is a center of energy.

Admittedly, any attempt to coerce the French Assembly might give the Communists an opportunity to start their own insurrection. Many who might otherwise favor the "right revolution" are deterred by fear of getting the "wrong" one.

Nonetheless, France today is full of rumors of direct action. Radical Socialist Deputy Pierre Mendès-France recently warned the Radical Socialist party convention:

"Listen to the rising tumult. We are in 1788." That was the year before the outbreak of the French Revolution.

On the day I left Paris for home, I heard well-informed CBS correspondent David Schoenbrun say to the French writer, Eve Curie: "Eve, I'll bet you fifty dollars that within one year from today the French will either have changed their constitution or there will be violence."

Any takers?

▲▲▲

A Tour of "MAMIE'S

EACH of our recent Presidents has had his own favorite hideaway from the troubles and trials of Washington. Herbert Hoover preferred a fishing camp on the Rapidan in Virginia; Franklin Roosevelt, a cottage at Warm Springs, and Harry Truman, a white frame house at the U.S. naval base at Key West.

There are several contenders for the title of "Little White House" of the Eisenhower administration: the modest brick Denver home of Mrs. Elivera Doud, the President's mother-in-law; Camp David (known as Shangri-La when Presidents Roosevelt and Truman used it), a woodland hideaway on Catoctin Mountain in Maryland; the President's Gettysburg farm, now being readied for spring and summer visits—and a new residence on the grounds of the Augusta National Golf Club at Augusta, Georgia, scene of the President's golfing expeditions.

Security reasons always have dictated reticence about certain details of a Presidential abode, but the theory that our Presidents live in a golfish bowl dies hard. Americans have a natural, affectionate curiosity about the activities and surroundings, both professional and private, of the man they honor with the highest office in the land.

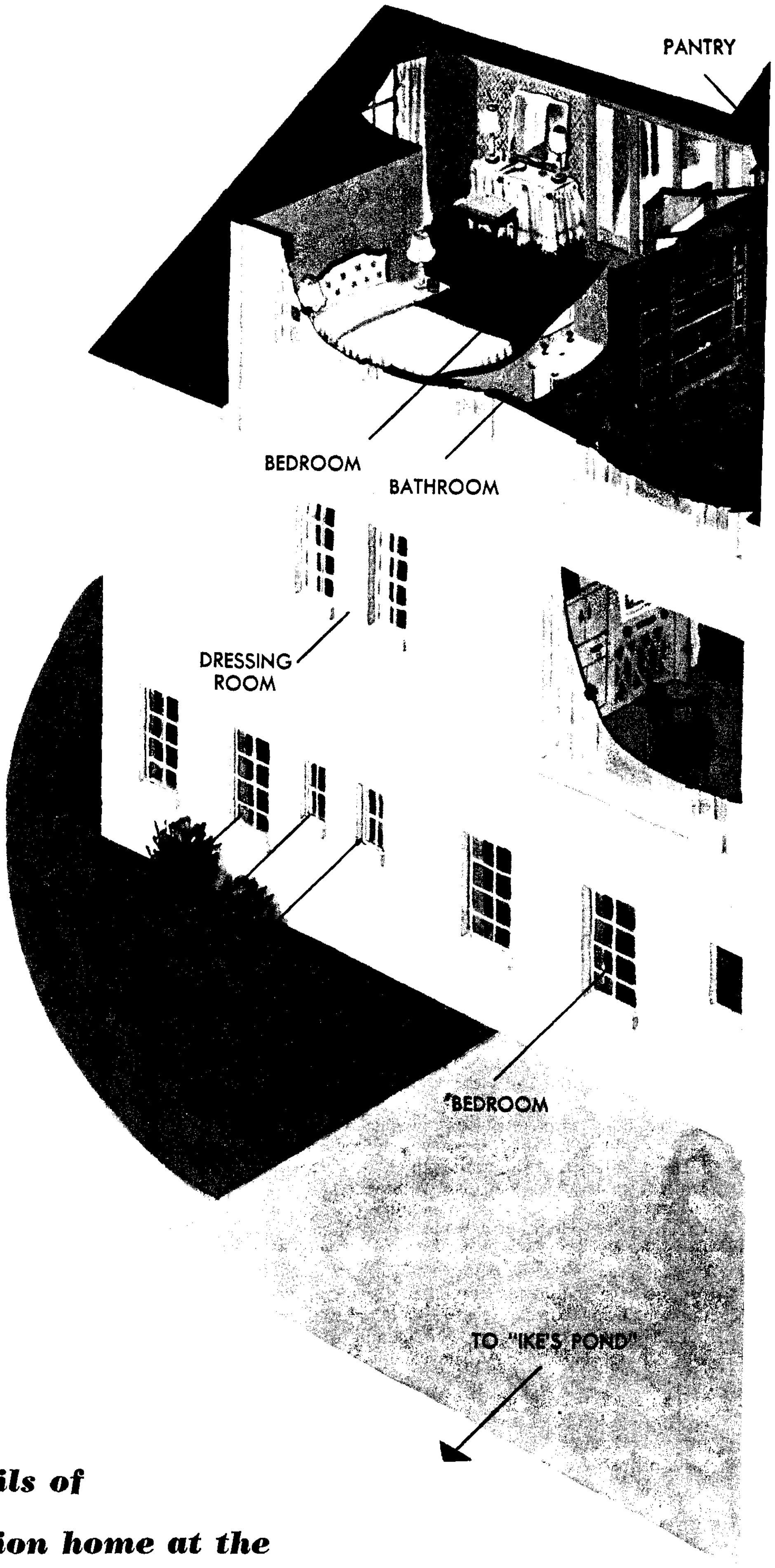
The Augusta National Golf Club has issued only two public statements about the Augusta house, one when construction began last April, the other shortly after the Eisenhowers moved in during their Thanksgiving holiday.

A United Press dispatch based on the first announcement said: "A six-room 'cabin' will be built on the Augusta National Golf Club grounds for President Eisenhower to use during his golfing vacations. A contract was awarded to Claussen & Webster, Augusta contractors, to build the cottage between Bobby Jones's cottage and the left wing of the main clubhouse. The new building, informally dubbed 'Mamie's Cabin,' after the President's wife, was designed by Eve & Stulb, Augusta architects. Mrs. Eisenhower has approved the plans.

"The ground floor of the one-and-a-half-story cottage will have a living room and two bedrooms. The upstairs will have a smaller living room and two more bedrooms. The second story will also have a small alcove with a northern exposure that Mr. Eisenhower can use as a study, office or art studio. The title to the cabin, which looks out over 'Ike's Pond' on the edge of the eighteen-hole layout, will be held by the Augusta National, but it will always be available to the President and his family. Construction will begin immediately."

The second statement, adding "information that is deemed appropriate," said the new building would be of "sufficient size to accommodate eight persons," sketched in some facts about the layout and furnishings, and explained: "We call it a cabin, the same as we do the other club units, in keeping with Southern custom when reference is made to separate smaller buildings used for living quarters and which are apart from the main house."

Except for these releases, the Eisenhower house has been a hush-hush affair from the start. Contractors, club members and their families refused to discuss it. Requests by newsmen for a look at the interior of the house were of no avail until the Eisenhowers took possession last November. Then 25 reporters and photographers were shown the upstairs and

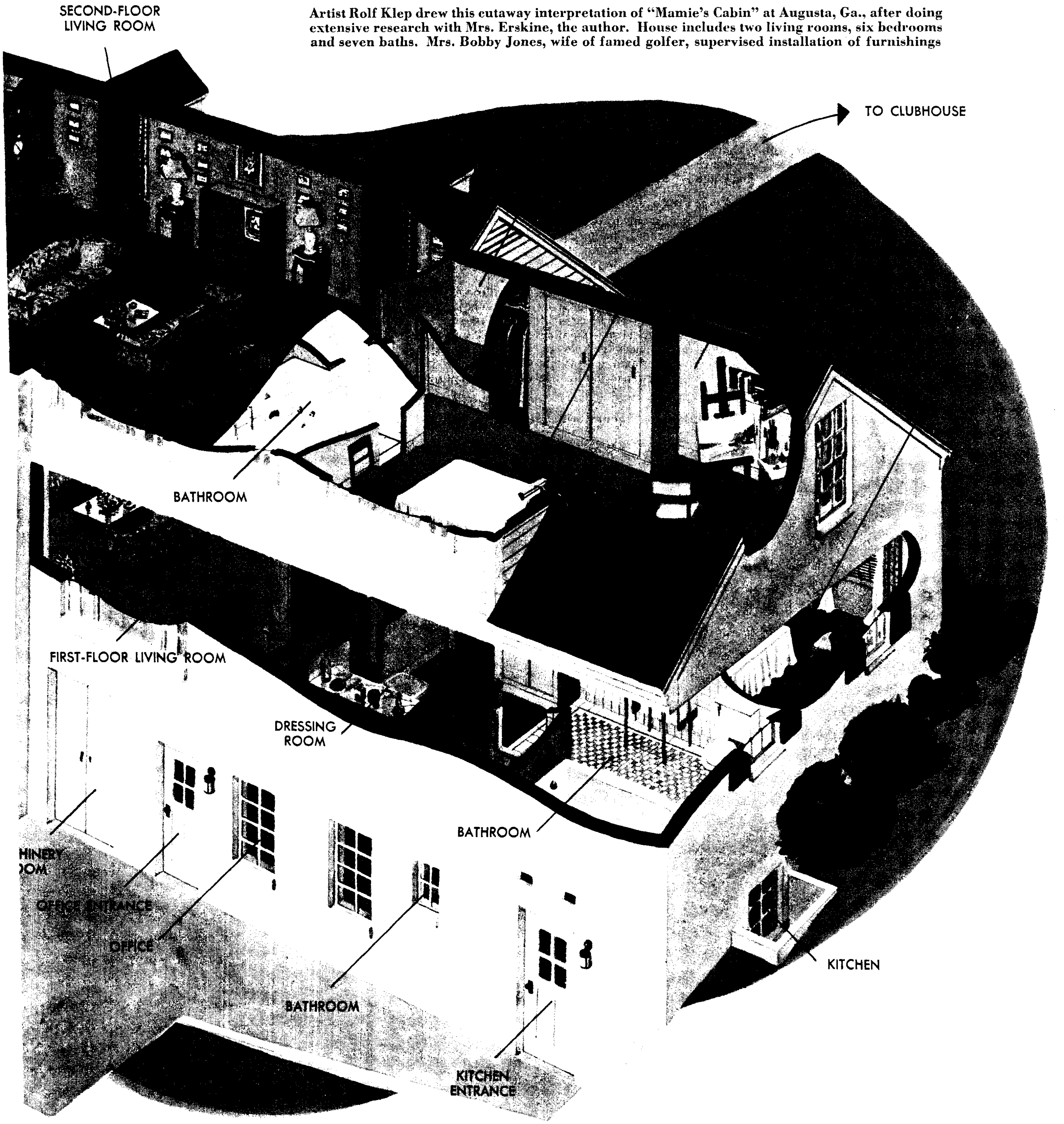


Here, for the first time, are the details of the President's sumptuous new vacation home at the Augusta National Golf Club. It even has its own fishing pond

CABIN”

By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

Artist Rolf Klep drew this cutaway interpretation of “Mamie's Cabin” at Augusta, Ga., after doing extensive research with Mrs. Erskine, the author. House includes two living rooms, six bedrooms and seven baths. Mrs. Bobby Jones, wife of famed golfer, supervised installation of furnishings


SECOND-FLOOR LIVING ROOM
TO CLUBHOUSE
BATHROOM
FIRST-FLOOR LIVING ROOM
DRESSING ROOM
BATHROOM
HINERY OOM
OFFICE ENTRANCE
OFFICE
BATHROOM
KITCHEN
KITCHEN ENTRANCE

“Mamie’s Cabin” has air conditioning, two giant-screen TV sets, an intercom syste

downstairs living rooms. They were not permitted to see any of the other rooms. Moreover, Augusta National officials ordered the photographers to park their cameras outside and forbade reporters to make notes. “There was such a bunch of us you couldn’t see a single thing in detail,” John Harper of the Augusta Herald said later, “but the over-all effect sure was sumptuous.”

The secrecy with which Augusta National officials have surrounded “Mamie’s Cabin” has dismayed some of the hospitable people of Augusta. One of them explained to me: “When anybody likes Augusta well enough to hurry back, we treat them as a member of the family. We’re interested in whatever concerns them, and this cottage certainly does concern the Eisenhowers.”

Despite the reluctance of Augusta National members and others connected with “Mamie’s Cabin” to discuss the President’s new home, I have been able to gather a number of facts about the house and its furnishings.

I learned, for example, that the prime mover in the building of the house was Clifford (Cliff) Roberts, who advised Mr. Eisenhower on his personal investments before he became President. A wealthy sportsman (Beau Jack, onetime world’s lightweight boxing champion, was one of his protégés), Roberts is chairman of the board of governors at Augusta National and a member of the New York banking and investment firm of Reynolds & Company.

The building of “Mamie’s Cabin” was proposed at a board meeting of the club, and members subscribed the necessary funds. (Augusta National is one of the wealthiest and most exclusive golf clubs in the country. On joining, a new member must buy $2,000 worth of stock in the club; annual dues are $300.) Claussen & Webster, the contractors, applied at Augusta City Hall for a zoning permit to build the house last April 25th, two and a half weeks after the first public announcement. Although the announcement had described the project as a six-room affair, the permit application stated that the house would contain 18 rooms and six bathrooms (a seventh bathroom was added later) and would cost an estimated $50,000. Augusta residents who have worked on the house say that the final cost may be nearer $150,000.

No Forfeit Was Paid for Lateness

The contractors agreed to forfeit $1,000 a day for every day of overtime if the building were not completed by last October 1st. But they finished the house by the specified date, down to the last coat of pink paint for the first lady’s bedroom. Among the rooms are six bedrooms; two living rooms, one upstairs and the other down; an office with communications equipment rivaling that of a signal tower; two dressing rooms and a kitchen.

Mr. Eisenhower’s favorite spot is probably “the studio,” an alcove off his bedroom with a north light and a window overlooking the clubhouse. Designed as a place in which the President can pursue his hobby of painting, it has a swivel light which produces degrees of daylight—dawn, morning, afternoon and twilight—so that at any time he can reproduce the light in which he began a painting.

The studio was the only part of the house left untouched by the decorators. The President asked for the privilege of choosing its furnishings and color scheme himself, and the room has all the severity of a soldier’s quarters.

The planners did not stint themselves otherwise in equipping the Eisenhower retreat. Its features include air conditioning, radiant heating, indirect lighting, two giant-screen custom-built TV sets, an intercom system, door locks that cost $160 each and function with watchlike precision, and a barber chair for Mr. Eisenhower and hairdressing equipment for the first lady.

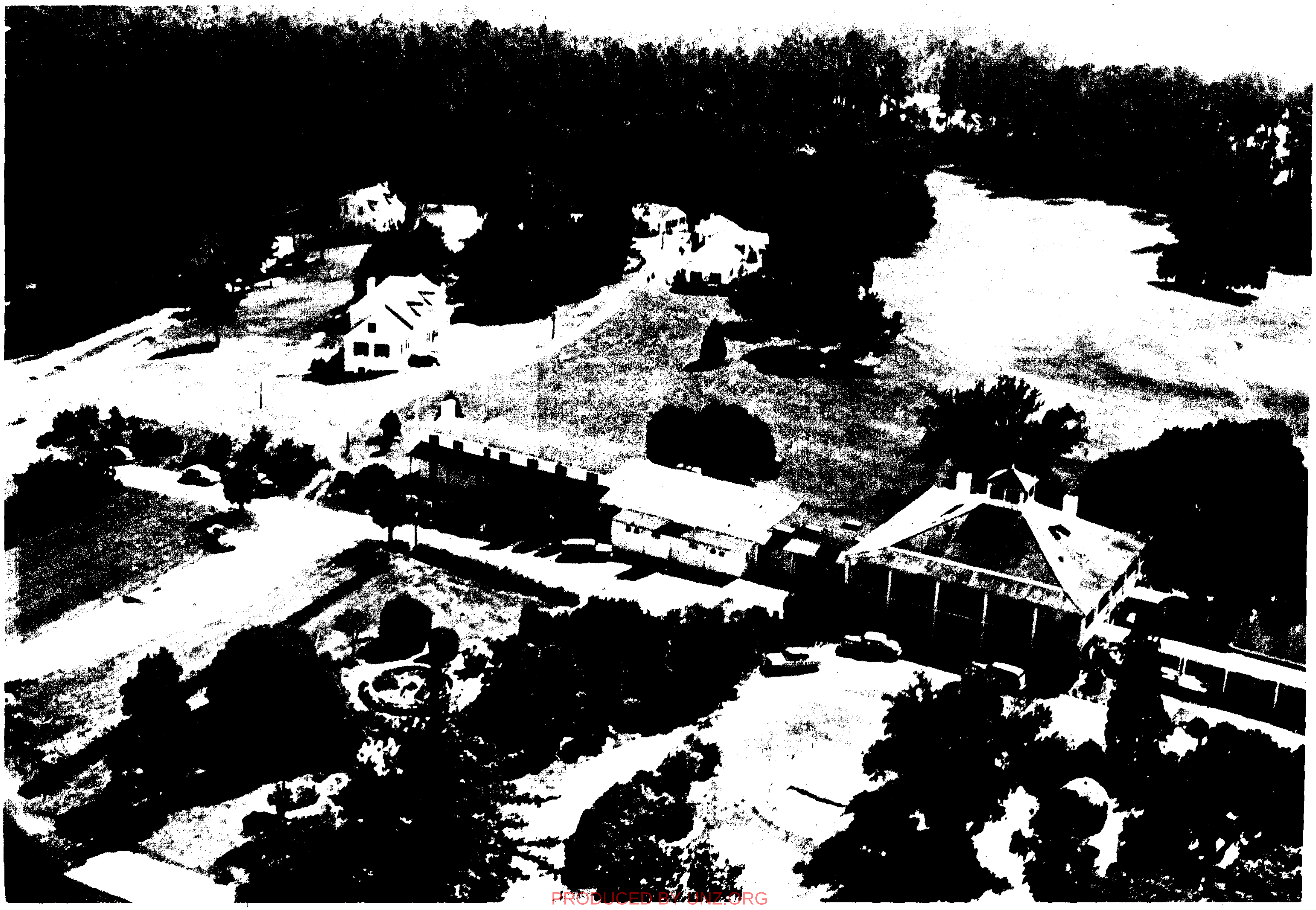
Should the President decide to whip up a batch of his favorite pancakes, he can work in an L-shaped kitchen that would entrance any housewife. It is lined with stainless-steel closets and equipped with a double sink, electric dishwasher, automatic garbage-disposal unit and two stainless-steel electric ranges. A big food freezer stands in an adjoining pantry.

The furniture for “Mamie’s Cabin” has been arriving for the last seven months by train, truck and air express, and still is not all in place. The final shipments include the Eisenhowers’ own pieces, which will fill corners purposely left empty by the decorators. One of the pieces—an antique flat-topped desk valued at $550—was delivered by plane from New York.

Most of the furnishings were installed under the direction of Mrs. Bobby Jones, wife of the famed golfer and club president, whose cottage on the grounds was occupied by the Eisenhowers on their earlier visits to Augusta. She and her aids,

Aerial view shows Augusta National Golf Club in foreground with “Mamie’s Cabin” between the paths looping out from left side of clubhouse

FRANK J. CHRISTIAN



—and $160 door locks

FRANK J. CHRISTIAN

President and Mrs. Eisenhower stand at the front door of their new Augusta retreat. The funds for building the house were subscribed by members of the Augusta National Golf Club

Mrs. Allie Porter and Mrs. Edith M. Hills of the firm of Porter & Porter, fashionable Atlanta interior decorators, personally supervised the hanging of draperies, placing of furniture and storing of linen, china and silverware—in short, the thousand and one details involved in settling a new home.

Although Mrs. Eisenhower was not present during this stage of the operation, she was in on the planning of the *décor* from the start. There's nothing she likes better than "fixing up" a house—the "cabin" is the twentieth she has helped decorate in her long career as an Army wife—and Augustans say she regretted she couldn't be on the scene when the furnishings arrived.

But her wishes have been faithfully followed. A special fabric with a tiny blue design had been purchased originally for the draperies in her first-floor bedroom. But Mrs. Eisenhower said, "I don't like blue," and back went the fabric. Pale pink, willow green and soft gold now prevail in her suite.

The "cabin" has been built on a slight hill which commands a sweeping view of the Augusta National course, one of the most beautiful in the country. The house is one and a half stories high in front, three in the rear. The first story is colonial brick painted white, the upper story white clapboard. Green shutters frame the front windows. There is a white columned, recessed front porch with a black-and-white, square-blocked concrete floor. A large door flanked by cottage windows on either side opens hospitably into the gray-green-walled living room.

Opposite the front door is a wood-burning fireplace framed in dark marble. Over the mantel hangs a painting by the President of "Ike's Pond," an artificial lake created on the club grounds especially for the President. Picture windows on either side of the fireplace look out over the lake. Flanking the fireplace are handsome sofas upholstered in figured green and rose. At the fireplace end of the sofas are side tables on which stand flowers. At the other end are two card tables.

On the south wall of the living room is a built-in combination radio-phonograph-television set with a 27-inch screen. The machine can be moved into the room on a roller device; when it is recessed, sliding panels conceal it.

Upstairs Bedrooms Feature Alcoves

On either side of the main living room are small halls connecting with bedrooms, dressing rooms, baths and a combination bar and pantry. Mrs. Eisenhower's bedroom, with adjoining bathroom and dressing room, is to the left of the main living room, directly under the President's bedroom. Upstairs, the layout is similar to that of the main floor, except that the bedrooms, though slightly smaller, feature alcoves.

The walls of the upstairs living room are a warm yellow; the room is carpeted in deep gold and light cinnamon brown. The draperies continue this cheerful color scheme. Even the custom-made radio-television set—a duplicate of the one below—is painted the same soft yellow.

Above the TV set hangs the President's portrait of his grandson David. On this and other portions of the west wall are photographs of the 18 houses in which the Eisenhowers lived prior to their occupation of the White House.

As in the downstairs room, sofas flank the fireplace. Here, too, are a handsome breakfront and the President's flat-topped antique desk. On the desk stands a photograph of the Eisenhower grandchildren.

Opening off the upper living room to the right is a small hall or alcove. On the right of the hall is a door leading to the upstairs pantry, which is connected by dumb-waiter with the main floor and basement pantries.

The President's bedroom and studio, to the left of the living room, are painted a warm light gray. The bedroom carpet is gray-green. The room has two spacious clothes closets, one with sliding doors, and in the alcove studio is a built-in cabinet for his paints, brushes and drawing materials.

The bedroom to the right of the upstairs living room has beige-gray walls. Its alcove is papered in light green with a darker green pattern, and its bathroom is painted a soft green.

From the front—and it is only from this angle that photographers have been permitted to take pictures of the completed house—the Eisenhower cottage looks like the suburban home of a well-to-do middle-class American family. From the rear, it is something else again. Here you see the three full stories with all the space necessary for a multi-roomed, seven-bath house.

On the ground floor rear—the basement, if viewed from the front of the house—are two more bedrooms, one pale green, the other white with blue trim, each with its own bath. There are also a formidable machinery room (linked by underground cable with a new 80-foot TV tower on the club grounds), an office, another private bath, the kitchen and serving pantries. The kitchen follows the "back-to-nature" color motif of the entire "cabin." Its walls are soft, off-white green, its cupboards natural hand-finished birch lined in stainless steel. A 30-foot passageway links the kitchen with the serving pantry containing the home freezer and dumb-waiter.

Though named "Mamie's Cabin," the Eisenhowers' latest home might also be called "Ike's Pleasure," for much in it has been placed there for his favorite pastimes—the kitchen for his amateur culinary efforts, the studio for his painting and the card tables for bridge. Cliff Roberts usually helps arrange the President's bridge games, as well as his golf matches; in the past, Augustans with known talent for bridge playing have been invited to play with the chief executive.

Roberts' zeal for his distinguished guest's relaxation extends beyond the house. So that the President might have a place to fish without leaving the club grounds, Roberts hit upon the idea of creating the artificial lake now designated "Ike's Pond" on local maps.

Roberts first telephoned Ralph J. Matson, U.S. Soil Conservation Chief in Augusta, and asked him to look at a spring with the idea of damming it. Matson thought the idea feasible; the spring was dammed, an excavation flooded, and a 2½-acre lake, 20 feet deep at the center, came into being.

Three hundred young bass and 3,000 blue-gilled bream—on which the bass feed—were hauled in from the state fish hatcheries. But the first time the President tried the pond he didn't hook a fish. "Let them get used to the change of water," Matson advised.

A couple of weeks passed, fishless so far as the President was concerned. Once more Roberts sent for Matson. "Maybe the bream have eaten the bass," he suggested. Verne E. Davison, regional biologist of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, happened to be in the vicinity at the time. Matson asked him to take a look at "Ike's Pond." The two men pulled off their shoes and socks, rolled up their trouser legs, waded in, and netted a few breams. Davison dissected a couple; not a trace of bass was found.

"The trouble is the other way around," he concluded. "The bass have eaten too many breams; that's why they're not biting. Cut down the quantity of breams and you'll have the solution."

A food fatal to breams was dropped along the edge of the pond, and the bass began to bite.

Despite such added lures within the confines of the club grounds—formerly a plantation owned by a Belgian baron named Berckman—Augustans hope that the President and Mrs. Eisenhower will continue to shop and drive around town. The brief glimpses local residents have had of the couple have endeared them to Augustans.

People like to recall one Sunday when the Eisenhowers were attending Reid Memorial Presbyterian Church. The text of the day's sermon was "Which God shall it be?" and a portion dwelt on the last verse of The Star-Spangled Banner. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Massey Mott Heltzel, muffed the lines; he knew them, but later said that he just couldn't remember the words. Then he looked down and saw the President staring straight at the pulpit, moving his lips and forming the words:

"Then conquer we must,
When our cause it is just."

Catching the cue, the pastor swung into the verse. "I knew just what you were going through," the President told him after the service. "I've been in the same fix myself." ▲▲▲

Beginning the most gripping suspense serial we have published—a tense story of a family held captive by three warped, violent men

A NEW FOUR-PART SERIAL

By JOSEPH HAYES

I

THE three men emerged from the woods a few minutes after dawn. They were no more than vague, moving shapes in the mist that rose up from the fields, their faded denim uniforms blending with the gray, overcast sky. They paused briefly, scanning the deserted highway that stretched across the flat Midwestern country. At a signal from one—the tall, lean, young-looking man who walked slightly ahead of the other two—they darted swiftly behind a screen of underbrush that ran parallel to the highway.

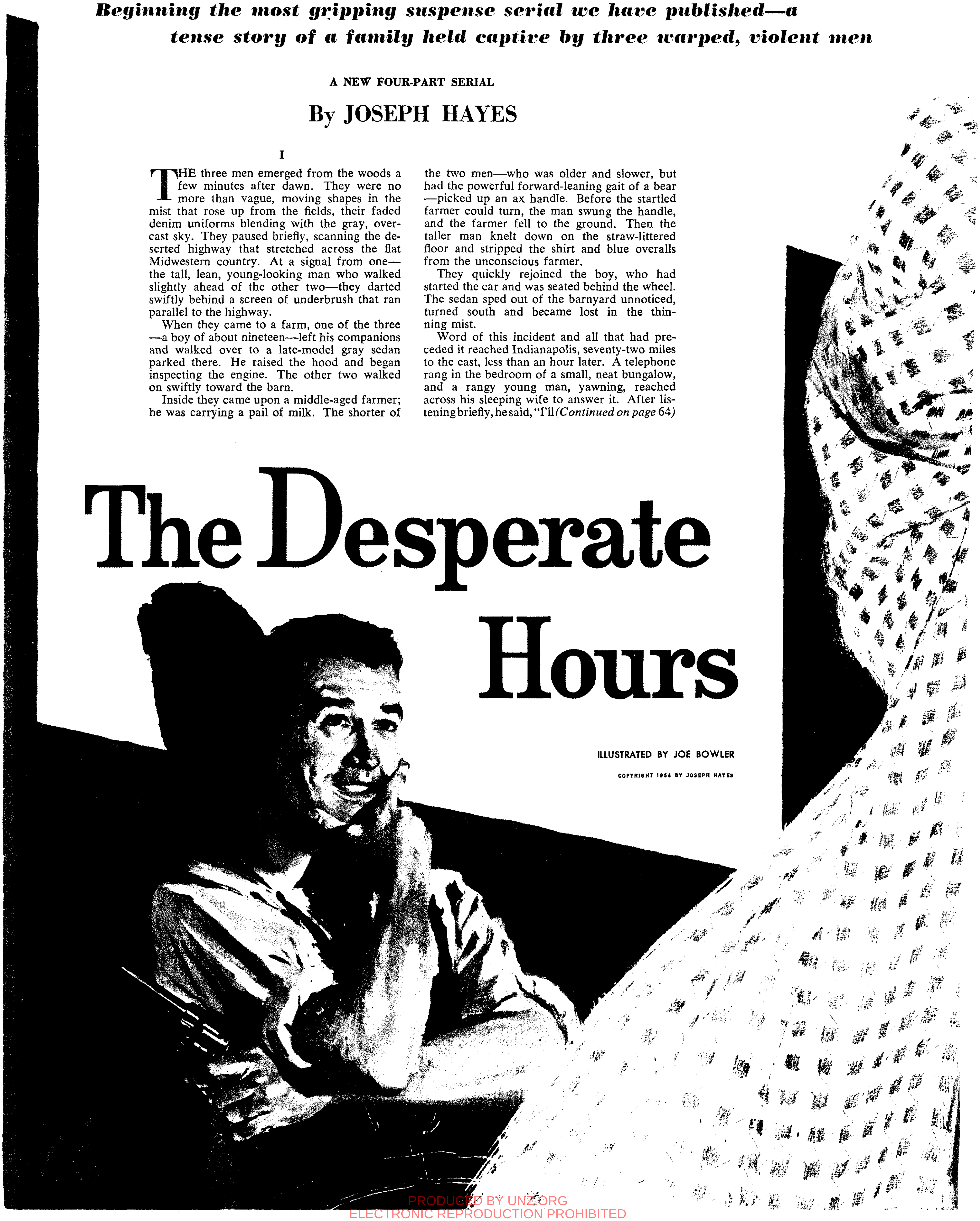
When they came to a farm, one of the three—a boy of about nineteen—left his companions and walked over to a late-model gray sedan parked there. He raised the hood and began inspecting the engine. The other two walked on swiftly toward the barn.

Inside they came upon a middle-aged farmer; he was carrying a pail of milk. The shorter of the two men—who was older and slower, but had the powerful forward-leaning gait of a bear—picked up an ax handle. Before the startled farmer could turn, the man swung the handle, and the farmer fell to the ground. Then the taller man knelt down on the straw-littered floor and stripped the shirt and blue overalls from the unconscious farmer.

They quickly rejoined the boy, who had started the car and was seated behind the wheel. The sedan sped out of the barnyard unnoticed, turned south and became lost in the thinning mist.

Word of this incident and all that had preceded it reached Indianapolis, seventy-two miles to the east, less than an hour later. A telephone rang in the bedroom of a small, neat bungalow, and a rangy young man, yawning, reached across his sleeping wife to answer it. After listening briefly, he said, "I'll *(Continued on page 64)*

The Desperate Hours



ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

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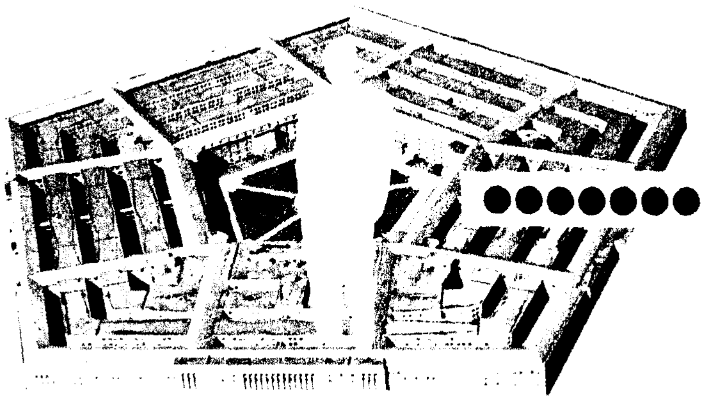
"What do you want?" Cindy asked. "So you're a spitfire, too," Griffin said. "Sit down, redhead; let me explain the facts of life"

MYSTERY MAN *of*



Is this the official who makes U.S. military policy? Critics say so. This much seems sure: he's one of the most powerful, most capable, most criticized and least known men in the Defense Department

EVERY few years the Pentagon has a major war on its hands—sometimes on a global scale, involving foreign powers, and sometimes confined within its own five famous walls. Often the internal explosions generate almost as much heat as the world-wide conflicts; in fact, some old Pentagon hands contend, only half facetiously, that World War II and the Korean war were merely campaigns sandwiching such really noisy battles as the unification row in 1947 and the fierce Air Force-Navy "B-36" fight in 1949.

Currently the big fight is the Battle of the Budget, which has been waged with increasing bitterness since Budget Director Joseph Dodge informed Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson last spring that several billion had to be cut from the 1953-'54 defense figures previously submitted to Congress by the Truman administration.

When it turned out that $5,000,000,000 of the total $7,000,000,000 cut was to come from U.S. Air Force funds alone, all pretense of service harmony went out the window; the fact that the Army and Navy, in comparison, lost only about $1,000,000,000 each—with the Army getting a supplemental $2,000,000,000 for Korea—did nothing to smooth intramural relations. Impassioned protests from air-power advocates ranged from sober statements that the cutback had critically imperiled national security to stormy accusations that a vicious anti-Air Force bias was solely responsible for the nature of the controversial cut.

The real target of the charges was not, as an outsider might expect, Budget Director Dodge, nor Secretary Wilson nor even his fiery, blunt deputy, Roger Kyes (who has had to take much of the rap for the budget cuts). It was one of the Pentagon's old-timers: a quiet, suave, virtually unknown assistant secretary, Wilfred James McNeil, comptroller for the Defense Department—who still insists that the cut was justified, and that events will bear him out.

All during the turbulent weeks while the '54 budget was being haggled over, I kept hearing about McNeil—the Pentagon's Mystery Man. From friend and foe (and he has many of both) I repeatedly heard such comments as these: "Most important man in the Pentagon; he has more power than the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff."

"He's the only really indispensable man here. Secretaries of Defense may come and go, but no one can replace Bill McNeil."

"With McNeil, the Navy can do no wrong; the Air Force can do no right."

"The Defense budget is the McNeil budget, pure and simple. Wilson and Kyes are merely the front guys for it."

Who is this man who administers the spending of 60 per cent of your tax dollar? Why is he so unknown? Is it true, as is frequently charged, that he wields more power behind-scenes than the Secretary of Defense, the Secretaries of Army, Navy, Air Force and the Joint Chiefs of Staff together? If so, why? And does he really have a pro-Navy bias, or is he the victim of unfounded rumors?

Seeking an Unprejudiced Viewpoint

I set about to find answers to some of these questions, to try, if possible, to cut through the distortions that result from strongly prejudiced service views. I wanted to look at McNeil from mid-center. I interviewed officials of all three services—the people who know McNeil best, work with him most closely, admire him or have tangled with him—and then the comptroller's former bosses, fellow assistant secretaries, businessmen, employees, friends.

Almost immediately I discovered one reason this man remains a mystery outside the Pentagon: although everybody there is more than willing to talk about him for hours on end, virtually nobody wants to be quoted. Ever since the uneasy unification of the three armed forces, Defense Secretaries have repeatedly forbidden interservice squabbling in public. Fear of official reprimand has driven the bickering underground. Since any discussion of McNeil and the budget almost inevitably gets into the danger zone of interservice rivalries, even four-star generals retreat behind the shield of anonymity.

Nevertheless, out of the scores of interviews emerged some facts and many opinions, most of them heated.

First, the facts. W. J. McNeil, to quote from an official press release, "is responsible for all budget, accounting, reporting, auditing, and fiscal activities of the Department of Defense." In short, he is responsible for administering all funds spent to run the biggest business in the world.

McNeil, now fifty-two, has been fiscal chief for the Defense Department ever since it was established in 1947. The top-ranking Pentagon holdover from the Truman administration, he is also the only key official who has served under every Defense Secretary we have had: James V. Forrestal, Louis A. Johnson, George C. Marshall, Robert A. Lovett and Charles E. Wilson—a circumstance which unquestionably has contributed to the theory that he is indispensable.

McNeil is also a rear admiral in the United States Naval Reserve. At the height of the budget fracas, the Navy saw fit to bestow that rank on him permanently—an ill-timed move which, if it did not embarrass McNeil, certainly furnished his critics with fresh ammunition.

McNeil, a yeoman in World War I, re-entered the Navy in 1941 as a lieutenant commander. In 1944, after he had risen to the post of Navy Disbursing Officer, he was made Fiscal Director of the Navy Department, a post he kept even after his release from active duty in 1945. Forrestal (then Secretary of the Navy), immensely pleased with McNeil's ability to squeeze water out of budgets, gave him general charge of all fiscal and management affairs of the Navy Department, and announced that the assignment would be "the top civilian administrative career post in the Navy." In 1947, he became fiscal boss of the entire Defense establishment.

the PENTAGON

By CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

Opponents may argue that McNeil's past service connections disqualify him for a critical position one of whose main requirements should be impartiality, but all factions agree on one fact: Wilfred McNeil knows the money side of the vast, sprawling Defense enterprise better than anyone else in the Pentagon.

"The man is unquestionably a genius in his technical fiscal field," concedes one of McNeil's bitterest enemies.

Others, while admitting his capabilities, aren't willing to go so far. "McNeil is good, very good," a former Defense official told me, "but he's not the genius he's cracked up to be. He's simply the only highly placed official in the Pentagon who has ever taken the trouble to learn anything about the budget, a dull subject at best."

It's also an incredibly complicated subject. McNeil, who started his working career as a small-town bank cashier, last year supervised the spending of about $45,000,000,000—several billion more than the *combined* volume of business of the country's dozen largest corporations.

But the Defense Department, operating the world's largest business, can't follow normal business procedures. It is hobbled by a variety of service traditions, prejudices, rights, privileges and immunities, and limited by some 480 separate pieces of legislation. The department employs nearly 5,000,000 people (3,500,000 of them in uniform) and must buy items ranging from bandages to soap, jet engines to C rations, pillowslips to military tanks—everything it takes to operate an Army, Navy and Air Force at home and overseas. The money has to be budgeted, justified to Congress, authorized, spent and accounted for. And even though the separate armed services have their own fiscal departments, sooner or later every expenditure for every operation or item of equipment gets channeled to McNeil.

When McNeil took over, Defense spending was an almost hopeless muddle.

"To carry out their responsibilities, the Army, Navy and Air Force had to engage in a lot of different businesses," he says. "There were entirely too many fiscal masters; fiscal management was divorced from management responsibility; there were no clean lines of authority for responsibility and management; it was all diffused. Money and responsibility should parallel each other in any business operation—otherwise there can't be any tight reins on spending. If the man responsible for operating something has to account for where the money goes, he's naturally going to make sure it isn't spent for something it shouldn't be."

Today the military colossus has been fiscally streamlined, largely owing to the efforts of McNeil. He is credited with drawing up the fiscal reorganization plans for the Defense establishment which were accepted by the Hoover Commission and later approved by Congress as amendments to the National Security Act. The amended laws, under which the department now operates, endowed McNeil with greatly expanded authority and included a number of technical innovations. The most important was a system of

His office administers the spending of 60 cents out of every dollar paid in taxes

UNITED PRESS

Secretary of Defense Wilson, seated, with some of his top officials. Left to r., Wilfred J. McNeil, comptroller; Roger M. Kyes, the deputy secretary; Dr. John A. Hannah, assistant secretary for man power, and Frank C. Nash, assistant secretary for international affairs

corporate-type financing intended to do away with the multitude of separate, overlapping operations which formerly existed.

The Defense Department now provides working capital for a number of independent military businesses which furnish all three armed forces with common services, such as shipyards, arsenals, printing plants, and the like, thereby cutting duplication, waste and, of course, cost. There are more than 40 such businesses so far, and McNeil would like to see many more. The largest, and the one of which he's proudest, is the Military Sea Transport Service, which combines all ocean-going transportation, both Army and Navy, into one businesslike enterprise operating on a revolving fund basis. McNeil claims the MSTS has saved the taxpayers more than $150,000,000 annually, but he had to overcome some opposition before he could set it up.

You Don't Get Popular by Saying "No"

McNeil is used to opposition and takes it in stride. Nobody loves the auditor in any business, and the military establishment is no exception. McNeil is, necessarily, a perpetual no man; it does not make for popularity.

"Everybody always wants more money than he gets, so nobody is ever really satisfied," Rear Admiral Edward W. Clexton, Director of Navy Budgets, told me. "In the budget business you make sure they don't get what they don't need. I take the view that it's *my* money they're spending—and so, I'm sure, does McNeil."

Every fall the three services send their budget requests to McNeil—within ceilings he has previously imposed. From him, the requests go to the Secretary of Defense for review, and from there to the Bureau of the Budget. But first McNeil and his staff pore over the figures for several weeks, working all day and into the night, six days a week and often Sundays, trying to trim the fat out of the sums the Army, Navy and Air Force have asked for.

Their knives find little items and big. Such as $300 for a chromium-plated saxophone (presumably as part of a project to determine the feasibility of using chromium-plated saxes as opposed to the standard lacquered-brass types). Or $5,000 to install a watering system on the golf course at Camp Carson, Colorado. Or some 12,000,000 more military gas masks than it was finally determined were actually necessary.

During the year, members of McNeil's staff visit Army, Navy and Air installations to detect financial leaks on the spot. When they found that the Supply and Fiscal Officer at the San Diego Naval Air Center was disposing of aircraft fuel cells as salvage at 26 cents each while another department was repairing the same type cells at a cost of $80, McNeil's boys cracked down. They also took action when they found the Air Force operating its own 280-bed hospital at Lowry Field, Colorado, just a few miles from the Army's 2,175-bed Fitzsimons Hospital, which has adequate capacity to care for Air Force patients.

Nothing escapes their fiscal scrutiny. They have asked some very awkward questions about airplane manifests, seeking to learn why, for example, field commanders ordered eight pinball machines marked "Air Priority" for shipment to Austria at a cost of $1,200—or why 32 electric organs were ordered air-shipped to Châteauroux, France, at an estimated cost of $6,248. The commanders responsible are not likely to make similar requests in the future.

McNeil's aides say it's impossible to estimate the total savings that could be laid to the comptroller's blue pencil. But their figures indicate that the combined requests of Army, Navy and Air Force for the fiscal years 1950 through 1954 totaled roughly $273,511,000,000. By the time McNeil approved them, the sums had been reduced to $211,874,000,000. (Congress, incidentally, lopped off another $11,000,000,000.)

"It has always been McNeil's policy," Irving Roth of his staff told me, quoting the boss directly, "that 'anything which does not contribute to our military strength does not belong in the Department of Defense budget.' "

Accused of Exceeding His Authority

That's a sound yardstick—but who's to decide what does or does not contribute to our military strength? McNeil's critics claim he's taken the job on himself, without proper consultation with the military experts. They don't dispute his right to rule that the national defense establishment can do without a $5,000 watering system for a golf course; but they hotly question his authority to decide that it can do without $5,000,000,000 worth of air power.

"The issue is much bigger than McNeil himself," a former high Defense official told me. "The dangerous thing is this increasing tendency for high-budget people, not only in the Pentagon but in the Bureau of the Budget and elsewhere, to try to control not just proper fiscal management, which is their job, but top policy as well."

Does McNeil go beyond his legal responsibilities as a comptroller?

McNeil, naturally, doesn't think so.

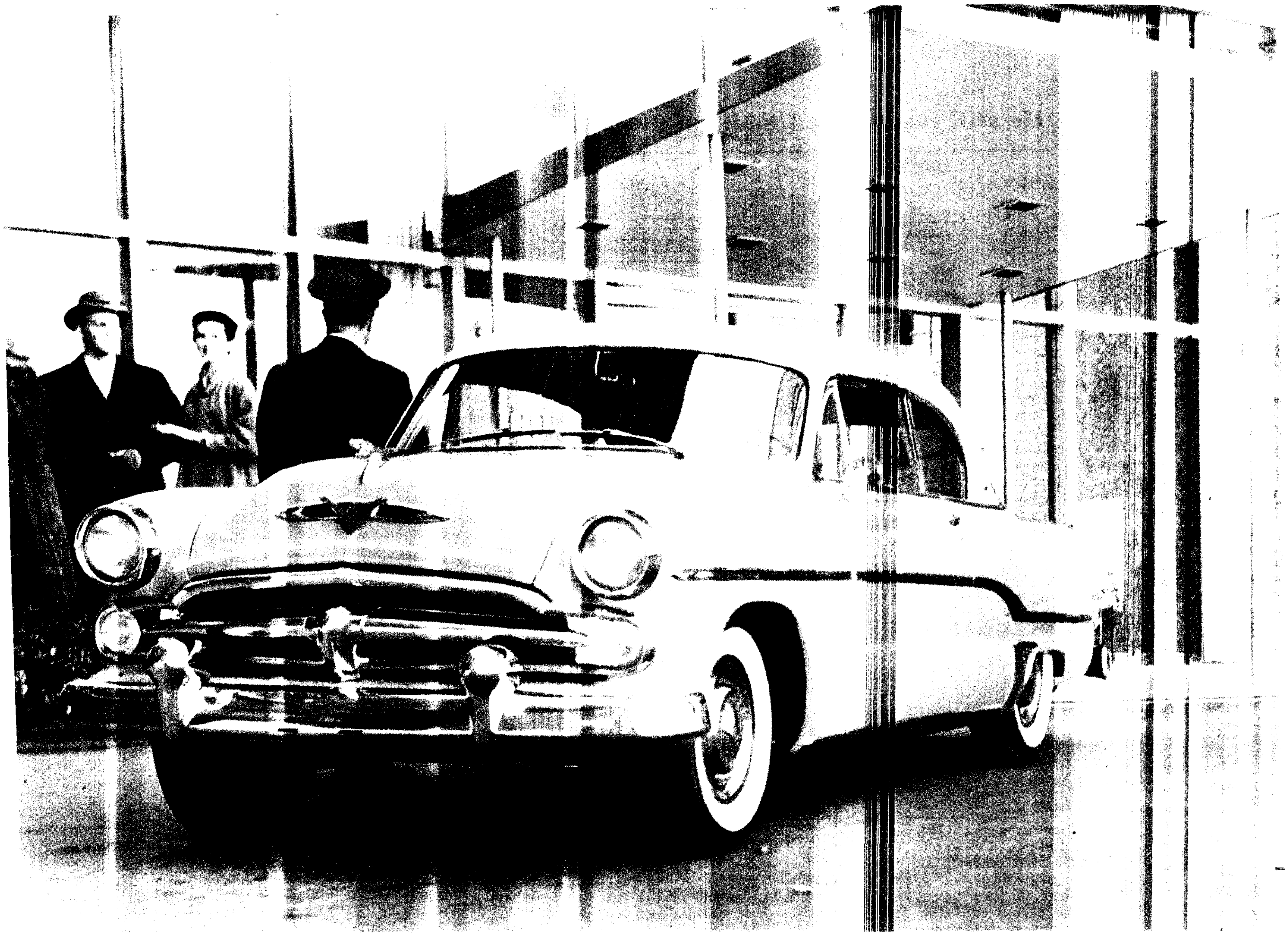
"The revised concept of fiscal management," he told me, "forces the budget to examine the basic planning to see that the various facets of the program are in balance. There are times when the Secretary or the managers have to force a change with money. When you see that a service has forty-seven thousand too many technicians for the airplanes they've got, for instance, you decide they don't need all the personnel money they've asked for. When decisions are necessary, an analysis is made and is referred to the Secretary or the managers. Dollars represent the only real common denominator, since all programs of all departments cost money. The comptroller's office is the one place where all elements of the program come together for financing."

A high Pentagon general takes a different view of the job: "McNeil isn't content with being *comp*troller; he wants to be *con*troller."

"A comptroller's proper function," says another general, "is to see that expenditures are kept at the austerity level appropriate for a government dealing with taxpayers' money. And McNeil has done a marvelous job in this respect. As a taxpayer, I'm grateful to him.

"But when he takes upon himself the job of 'distributing shortages,' as he did in the recent budget, he's going beyond his proper function. Consider the Air Force funds. A cut of, say, $500,000,000 out of the $16,700,000,000 Air Force budget approved by Secretary Lovett in January might be properly imposed by fiscal authority. But knocking *$5,000,000,000* out of $16,700,000,000 takes him completely out of the field of simple austerity; then he's deciding strategy, make no mistake about it."

Thomas K. Finletter, former Secretary of the Air Force, told me: "A man as capable as McNeil in a comptroller-type function is, almost by definition, disqualified from making top policy decisions. To expect him to do so is like asking a C.P.A. to lay down the production and sales programs for General Motors. Yet, apparently, Mr. McNeil was



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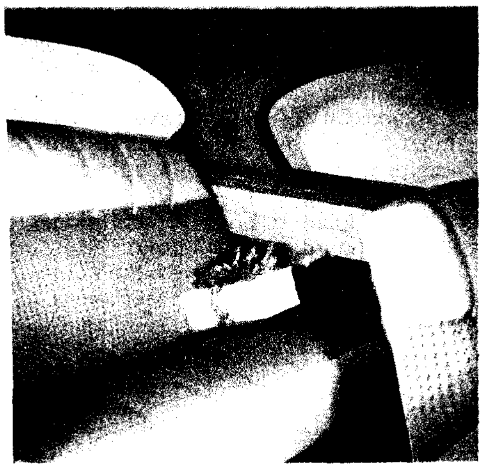

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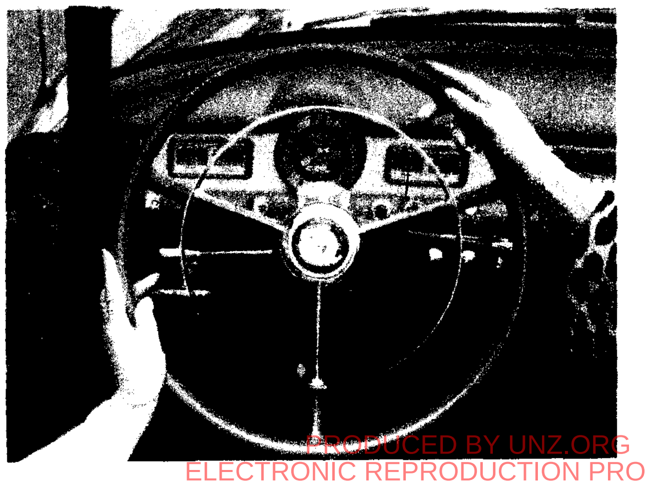

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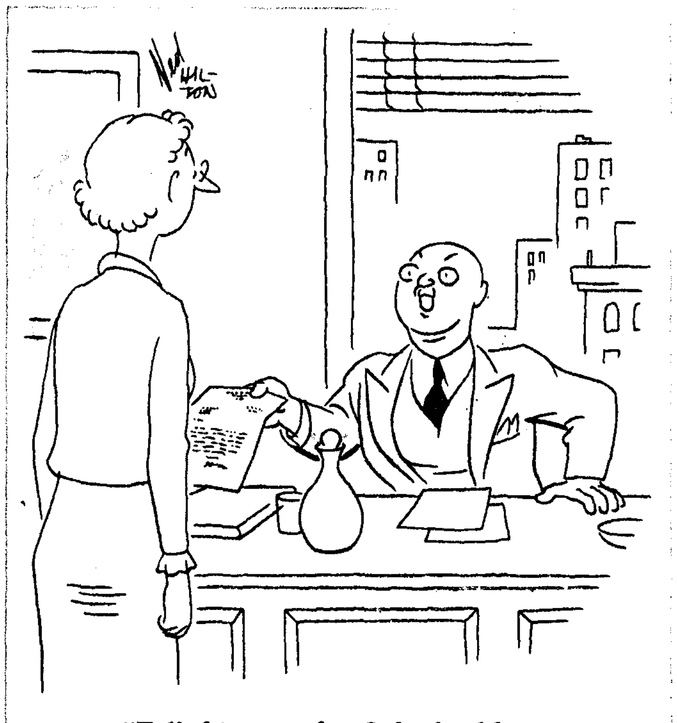
He still insists the USAF got more than enough money this year

an important participant in what I consider to be the most damaging decision to air power in the national defense of recent years—the 1953 cutback of $5,000,000,000 in air power. This decision was a military and foreign policy matter of the highest importance. It was only partly an economic matter. It decided the force levels of the Air Force for many years."

In the final analysis, any proper attempt to evaluate the pros and cons of the McNeil question hinges on these three major considerations: to what extent is McNeil responsible for the way the cuts were made; is there a basis for charges of partisanship in connection with them; and, perhaps most important, were the reductions justified?

First, how did the cuts come about? Almost at the beginning of the new Republican administration it became clear that any attempt to live up to campaign promises of reduced taxes and a balanced budget would mean severe slashes in both foreign aid and defense spending. After many studies instituted by the National Security Council, the Bureau of the Budget passed on to the Department of Defense certain fiscal "guidelines," telling how much had to be cut, but not where; that was the responsibility of the department. The three services in turn were told to submit budget plans within these guidelines.



"Tell this guy what I think of him in a real scorching letter, sleep on it, and tear it up in the morning"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

What followed is best told by Wilson's own testimony before a Senate committee last summer. Wilson's account was immediately picked up by McNeil's critics as definite proof that it was a McNeil budget. From the records of the Senate hearings:

SENATOR LISTER HILL: As I understood what you said here, you and Mr. Kyes and Mr. McNeil, with your staff, announced your final decision as to this cut without the advice of the Chief of Staff, United States Air Force, and his staff; is that correct?

SECRETARY WILSON: Mr. Kyes was here, and he will have to answer that specifically.

SENATOR HILL: I was asking you. You had the primary responsibility.

SECRETARY WILSON: I was in Europe. Before I left I had a conference with the President and I told him what I thought we could do. I did not divide it up between any number of wings, between how much the cut would be for the Air Force or the Army or anything else . . . We had a lot of figures, and we were working day and night on them. Mr. McNeil here has been through it so many times that he is really not so bad on the figures, in getting them together. I do not know how he does it like he does.

I went to Europe. When I came back I found some figures. I went over them quickly. They were satisfactory to me . . .

Air Force Secretary Harold E. Talbott was asked at one hearing what part *he* played, if any, in the decision to reduce the Air Force goal from 143 to 120 wings:

SECRETARY TALBOTT: I would like to say, Senator Hill, if I may, that it is not the province at the moment of the Secretary of the Air Force and his assistants and undersecretary. I think that is a military decision and one that must be made by those who are competent to make that decision . . .

SENATOR HILL: Who made it, do you know?

SECRETARY TALBOTT: I wish I did know for sure. I do not.

Had Secretary Talbott been present at the session five days later, Secretary Wilson could have enlightened him. "The two men that had the most to do with it," he said then, "are sitting on either side of me . . ." The men on either side were Kyes and McNeil.

McNeil doesn't disclaim his role in the slash, nor does he place the responsibility on Kyes or anyone else. He explained the cut to me this way:

"The Air Force was overfinanced in aircraft procurement, and analysis showed it. Within the general limitations imposed by the National Security Council, we realized we couldn't have all the force goals as set by the Joint Chiefs of Staff (21 Army divisions, 408 major combat ships for the Navy and a 143-wing Air Force), but we *could* have better defense than then existed. The Army and Navy had either met their goals or were very close to it. So the decision was made to freeze the Army goal at 20 divisions, and the Navy combat ships at 408. The Navy's air goal was cut back from 10,800 planes to 9,950.

"But with the Air Force, because of their slowness in reaching goals, because their program was out of phase—for instance, the bases wouldn't tie in with the activation of units or type of equipment the activating unit had, and so on—they had only 103 wings, only 93 of which had equipment. All the others were proposed wings. So it was decided to allow the Air Force to continue their build-up with an interim goal of 120 wings, which would be two to three times more effective."

You hear a lot about proposed—or "paper"—wings around Washington. Senator Stuart Symington, a former Secretary of the Air Force and perhaps McNeil's sternest critic in Congress, labeled the term "a simple manipulation: personnel is reduced because of not enough planes, then planes are reduced because of not enough personnel, or vice versa."

In a stormy TV debate with Senator Homer Ferguson, a vigorous McNeil supporter, Symington charged: "This idea of clipping the Air Force, first by holding the people back because you don't have the planes and then saying, 'You see, it is a paper wing,' and then holding the planes back because you don't have the people and then saying, 'You see, it is a paper wing,' is like taking an automobile and first you knock a tire off, then you crack the carburetor and then say, 'You see, it won't run, so you don't need so much money for gasoline.' "

Criticism of Secretary Wilson

Much has been made of Wilson's failure to consult the Joint Chiefs of Staff on the budget cut. General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, then Chief of Staff of the Air Force, testified before Congress that neither he nor the Air Force approved the reduction to an interim goal. Asked whether the Joint Chiefs had approved it, Vandenberg said: "They have not. As recently as March, 1953, the Joint Chiefs of Staff stated to the Secretary of Defense that any reduction in the program of 143 wings to be attained as soon as practicable after fiscal year 1954 would increase the risk to national security beyond the dictates of national prudence."

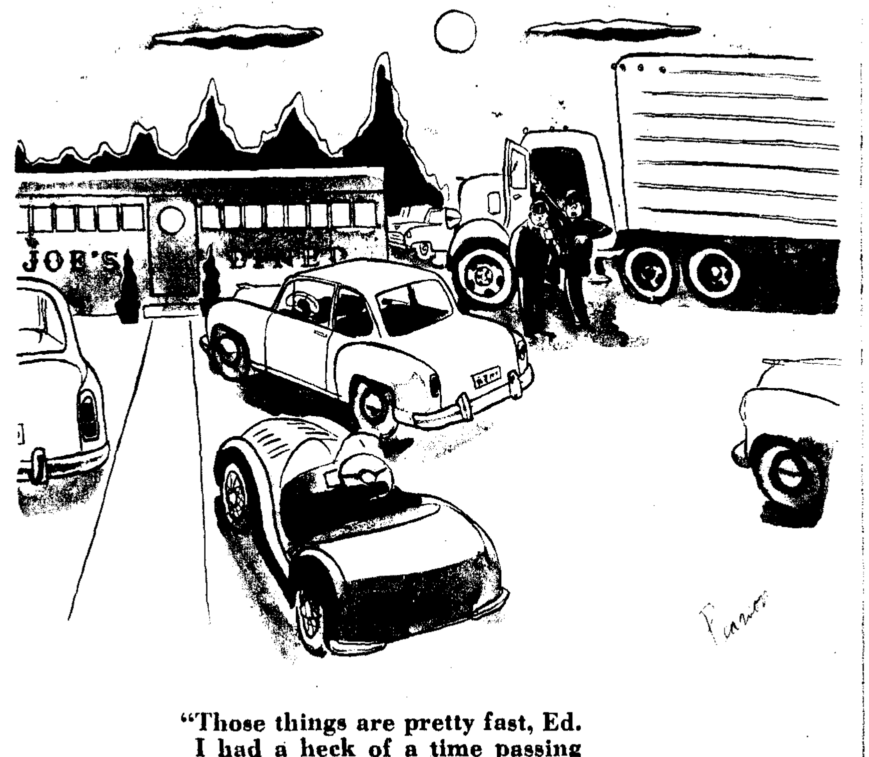
Many Pentagon insiders claim McNeil made a serious tactical error by not advising Wilson to consult specifically with the Joint Chiefs before the air budget went to Congress. I talked to one critic who said, "It is difficult to believe that this by-passing of the Joint Chiefs was accidental. Their disapproval would have interfered with McNeil's objective of cutting back the Air Force and restoring the balanced-forces concept."

"McNeil has been opposed to the 143-wing concept right from the start," a former Assistant Secretary of Defense told me. "When the Joint Chiefs' 143-wing figure was set in 1951, McNeil said to me, 'Watch and see. It won't last.' "

McNeil's friends, on the other hand, insist he did urge Wilson to consult with the Joint Chiefs, but got nowhere.

If McNeil embarrassed Wilson on the Joint Chiefs issue, some Washingtonians say, he did his boss an even worse turn by endorsing the "better-defense-for-less-money" argument that was used to justify the budget cut. Explanation of the current budget took up weeks of Congressional hearings, more than 4,000 pages of testimony, millions of spoken and written words and an avalanche of figures. After listening at some length to such Pentagonese as new obligational authority, unexpended balances, apportionments, overfinancing and the like, Senator Margaret Chase Smith, despite her familiarity with military affairs, had to ask for a glossary. "I am a little confused," she said.

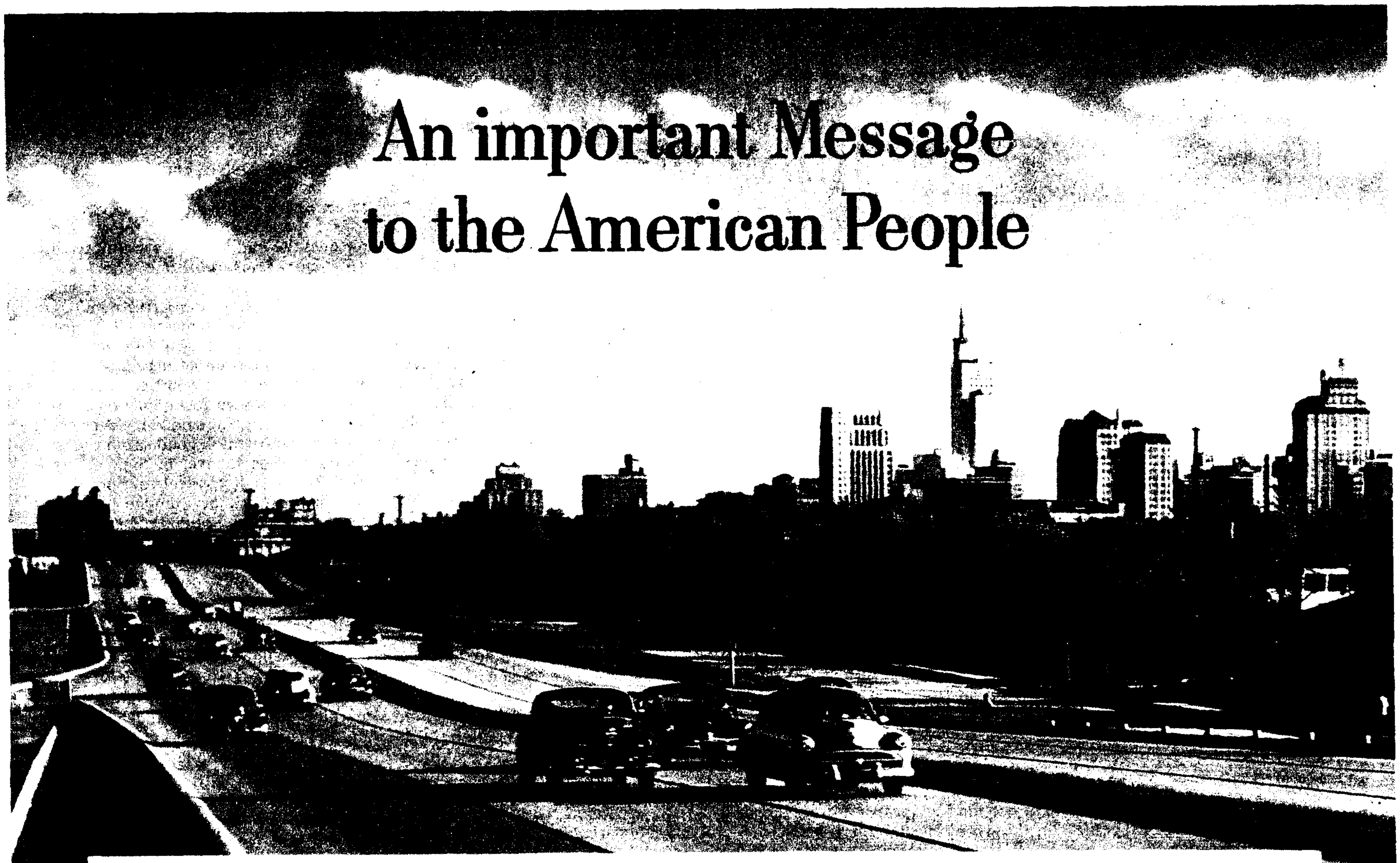
Trying to cut through the confusion, Senator Smith asked Wilson: "How can you cut more than five billion dollars from Air Force appropriations, cut back the Air Force's strength to



"Those things are pretty fast, Ed. I had a heck of a time passing one on the turnpike yesterday"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

An important Message to the American People



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114 wings" (by June, 1954) "and still say that the Air Force will be more powerful in 1954 than if the original plan had been followed . . . ?"

The question was put differently by another senator: "If we can have better defense by cutting five billion, why don't we cut ten billion and make it twice as good?"

Former Defense Secretary Lovett has been quoted as saying: "The alternatives before America are to continue the full program as planned, in order to gain the security described as minimum by the Joint Chiefs of Staff—*or* go for the harder dollar. But it is nonsense to say that you are doing both."

In the face of all criticism, McNeil stood his ground. As late as mid-December, 1953, he claimed that the Air Force would be unable to use even the money it received—that despite the $5,000,000,000 cut, the Air Force would find itself on June 30, 1954 (the end of the fiscal year), with a surplus of at least $2,000,000,000.

His foes claim McNeil played an extracurricular role in making the airpower slash palatable to Congress. They say that Congressional illustrations of Air Force "waste" were identical to those McNeil's staff was giving out to reporters.

Charges of Back-Door Tactics

McNeil has been criticized even more bitterly by top Pentagon people who claim (as one man put it) that he "deliberately lets the Air Force budgets go to Congress with loopholes he's supposed to plug in his office—and then tells congressmen about the loopholes through the back door, making the Air Force look bad."

McNeil flatly denies that he has ever intentionally left a soft spot in the budget of any service. He agrees that he has discussed budget matters with congressmen—but points out that the back door of Congress is customarily kept open to government officials by lawmakers who are seeking information for their own guidance which they can't get from the cut-and-dried pages of the official budget.

Withholding funds approved by Congress for specific purposes is another alleged McNeil tactic which has led to friction. A former Air Force official related one incident he still remembers with bitterness: "Congress had appropriated some money for fiscal 1952 for air-to-ground rockets—with the approval of the Secretary of Defense and the Bureau of the Budget. To get money which has been appropriated, it is necessary to make what's called a request for apportionment. That used to be merely routine. But in the last few years it has been necessary to *rejustify* the original request to the comptroller's office.

"In the case of the rockets, when we tried to get the money already appropriated by Congress, McNeil's people said they had reviewed the project and did not go along with it. We never got the rockets."

Representative Carl Vinson, ranking Democrat on the House Armed Services Committee, is reported to have had McNeil on the carpet for similar actions, telling him in no uncertain terms that the committee wanted a report whenever McNeil decided to hold up items Congress had approved.

I tried to get at the core of the charge that McNeil is prejudiced against the Air Force; understandably, it's hard to pin down. To begin with, McNeil has a couple of strikes against him. The first is his own service background, which makes him a target for critical references to *Admiral* McNeil. The second (for which he may be equally blameless) is the inclusion in the Navy budget of a third supercarrier at the same time that 23 wings were taken from the Air Force.

Misrepresented by Columnists

Certainly McNeil is sensitive to references to his partisanship; that was evident in my own long talk with him. A short time before, he had attended the official retirement ceremony for General Vandenberg, the outgoing Air Force Chief of Staff. Neither Wilson nor Kyes was present; Washington columnists called their absence a deliberate snub to the man who had dared to speak his mind on the budget cuts, at the same time charging the Defense Department with purposely sending "the man Vandenberg hates most"—McNeil—to represent them. McNeil has been quoted as saying that it was not his happiest moment.

"That's not true," McNeil told me. "There are a lot of fine people in the Air Force. I was invited. Why not go? I'm not mad at the Air Force. I'd be in the wrong business if I were.

"We have differences just as heated with the Navy, but you don't hear about them. What I object to is that our differences with the Air Force are often made into public issues by outside groups. The Air Force Association puts out a lot of untrue statements. And I've been told by Air Force people that the Air Force wrote Yorty's speech for him." The reference was to a bitter attack on McNeil made by Representative Samuel W. Yorty.

McNeil points out that, after all, he has a son who is a pilot in the Air Force, Major Evan McNeil. He also has another son, Wilfred James, who is a Navy jet pilot, and a son-in-law, Lieutenant Ronald Deane, in the Army. "You see," he adds, smiling, "complete unification in our family."

Around the Pentagon you'll hear that McNeil's staff of 50 is "loaded with ex-Navy officers." It isn't, although the Navy is most heavily represented among the dozen top jobs. Chief among the former naval officers is Lyle Garlock, deputy comptroller, who was a lieutenant commander. Of the three key Assistant Directors of the Budget for Army, Navy and Air Force, one is ex-Army, one ex-Navy; the man handling the Air Force section is a former administrative assistant in the Navy Department. "Why don't you have an ex-Air Force person in that spot?" I asked Garlock.

"We couldn't find anybody qualified whom the Air Force was willing to let go," he replied.

A former top Defense official told me: "The real wrong has nothing to do with McNeil personally. It is an institutional wrong. The first error is having anyone as comptroller who is closely identified with any service, Army, Navy or Air. Anything he does is naturally suspect. The second flaw is the absence of any continuity in the Office of the Secretary of Defense except way down in the fiscal department. Any new Secretary of Defense, unfamiliar with the intricacies of the department, is forced to turn to the one man who's been there long enough to have the answers—in this case, the comptroller."

Said another observer: "When Lovett was here, McNeil couldn't get away with what he does now. Lovett screened his ideas, took the good ones—and there were a lot of them—and rejected the bad. With Lovett, McNeil came up against someone who knew figures and knew the military better than he did. Now he has free rein."

What is McNeil's reaction to all the criticism leveled at him? In general, friends say, he is unperturbed. I asked McNeil himself. "If you have a course of action, if you've got convictions, you don't lose spirit," he said. "If the group working with you is good, if you have confidence, as I have, in their ability to dig up facts, if you feel your position is solid, you can be immune to criticisms based on emotion.

"To make a decision based on facts, or influence a decision with facts is proper. To employ power just for the sake of it—that is wrong."

McNeil's staff is fanatically loyal. They praise his own devotion to his work, his willingness to support them, and his unfailing patience.

The comptroller is at his desk every morning at eight thirty, and leaves at any time from six to eleven. "I don't recall his ever having left at five," said Garlock. "The staff never questions overtime on Sundays, because the boss always puts in more hours than anyone else. Mrs. McNeil says he was always like this. She says he applied the same amount of energy to his jobs with the Washington Post, or the bank or wherever he's worked."

Some of His Earlier Jobs

McNeil was a bank cashier in Searsboro, Iowa, in 1920. Later he became president of the First State Bank in Brandon, Colorado, and then in 1926 returned to Iowa, this time as an automobile distributor, and later as a promotion official for the Des Moines Register and Tribune. He went East in 1934 and worked in Hagerstown, Maryland, as a country division manager for the Washington Post. In 1938 McNeil was made assistant circulation manager of the Post and moved to Washington. Although he was fired from this job in 1941, the Post has since tried to hire him back at his own figure, according to the reports. McNeil, who now makes $15,000 a year, declined that offer (and others even higher-paying from industry).

McNeil has a veritable passion for anonymity. "If you remain anonymous, you can get things accomplished," he said. He doesn't make the cocktail circuits, doesn't play golf or "much of anything." "What do you do for exercise?" I asked. "Turn the lights on and off," he said. "That's about it."

When asked once by a Pentagon press correspondent why he stayed in a job that required so much effort and paid so little money compared with what the comptroller might make in industry, McNeil answered: "I get paid $7.22 an hour for a front-row seat for the greatest show on earth."

But anyone in the Pentagon will tell you McNeil's role is scarcely that of a spectator, even from a front-row seat. He is on stage, front and center, as perhaps the most powerful member of the cast. ▲▲▲

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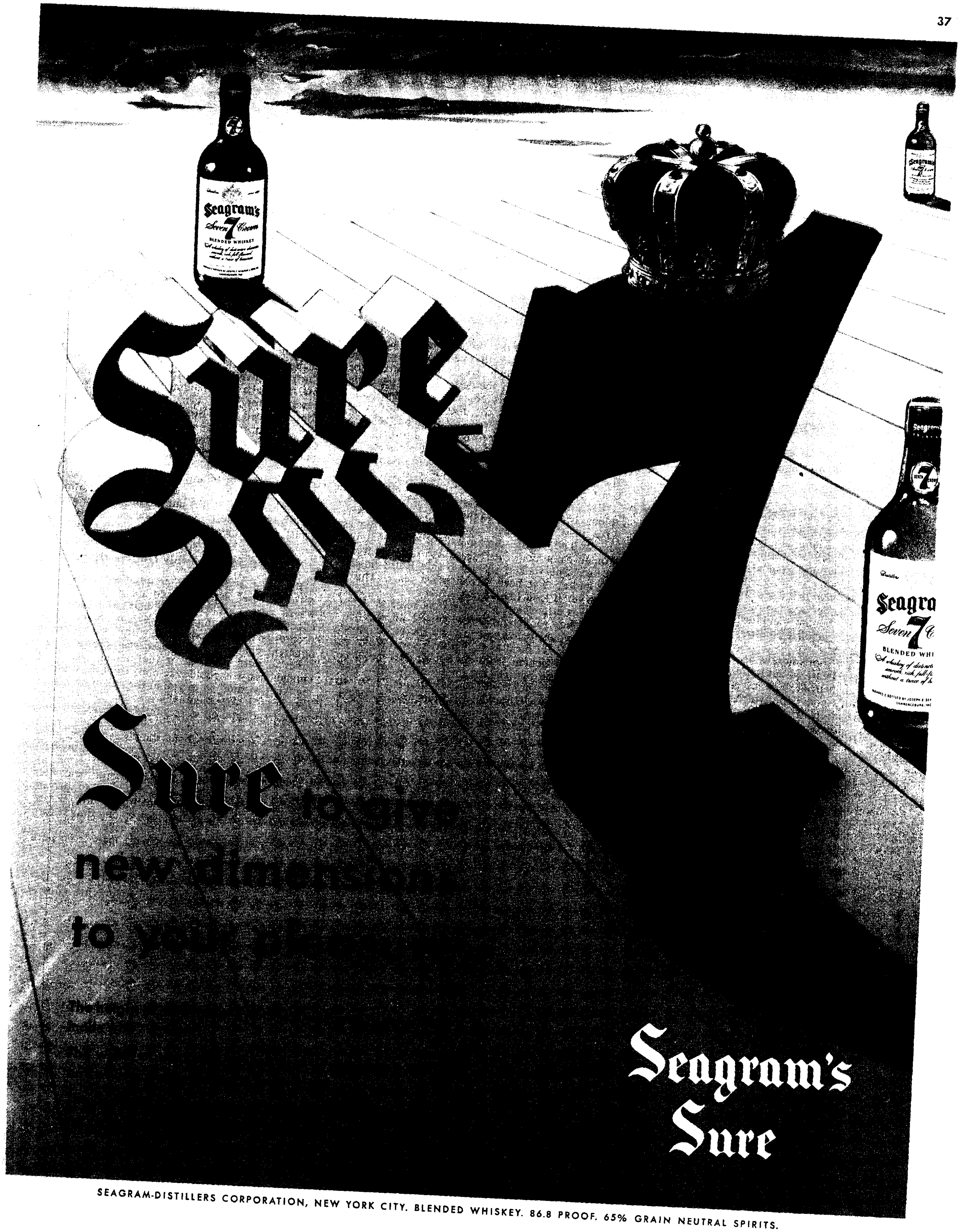
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ARVILLE, LOUISIANA, is a long, long way from most people's lives, but it is very close to mine. There, in a bend of the Mississippi River, surrounded by farms once part of large Southern plantations, stands a great hospital, its buildings gleaming white against the somber green of century-old live oak trees. It is a United States Public Health Service Hospital—the only leprosarium in this country—and for hundreds of Americans it has symbolized either prison or refuge, hope or despair.

Until a few short months ago, it was my home. It was where I carried out a life and a work I had chosen, a challenge I had accepted, a journey begun with love and hope which ended almost 30 years later with the wish that it could go on and on. But on that still, hot day when I reached sixty-four, the age at which I had to retire, I left Carville, my duties as medical officer in charge completed. It was not easy to go.

There are nearly 400 patients at Carville now—men, women and children from every walk of life. Rich and poor, educated and illiterate, they have come from almost every race, nationality and religion. At one time or another, they have included the wife of a successful politician, an Annapolis classmate of a famous World War II admiral, a rabbi, the wife of a Louisiana banker, veterans of each of America's last four wars, a prize fighter who once fought Primo Carnera, a former headwaiter of a well-known New Orleans restaurant and the wife of a high-ranking Army officer.

They were like people anywhere, more courageous than most, and as the years went by, I came to know them all as friends and neighbors. And I knew the shock, the disbelief, the horror each of them had felt when a doctor had said, "You have leprosy."

A young woman, whom I shall call Ruth Wendell, was only twenty-eight when she first heard that sentence from the lips of her doctor in 1925. A lovely girl with beautiful red hair, she was the wife of a successful California oilman. In an instant, the life she had known was swept away—her home, her husband, her hopes of having children—and she began a strange and tortuous struggle that was to last almost 25 years.

I had joined the Public Health Service and come to Carville only a year before, and the sight of that lovely woman—unmarked by the disease except for a small pinkish spot on her arm—was heartbreaking. Her husband had tried to bolster her courage on the trip to Carville, telling her that she would be quickly cured. His efforts were all but destroyed by her first day there.

Ruth had only to look around to see what the future might hold. Many of the patients were in advanced stages of the disease: their faces and bodies had erupted with open sores and large lumps, or nodules; their eyes had grown dim or completely sightless by the destruction of the optic nerve; their fingers and toes were shortened (contrary to popular belief, the disease does not cause its victims' fingers and toes to drop off; what it does is cause the bones to become absorbed, and over the years, if the disease is not arrested, the fingers and toes gradually shorten and disappear); their nerves had dulled and they had lost their sense of touch.

Ruth tried to shield her eyes from these sights, telling herself that it would not happen to her. Like most new patients, she was hopeful. But as she walked to the dining hall, a disfigured old woman came up. The disease had done its worst to her. She walked silently beside Ruth; finally, she spoke. "I've been here eighteen years. This is what you'll look like after a while."

It was a terrible and devastating remark. Ruth ran to her room and threw herself on the bed. Next day, she came and told me the whole story. She shook her head as though to clear the picture of the old woman from her mind. Her red hair flashed in the sunlight streaming in my office window. "Is it true?" she asked softly. "I want to know the truth. How did I get this disease? Have I already given it to my husband? How long will I be here?"

How many, many times have I heard the same questions! And how often have I wished there were answers to them! I sat across from Ruth and I told her what little I could. I asked her to try to forget the old woman's taunting, and explained that it was a gruesome form of hazing from which some few patients derived a twisted pleasure.

"You probably contracted the disease years ago, Ruth," I told her, "possibly even as a child. It often lies dormant for years. You must have had long and close contact with someone who had it; to the best of our knowledge, that is how it is transmitted. But you mustn't worry about your husband. He has been examined and found free of it."

Ruth began to relax. "You mustn't worry about anything," I said. "Your job is to get well. And the best way to do that is to get plenty of rest which will give you the strength to fight the disease, and take the chaulmoogra oil that will be prescribed for you." Chaulmoogra oil, extracted from the seed of a Burmese tree, had been the treatment for the disease for centuries. Many doctors could find no better proof of its curative powers than a legend of an ancient Burmese king whose reign was threatened when he contracted leprosy and was cured by eating the seeds of the tree. At Carville, patients took it both by mouth and injection. Either way, it was unpleasant. Taken orally, the crude oil almost always produced nausea. Administered by injection, it caused muscular pain.

Patients May Possibly Outlive Disease

But what of Ruth's other question: How long will I be here? No one could answer that. There was no cure: chaulmoogra oil had never been very effective, it was simply all we had. Some cases progressed rapidly; others went for years without apparent change. The disease was known sometimes to burn itself out if the patient lived long enough, but who could take hope from that, knowing what it could do to you in the meantime? In a few cases, it was eventually arrested, but whether from treatment or a spontaneous cure, no one knew.

Ruth's questions about the disease were ones which, in part at least, were responsible for my having been at Carville when she arrived. I had intended to spend only a year there and then, after further work in dermatology, return to private practice. But the mysteries of this strange disease excited me. A man could look a long time before he found a greater medical challenge.

Yet it was another challenge, apart from pure

Golf is a popular sport at Carville. Here patients watch tournament begin on private course

LEPROSY

By Dr. FREDERICK A. JOHANSEN
with WILLIAM PETERS

---

atients 29 years ago were shunned by the world; today they can live like normal people

At Carville before his retirement, Dr. Frederick Johansen, in his Public Health Service uniform, talks to a couple who have leprosy

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

A patient's husband tried to frame her for a divorce

COLLIER'S TON SMITS

medical interest, that had made me stay on at Carville. In my one year there, I had come to know the patients, to see that in their forced separation from home and family they craved more than just medical attention: they needed—and deserved—companionship and understanding. In what must have been a stumbling and halting fashion at first, I had tried to give them these necessities. When the year was over, I could not have left Carville if I had wanted to. These people were too much a part of my life, and I of theirs.

I was devoting my life to what was for the most part an unknown to physicians. Centuries of fear, superstition and misinformation have surrounded the medical name leprosy with connotations so completely false that its victims always refer to it as Hansen's disease, named after the Norwegian doctor who discovered the bacillus believed to cause the disease. Some of the misinformation is unavoidable.

Much is still unknown about Hansen's disease. Because no one has succeeded in infecting experimental animals with the bacillus in the laboratory, no one knows for certain exactly how it is transmitted. One fact is known, though: Hansen's disease is only mildly infectious. Ordinary hospital precautions—washing the hands in soap and water after examining a patient—are preventive sterile procedures. In the 59 years of Carville's existence, no member of the staff has ever contracted the disease. But no one knows why it is mainly found in only four states—California, Texas, Louisiana and Florida. Or why there are probably no more than 1,500 cases in the United States while India and China each have about 2,000,000.

Life Sentence Not Death Sentence

To many of the patients like Ruth, Hansen's disease must have seemed at first like a death sentence. Yet, in reality, it was more like a life sentence, for the disease is rarely fatal. Patients died of other illnesses or simply of old age. Ruth learned that up to that time no patient had ever been allowed to go home no matter how great the emergency. This restriction brought the expected results: many patients left Carville without permission, "going through the fence," as they called it.

I soon learned to close my eyes to many of these irregularities, for the welfare and happiness of these people was infinitely more important to me than the rigid enforcement of rules inspired more often by the outside world's fear than by its knowledge of the disease. Many of the patients who left Carville without permission came to me first and told me of their plans. I had no power to hold them—Carville, as a Public Health Service hospital under federal jurisdiction, could not force its patients either to come or stay there. All we could do was notify the home states of the escaping patients. Their greatest danger lay not in breaking state laws—they rarely were a health menace, although 35 states and the District of Columbia require the isolation of victims of Hansen's disease—but in neglecting their treatments and letting the disease develop. Therefore, I always wanted them to feel free to write to me in confidence. Often when I traveled from Carville to pick up new patients, I stopped off to see some of the escapees. Sometimes I was able to help them find doctors who would treat them; sometimes I persuaded them to come back to Carville.

It was not a cheerful picture I painted to Ruth that day in 1925, but she bore up bravely. For a while, she had help. Her handsome husband came regularly to see her. Then, little by little, the time between his visits lengthened, his letters grew fewer, and Ruth began to taste the final bitterness that comes to so many at Carville.

One day a detective came to my office. "I've been retained by the husband of one of your patients, Ruth Wendell, to check on certain reports that she has taken up with another man, a patient here. Mr. Wendell intends to use that fact as grounds for divorce."

I smashed my fist on the desk and leaped up. Being six feet four inches tall has its advantages, because the detective immediately retreated toward the door. "Ruth Wendell is one of the most respected patients we've ever had," I said, moving around the desk. "Everyone at Carville loves her for what she is—a courageous and generous woman. If her husband wants to know anything about her, let him come himself and find out." By this time he was at the door. "On second thought," I told him, "I wouldn't suggest that he come here. I'm not sure I could control myself with anyone low enough to do something like this."

I never told Ruth about that meeting, but I'm sure she knew her husband intended divorcing her. His letters stopped coming and he never visited her again. But she did not let it embitter her. She devoted herself to performing a vital role at Carville: she acted as foster mother to children who were separated from their parents and sent to the leprosarium.

Disheartening as it always was to see a husband and wife torn from each other by the disease, it was harder still to have to take small children from their families. The tragedy of such a separation, for both mother and child, is beyond description. Yet, because children are much more susceptible to Hansen's disease than adults, Carville has never been without its share of them.

José was ten and his sister, Maria, eight, when they were both found to have the disease. Their mother and father were Mexican-Americans, terribly poor, who adored their only children. When I arrived in the little California village where they lived, their mother could not bring herself to let them go.

I tried in vain to convince her that her children would be better off at Carville; then I went to her parish priest. I told him about the nurses at Carville, all of whom are members of the Catholic order of Sisters of Charity, and who are deeply loved by all the patients. It was through the priest's intercession with their mother that José and Maria came back with me.

Child Patients Difficult Problem

Children have always been a special problem at Carville: they must be given some substitute for the love and care they no longer receive from their parents. For Maria, the problem was solved when a fine, old Mexican woman patient agreed to take charge of her. With José, it was more difficult. Men and women patients have separate quarters at the hospital; José was too old to live in one of the women's wings, and there simply wasn't a male patient capable of taking José in hand. He had to learn to shift for himself at the age of ten.

It would be wonderful to be able to say that José and Maria were cured and returned to their parents. They weren't. Both children eventually died of pneumonia and were buried at the cemetery at Carville. (Neither of their parents contracted Hansen's disease.)

If the disease was capable of blighting the lives of its victims, the fear surrounding it often did no less to the patient's family. One day I received a letter from a druggist, the husband of a patient recently brought to Carville. He said that word had leaked out about his wife, and virtually all of his customers had deserted his store; his business was ruined. But worst of all, his four children had been expelled from school.

I called the county health officer, an

HENRY BOLTINOFF

COLLIER'S "One good punch will finish this, and I sure hope he lands it soon!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Weekend in the Ski Country," by Haddon Sundblom Number 90 in the series, *"Home Life in America"*

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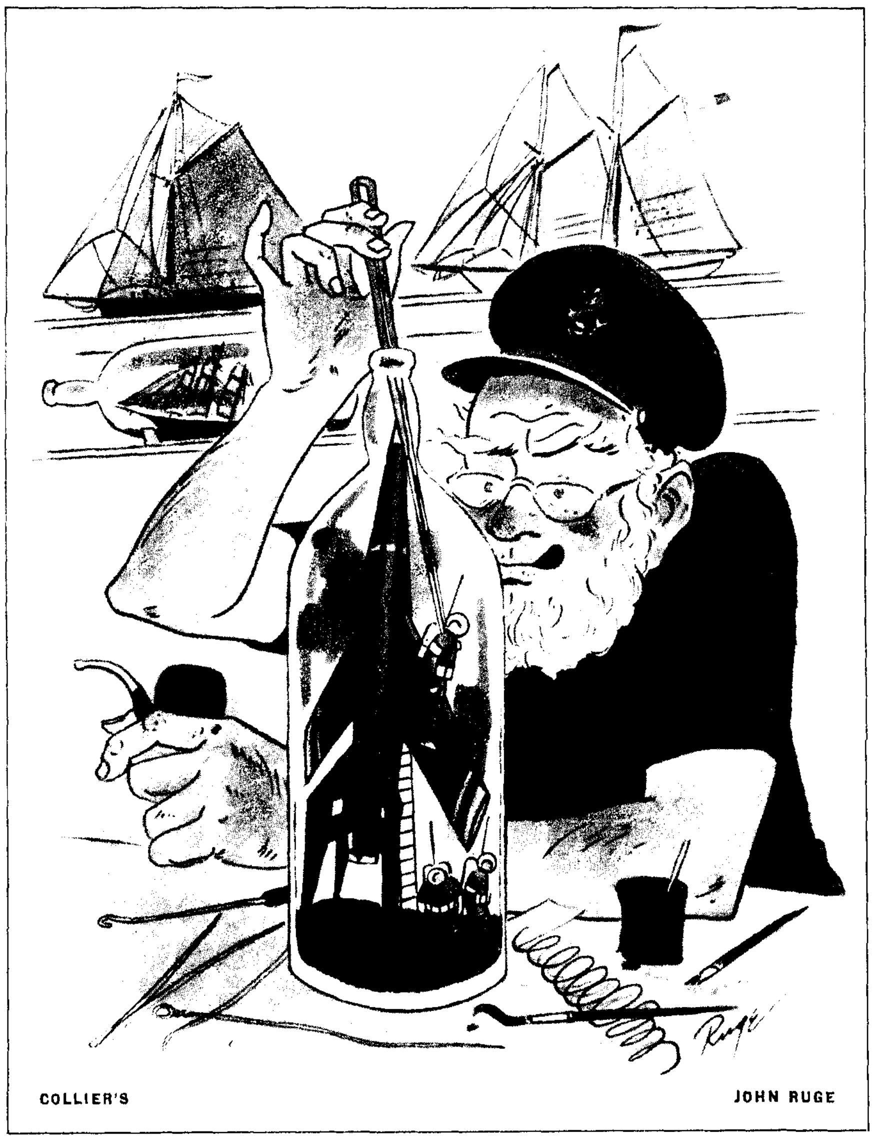


COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

old friend of mine, who urged me to try, where he had failed, to budge the school board from its stand against admitting the children. I left the next day. The members of the school board were all intelligent—but frightened—people. I told them that Hansen's disease is less communicable than tuberculosis, and that the husband and the children had been given examinations and been found free of any traces of the disease. I further explained that it could be transmitted only through close and prolonged contact with a person who has the disease—and then only by skin-to-skin contact. (Hansen's disease has no "carriers," and is not contagious in its dormant stage.) Since the mother was now in Carville and they had all been found uninfected, the children constituted no danger at school. In the end, they relented. But the fight was far from over. The other parents decided to withdraw their children from the school.

Eventually the druggist gave up. He sold his business and moved his family to a town several hundred miles away. He bought another business and settled down. But the word leprosy followed them like a shadow, and he wrote that it had started all over again.

Victims Wanted Names Altered

I wish I could describe the terrible sense of frustration his story gave me. It certainly showed why victims of the disease want its name changed. Somehow the stupid fear had to be beaten. I called the county health officer of the county where the druggist was living. It took months of hard work to educate that entire community about the facts of Hansen's disease, but eventually the family was allowed to live in peace again.

Because that kind of experience is not unusual, almost all of the patients at Carville, until recently, carefully changed their names and obscured their backgrounds to protect their families. The families made up involved stories to account for the missing member. Letters were mailed to a trusted friend in a distant city to be forwarded on to Carville. But such subterfuge is resented by the patients. Knowing more about the disease than most people, they are bitter about the fear and ignorance which, more than anything else, are responsible for their segregation from society.

I am opposed to segregating all victims of Hansen's disease. Many, if not most, of the patients at Carville could be cared for in their own homes by their own family doctors without in any way endangering the public. They would have to be careful to avoid contact with children, and for those who could not be trusted to do so, I suppose a place like Carville is necessary. But for the rest, this fear is the only excuse for their isolation. As a result, I never let an opportunity pass to educate people to the truth.

I had gone to West Virginia to accompany a patient back to Carville. He was in an advanced stage of the disease, and his face was covered with great nodules. I called a local taxicab company at midnight and asked for a cab to take us to the train, which left early in the morning. When the taxi pulled up, I brought my patient out to the street. The driver took a quick look at the patient's face, and slammed the door. "I'm not taking him in my cab!" he shouted at me from the window. "That man's sick!" Before I could answer, he drove off.

I finally made arrangements for us to be driven by a private chauffeur. When we arrived at the station, I told the patient to pull his hat down over his eyes. In a few minutes, the train pounded to a stop and I led my patient toward our Pullman car. As we neared it, a conductor looked closely at the patient and put out his hand to stop us. "You can't get on this train," he said sharply.

I showed him our tickets. "We have reservations," I said.

He pointed at the patient. "That man has smallpox," he said. "I'm not carrying smallpox on this train."

"You're wrong," I told him. "I'm a doctor. He doesn't have smallpox. There's nothing to worry about."

The conductor blocked the steps to the car. "I don't care who you are," he said. "That man has smallpox! You're not getting on this train!"

The whistle blew, and I knew the train would be starting. Shouldering the conductor out of the way, I pushed my patient up the stairs and followed him. I found his drawing room and waved him into it. Then I closed the door and turned to face the conductor, who was right behind me.

"That man has smallpox," he sputtered as the train started up.

"Look," I said angrily. "He doesn't have smallpox. He has leprosy." The conductor's face turned white. He gasped and backed away from me. I'm afraid I wouldn't be human if I didn't admit that I enjoyed that moment.

I showed him my written authorization to carry the patient on a train and told him I had carried patients on trains all over the country. I explained that he need have no fears because the disease was only mildly infectious and required long contact to be transmitted. He finally went about his duties.

Desire to Enlighten the Public

In an hour, though, he was back, wanting to know more about the disease. He asked questions about Carville and the treatment the patient would receive. When we reached our destination, the conductor shook my hand warmly. "This has been the most interesting trip I've ever had," he said, and wished the patient luck. It was clear that we had made a convert to the cause of enlightenment about Hansen's disease.

But such conversions, unfortunately, are too few and far between. The fear persists, and the patients are still segregated. Therefore we try to make that segregation as pleasant as possible. The new patient is always surprised to find that Carville is, in effect, a self-sufficient little town with its own churches, shops, theater, golf course, tennis courts, softball diamond, and even a jail. The shops are run by patients for their own profit and many of them take on part-time jobs as orderlies or laboratory assistants to earn spending money. But even with all these activities—and with a full school schedule for the children—time used to lie heavily on many of the patients' hands.

Then, in 1931, Stanley Stein came to Carville. A university graduate with experience in little-theater work, he began staging plays with the patients making up the casts. When someone mentioned starting a newspaper, Stanley poured all of his tremendous vitality and enthusiasm into what became The Star. Under his guidance, The Star, which is put out entirely by the patients, grew from a tiny mimeographed weekly to a printed monthly magazine with a circulation of more than 10,000 today, reaching libraries, hospitals, physicians, patients and hundreds of friends of Carville in countries throughout the world. It would be hard to overestimate the influence of The Star in spreading knowledge about Hansen's disease.

Try Introducing New Drugs

Stanley's case progressed rapidly, but he never allowed the disease to inhibit his amazing drive. When his eyes were affected, he dictated articles and letters to a patient who served as his secretary. He has experienced most of the ravages of the disease—he is totally blind—yet he goes on, even today, editing The Star, an inspiration to countless patients, and one of the finest men I have ever known.

The introduction of a new experimental drug always hurried up the passage of time at Carville. We were always trying something new, always searching for a drug that would be an improvement over the old chaulmoogra oil. While these drugs were tried, weeks and months sped by and the entire hospital buzzed with excitement. There was never any lack of volunteers. Often when a new treatment was being tried on a limited number of patients, I was besieged by requests—even demands—that the number should be increased to include more patients. Then, months later, would come the almost inevitable crushing of hope. The patients on the new drug were getting worse. The gloom spread as rapidly as the excitement had, and time dragged again.

In 1941, shortly after a new medical officer in charge, the late Dr. G. H. Faget, had come to Carville (I was clinical director and executive officer at that time), we heard about promin, a new sulfone drug which had been used with some success in treating tuberculosis. The tuberculosis and Hansen's disease bacilli have long been known to be similar in many respects, and any drug which combated one, we felt, might have results on the other. Dr. Faget, who had worked for years with tuberculosis before coming to Carville, wrote the manufacturers for the drug and for information about its use. For several months after the first patients were started on promin, there were no observable results. But the patients themselves insisted that they felt better. Then, slowly, over the next months, open sores began to heal, nodules disappeared, and the patients began to feel almost cured. Cautious after the innumerable failures of the past, the medical staff refused to jump to conclusions. But the patients knew. We had reached a turning point.

Two more sulfone drugs—diasone and promizole—were tried, again with good results, and the improvement in

for any other life in the world"

the patients continued. These new drugs were not a cure, but they had the effect of arresting the disease in many patients. Suddenly, there was hope where little hope had ever existed. It was like daybreak after years of night.

In two, three, four years, more and more cases were arrested. Patients began to be discharged from the hospital in larger numbers then ever before. But this long-sought goal soon proved no blessing. The world outside still held rigidly to its fears and misconceptions about the disease. It was not ready to take in these people who had suffered and survived. The patients began to drift back to Carville.

Then, in 1946, a news story broke all over the world which more than anything else helped break the silence about Hansen's disease. Mrs. Hans Hornbostel, the wife of an Army major, openly admitted to the world in San Francisco that she had leprosy. She was going to Carville, and her husband insisted on going with her. From reports on her progress and a magazine article (Collier's, May 6, 1950) describing her acceptance by the world after her discharge, patients at Carville were amazed to find that the Hornbostels apparently had had no fear of the stigma that had always been attached to the disease; their inspiration gave many patients courage to take up their own names again.

In my years as medical officer in charge at Carville, until my retirement a few months ago, changes came thick and fast. Physical and occupational therapy, plastic and bone surgery were begun. A trained social worker counseled patients on the problems they would meet outside Carville's gates. Manual-arts training prepared some for jobs. The school, which for years had been conducted by patients, became fully accredited, offering classes for both children and adults. Trained teachers took over; this year Carville held its first high-school commencement exercises.

I tried to run the hospital with as few rules as possible, and give the patients as much freedom as I could. Little by little the rules have become more liberal. Carville today is a hopeful place. Cases of "going through the fence" have dropped sharply. The patients are happier, more occupied and better prepared to leave when the time for discharge comes. No longer does the visitor or the new arrival see active advanced cases. For one month of each year, patients are allowed to go home on vacation if their condition warrants it.

Eventual Cure Possible

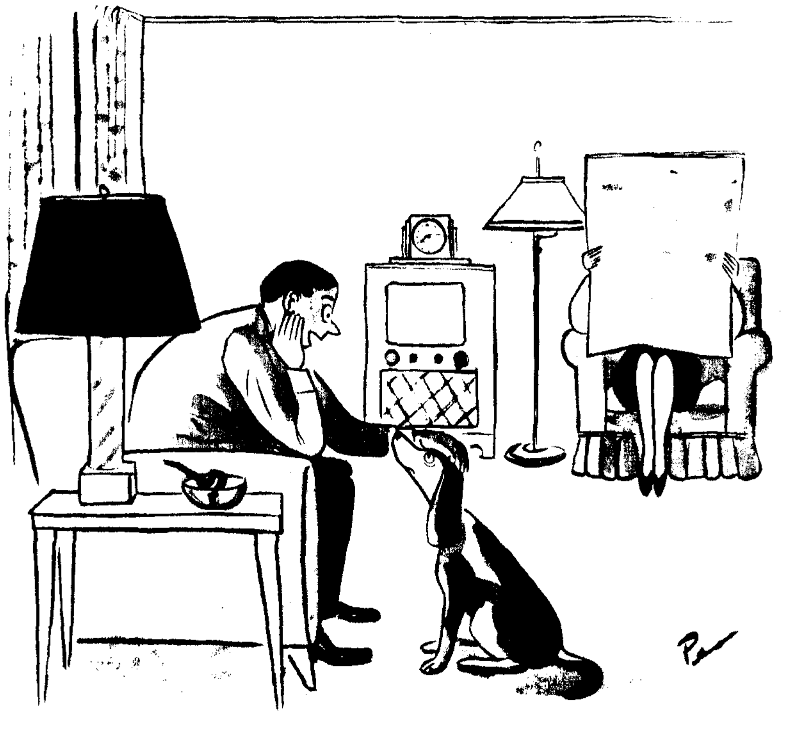
There will be a cure for Hansen's disease someday—in my lifetime, I believe. Until then, the sulfone treatment will save patients from the devastating effects that were formerly almost inevitable. The greatest need now is for a cure for the public's old and completely discredited attitudes toward the disease and its sufferers.

In 1950, Ruth Wendell, then in her fifties after almost 25 years at Carville, put into words for me the way I feel about my years at Carville. She came into my office one spring morning on her way out of the gate forever. I knew that this courageous woman with almost no one left to turn to (her husband had long since divorced her and remarried) was starting out on a new life—for the third time.

The disease had been kind and she bore no scars. She was older, but no one would ever be able to guess that she had spent half of her life fighting Hansen's disease. I said good-by to her and wished her luck. She turned to leave, then stopped and came back.

"I wonder what you think," Ruth said, "when you say good-by to patients who have been here a long, long time—almost as long as you have. You must feel that you have lived to see a miracle in your lifetime."

I have. I wouldn't trade my 29 years at Carville for any other life in the world.



COLLIER'S "Never say to your wife, 'I had this for lunch'" CHARLES PEARSON

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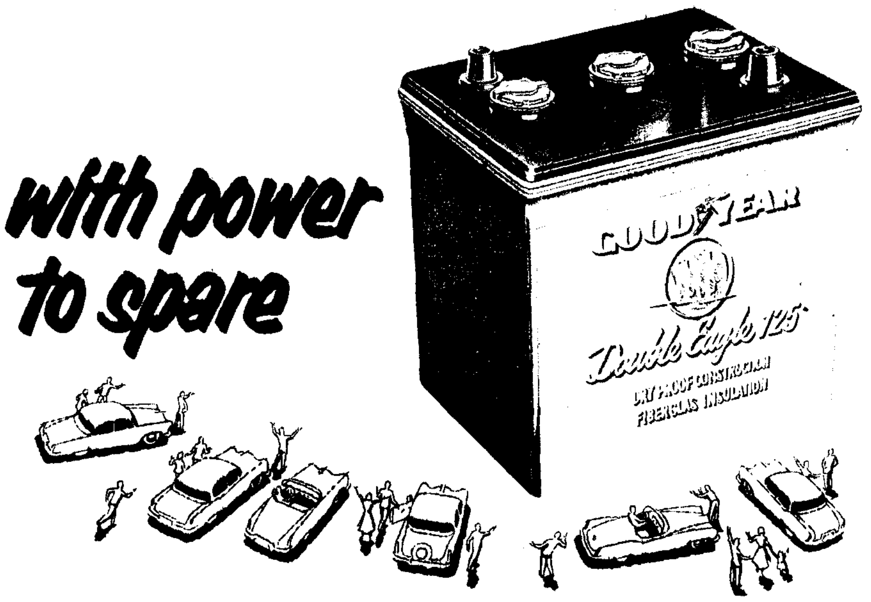

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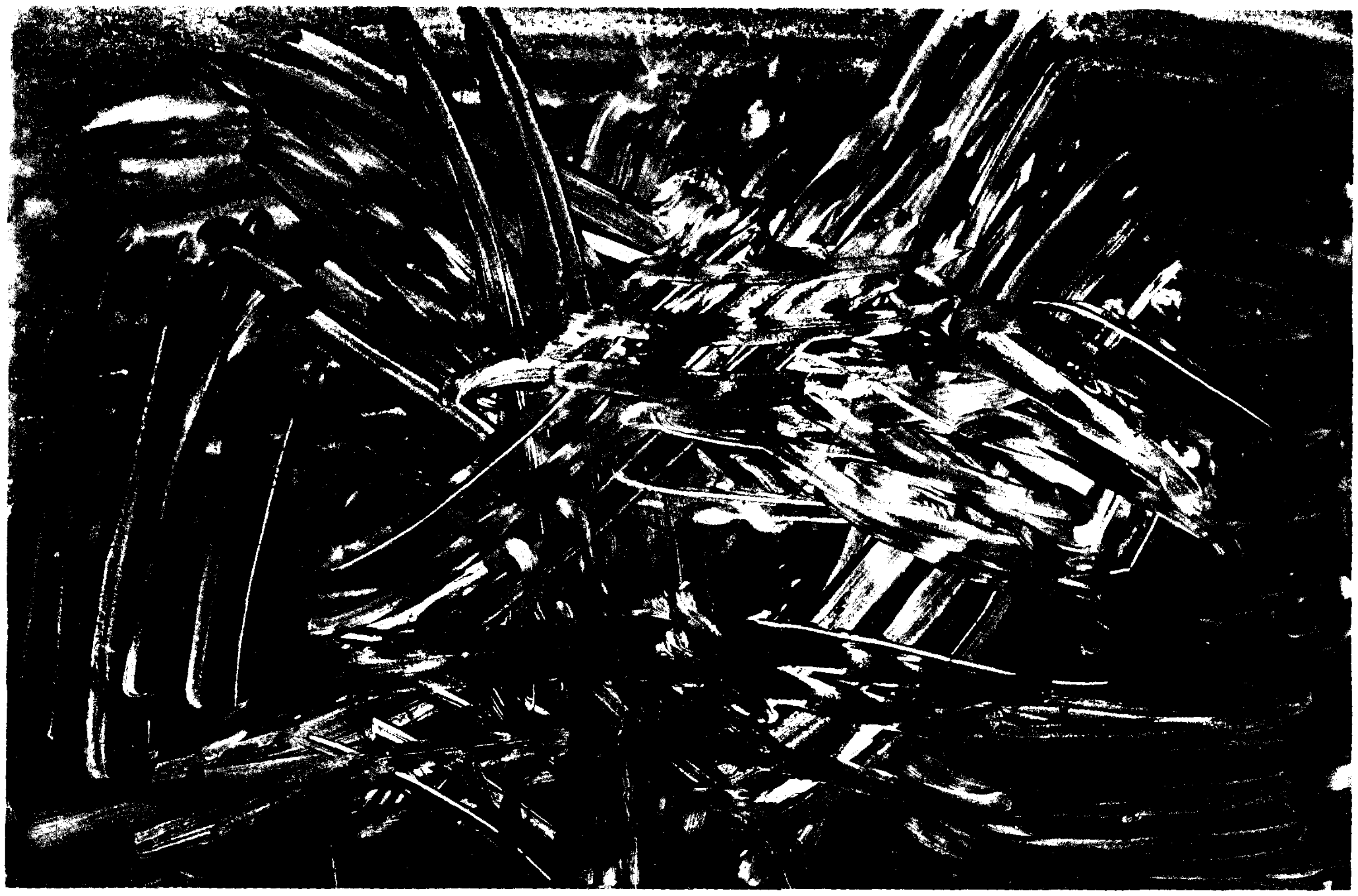
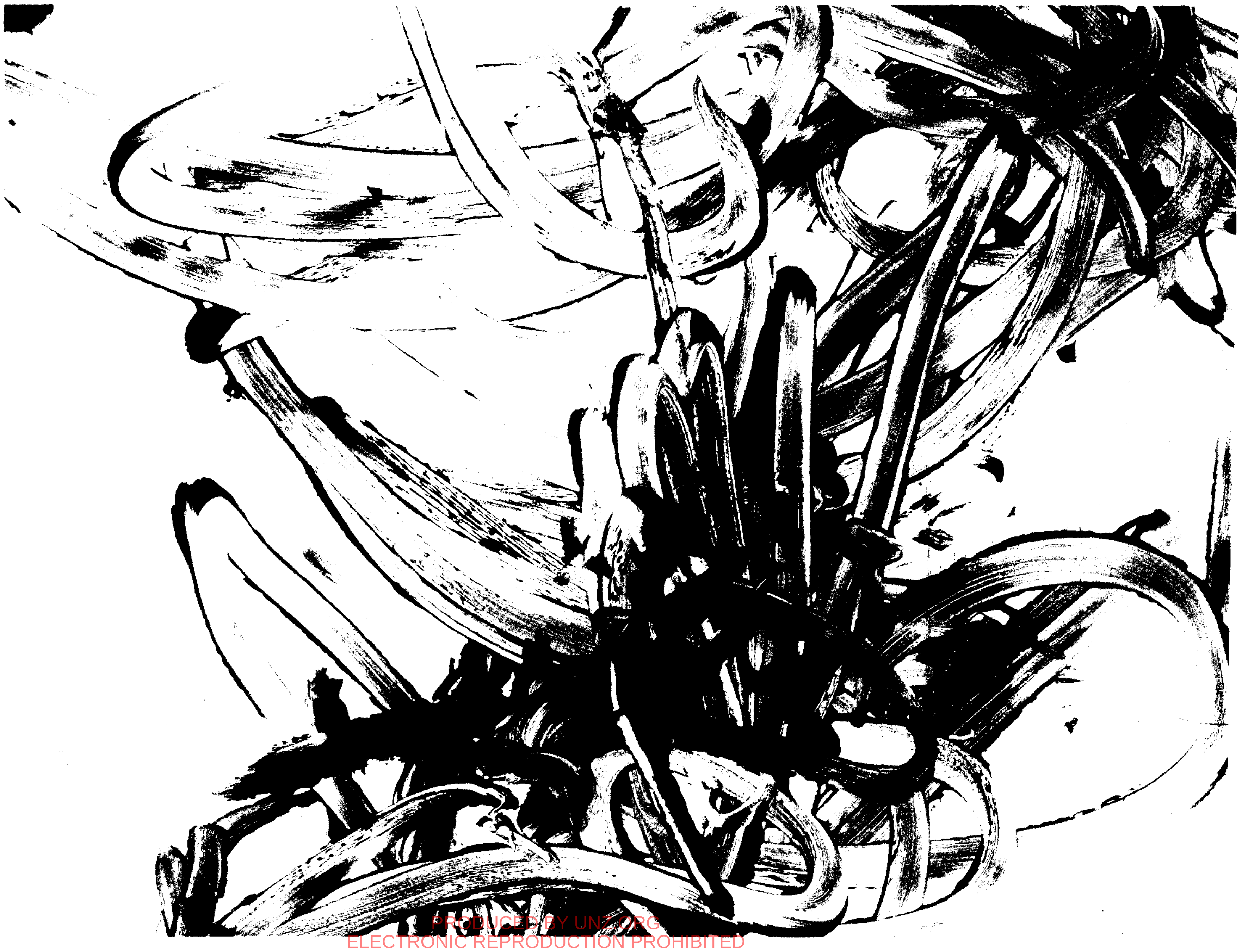
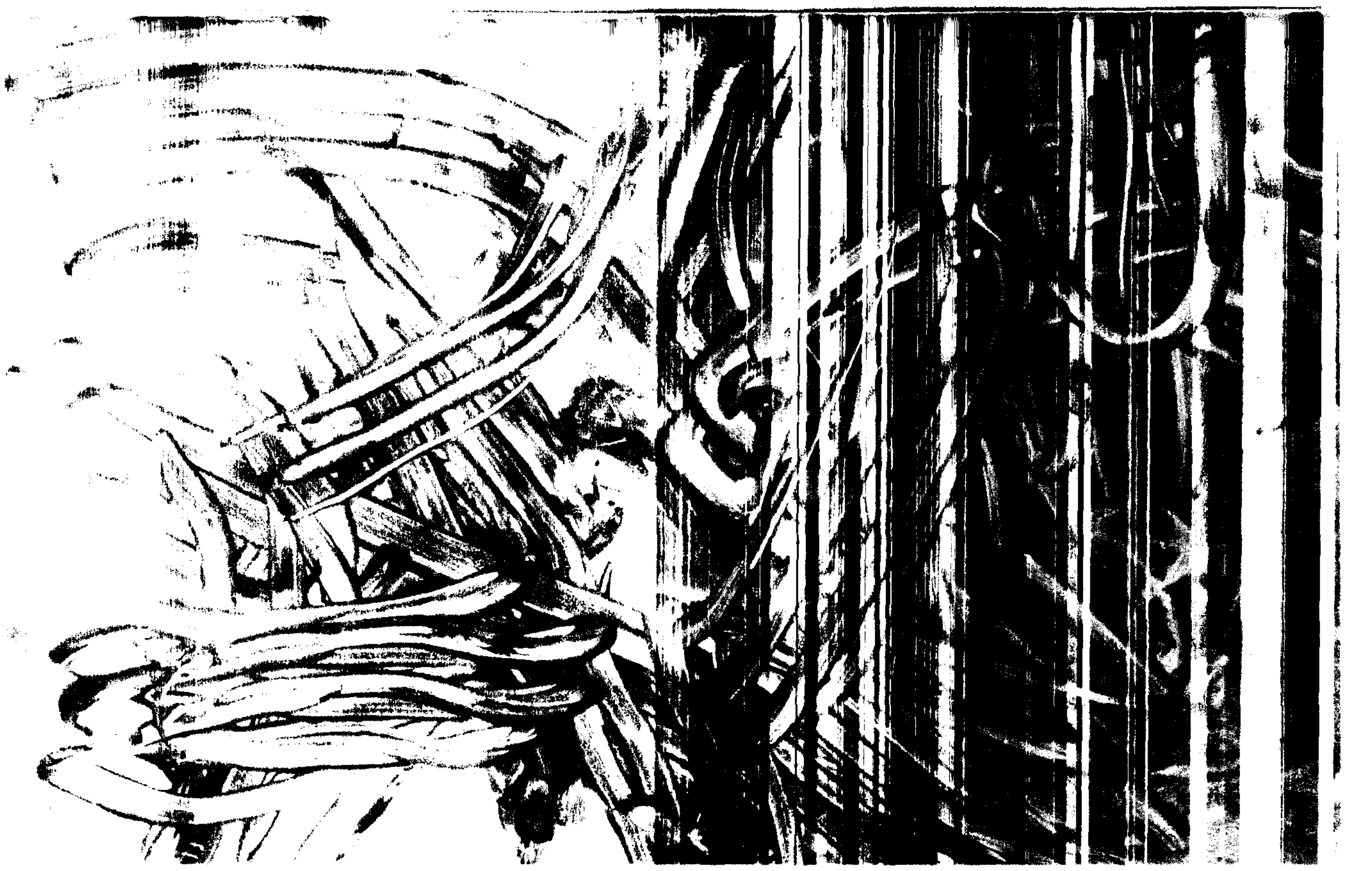


Experts to whom Collier's took the finger paintings said this one had been done by a boy of 7 or 8 with paranoid tendencies. Some experts identify blue with males, red and yellow with females. They agreed line pattern showed aggressiveness

Does

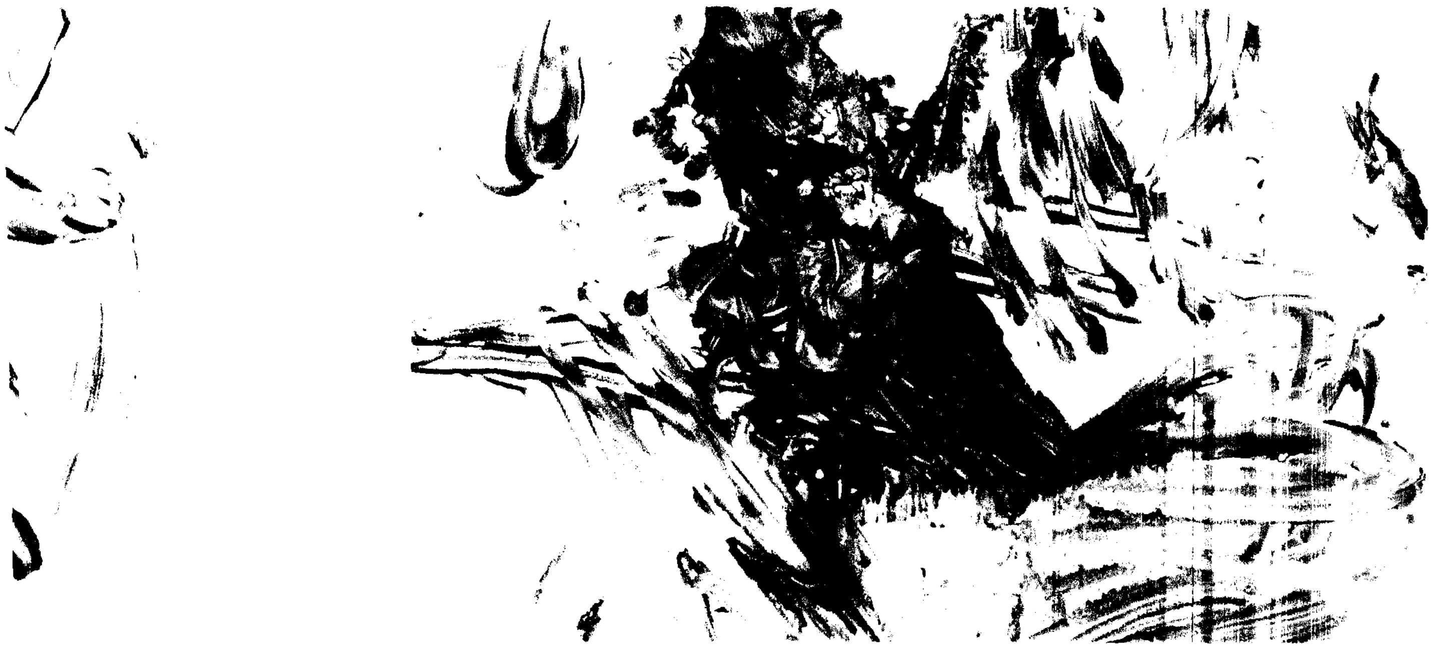
Creator of this painting, experts thought, was a girl 8 to 10 years old. Many felt she was a paranoid type, as seen in heavy vertical form in center of picture, and showed a strong father identification. Some analysts say people symbolize selves in center of paintings, fathers at the right, mothers at left





Number of analysts agreed that a badly confused child painted this picture. They said she was a girl, about 10, of the schizoid type. Heavy use of fingernails, they said, showed a fierce belligerence

Your Child Paint Like This?



General verdict was that this male, probably 8 to 10, had an emotional lack. But some experts pointed to healthy identification with mother (blurred mass at left), said he showed the best adjustment of all four

Children love finger painting because it's like making mud pies. It may also reveal their personality problems to psychology experts, a group of whom analyzed these paintings for Collier's. To meet the artists, turn to the next page

The Artists: No Neurotics, They

Beth, two-year-old prodigy of Baltimore Zoo, started painting at one, can now turn out six complete works a day. A very moody female, she thinks people are funny (above), would just as soon bite them as not

Beth loses herself in painting, gets angry if interrupted. When finished with work she likes to get elbow-deep in the paint, must be restrained from flinging it at zoo keepers

Dr. Tom, four, head monkey at the zoo, paints fast and quits earlier than Beth. A two-chimp show of their works hangs in the Little House Theater in Baltimore

THE paintings on the preceding pages came to Collier's simply as four interesting examples of finger painting, artists unknown. Guesses as to their origin ranged all the way from Marilyn Monroe to President Eisenhower's grandchildren. When it was discovered that the painters were a pair of precocious chimps at the Baltimore Zoo, an intriguing possibility arose: Would finger-painting experts be fooled? The experts were, which discredits neither experts nor finger painting, but certainly establishes the chimps as skillful simians. On at least one point, some of the analyses were correct: Dr. Tom, the boy chimp, did the blue paintings; the girl, called Beth by her keepers, did the red and yellow. Any further correlation must remain undrawn until someone comes along to do a definitive psychological study of chimps.

Dr. Tom and Beth toil prodigiously, being not only artists but television performers of some stature. They appear once each week on a local TV program called This Is Your Zoo (Station WAAM, in Baltimore), which is produced by Arthur R. Watson, director of the Baltimore Zoo. When Mr. Watson first handed the pair finger-painting materials during the show, they jumped in with both hands; and their unorthodox technique so fascinated viewers that they have since become the program's star performers, along with a baboon named Babs, who is no painter herself, but derives enormous satisfaction from tearing their creations to bits.

The most casual observation of Tom and Beth makes it clear that chimps, like people, do have marked personality differences. Tom is the better adjusted of the two. Until recently, he lived in Mr. Watson's home and was treated more as a child than a pet. He likes people, is more often friendly than not and exhibits few notable eccentricities except a yen to eat cigarette butts. Beth is more the complete artist, introverted and moody. But both can display an almost uncanny humaneness, as Tom illustrated when he put a hairy arm around photographer Laura Beaujon, leaned forward and, with lips advancing well in front of him, kissed her softly on the neck. "Psychologists may call it schizoid, paranoid or anything else," Miss Beaujon reports after this unnerving experience. "I call it just plain wolf." ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LAURA BEAUJON

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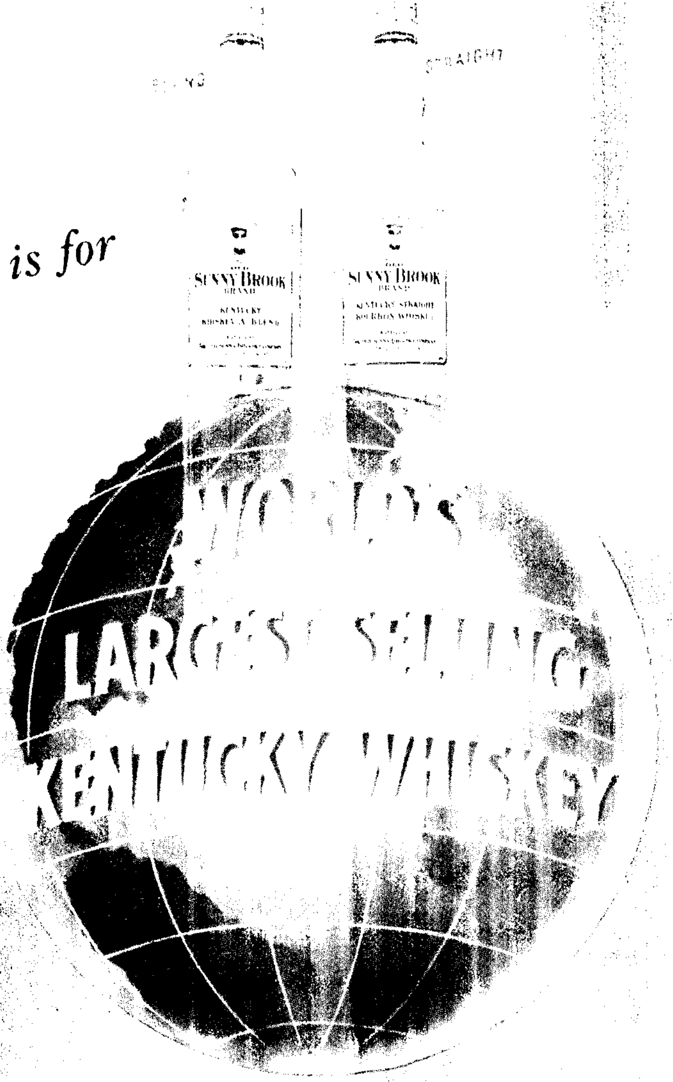
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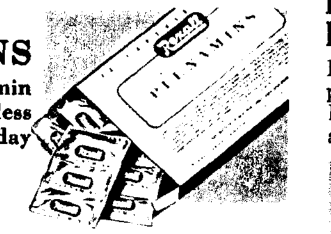

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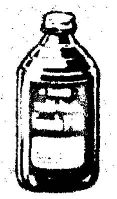

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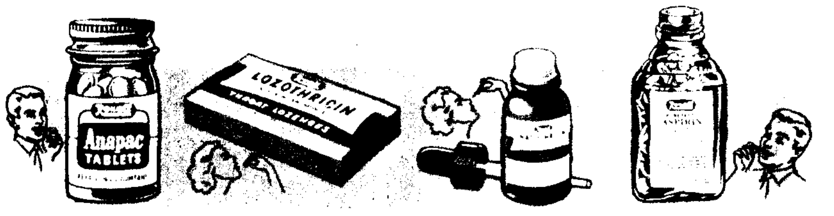

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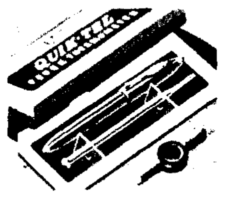

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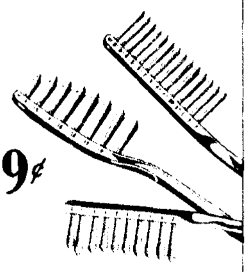

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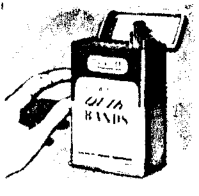

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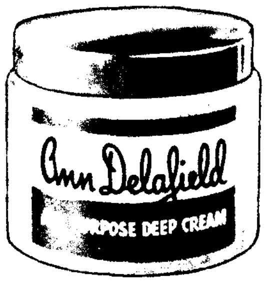

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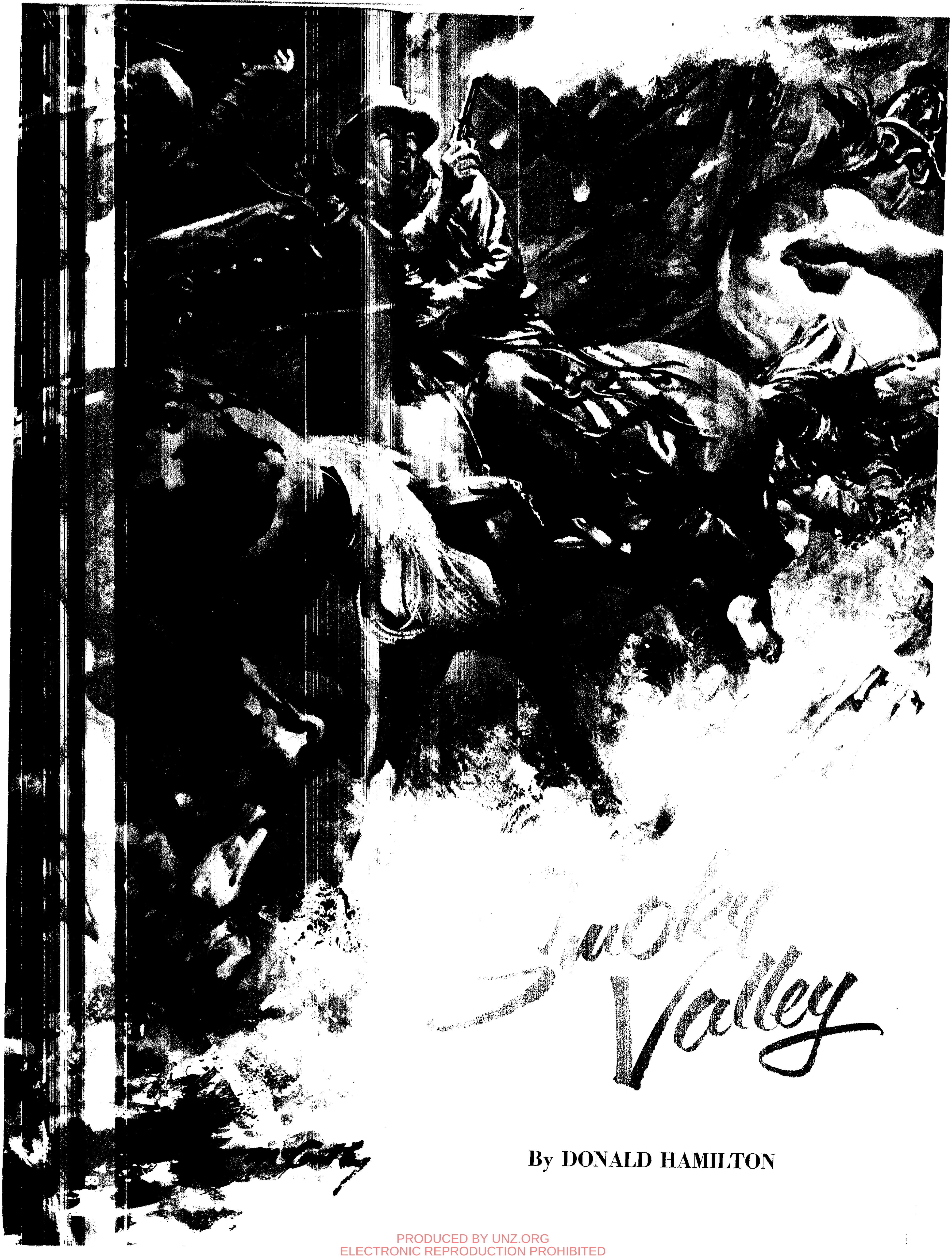
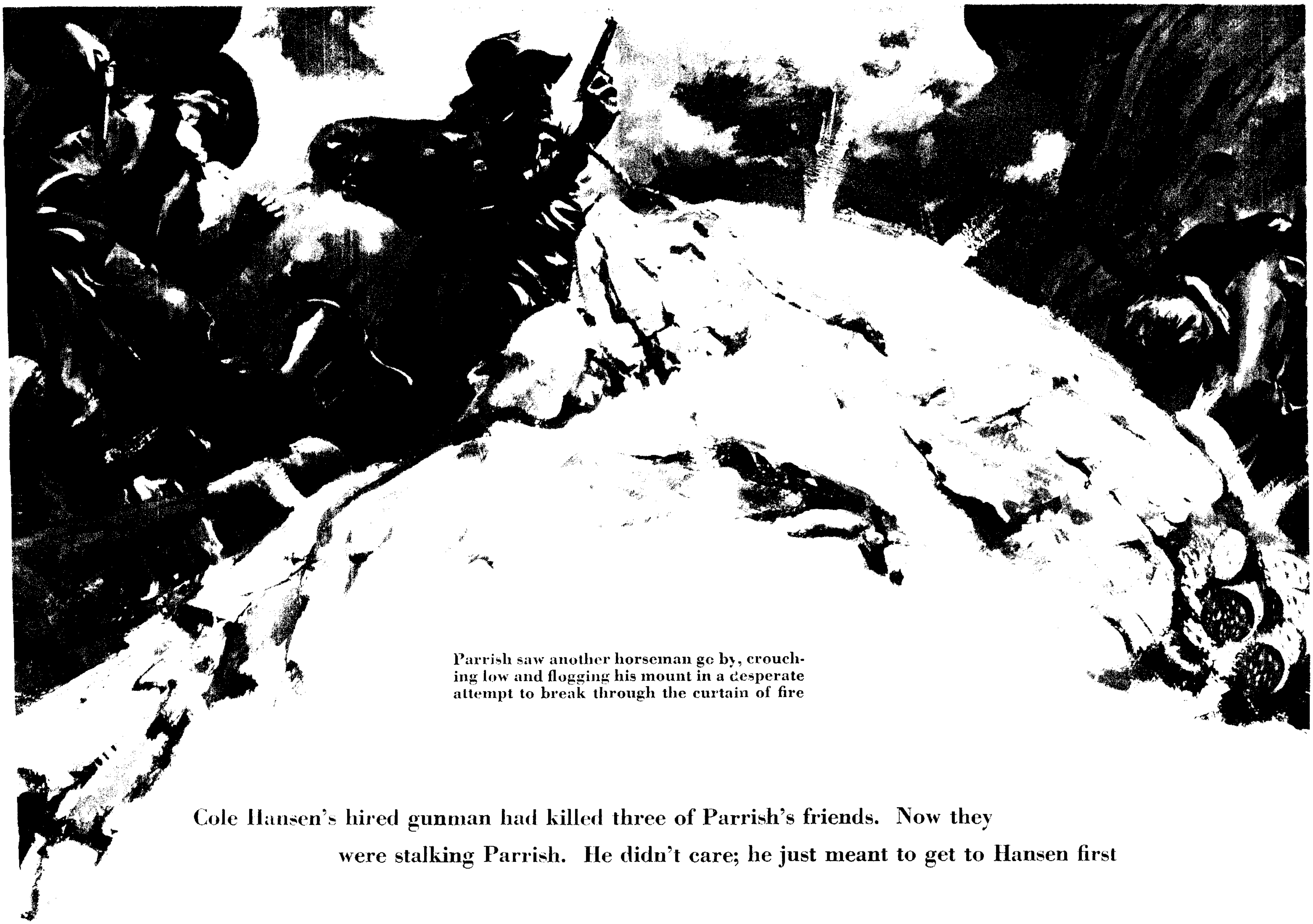


Smoke Valley

By DONALD HAMILTON



Parrish saw another horseman go by, crouching low and flogging his mount in a desperate attempt to break through the curtain of fire

Cole Hansen's hired gunman had killed three of Parrish's friends. Now they were stalking Parrish. He didn't care; he just meant to get to Hansen first

The Story: John Parrish, recuperating from a Civil War wound, knew his stay in the Colorado Territory was temporary, and he did not want to become involved in local fights. This attitude suited Caroline Vail, his fiancée, who had jilted George Menefee in the belief that escape to the East would come more quickly with Parrish. The feud Parrish was avoiding was caused by Lew Wilkison, owner of the Anchor Ranch. He was a bitter old man who was trying to buy all of the valley land at his own price. Cole Hansen, Lew's son-in-law and a professional gunman, was directing this highhanded operation. Also at Anchor was Judith Wilkison, Lew's younger daughter. She did not like Cole, but she did not like Parrish's aloofness either and she kept taunting him. Then Anchor took the law into its own hands, and Parrish knew he had to take action. First The Pecos Kid, Anchor foreman, murdered Sheriff Martin Coe; then Hansen gave Parrish twenty-four hours in which to accept Anchor's terms for Parrish's ranch, the Rafter H; finally The Kid murdered Bud Hinkleman, one of Parrish's employees. Jim McCloud, Rafter H foreman, and Silas Purdue, a neighbor, both pressured Parrish to hold onto his land anyhow. But they needn't have worried: Parrish now meant to fight Anchor back on their own terms. He followed The Kid to the local saloon and killed him. Then Parrish informed Wilkison and Hansen that he'd strike back if they molested any more of the valley residents. The next day Hansen's men killed Silas Purdue.

CONCLUSION

IT WAS well after noon when Parrish and his men rode into the yard of the Rafter H, grimly silent, the memory of Mrs. Purdue's grief fresh in their minds. Parrish was about to dismount when he saw Wash Breed come out of the barn. The old rider, who had stayed behind to watch the ranch, was leading a tall chestnut gelding.

"You've got a visitor waiting for you up at the house, Captain," he said in a carefully expressionless voice. "She's been waiting a right long time. As a matter of fact, she'd just given you up and asked me to get her horse for her."

Parrish nodded, swung out of the saddle, and walked to the pump in the yard. One of the men worked the pump for him as he washed off the dust he had picked up on the ride. McCloud handed him a towel.

"Watch yourself," the foreman said softly. "There are guns in the house and she's a Wilkison. Don't forget it, son."

"I'm not likely to forget it," Parrish said. He turned and strode up the path.

She was standing in the center of the room, facing the door, when he entered. She was wearing a divided riding skirt, and a boy's wool shirt, open at the throat. Her thick hair needed combing: it was, he thought, a sign of her youth and inexperience. No grown woman would have waited so long for a man—even a man she despised—without taking advantage of the opportunity to make this small adjustment in her appearance.

Judith Wilkison said abruptly, "I was just about to leave."

"Yes, Wash told me."

"He said you'd be back before noon, or I wouldn't have waited." She hesitated, and then said, "What happened? Did you—did you have any trouble?"

He looked at her for a moment. Then he said, "I don't wish to seem inhospitable, Miss Wilkison, but you've picked a poor time to pay us a call. My neighbor Silas Purdue was shot from ambush a few hours ago. We're kind of expecting trouble of a similar nature here."

The girl's eyes grew wide. "Mr. Purdue?" she said. After a moment she whispered, "Is he—?"

Parrish nodded. "Quite dead."

"Then—then I came to the wrong ranch. But I was so sure . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"You knew someone was going to get hurt?" John Parrish asked. "And you came to warn us?"

She turned away from him. Presently she said in a stiff voice, "The man you want is about five feet five; he's swarthy and he wears a fringed buckskin shirt. They call him Sniper Boone. He was shooting out back of the ranch this morning. I never saw anybody shoot like that before. Cole saw me watching and said it was a bet of some kind. He paid the man two hundred dollars and promised to give him three hundred more later."

Parrish said deliberately, "Hansen picks his tools well: that Kid fellow to get the sheriff; this sharpshooter to get old Silas. It makes me wonder whom he had in mind for me." His voice was suddenly harsh: "Go back home, Miss Wilkison, and tell Hansen to stick to using men for his dirty work."

SHE started to speak, but checked herself. He saw her anger subside; then her eyes showed a glint of amusement, and she said, "You don't believe that."

He smiled faintly. "Well, I have to keep the possibility in mind, don't I?" he asked.

"You're not as gentle as you look, Mr. Parrish," she said.

"My looks have been a handicap as long as I can remember," he said. "I used to dream of being six feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds and being able to whale the tar out of anybody who called me Red— What are you laughing at?"

"Dreams are funny, I guess," she said. "Personally, I always dream of being about six inches shorter and lots prettier—" She stopped, as if ashamed of having betrayed herself to him.

Parrish looked at her closely, seeing the fine shape of her face, and the graceful line of her throat, and the pleasant way she had of standing and talking to a man, unself-consciously, without posing or fidgeting. It annoyed him that she should want to change herself in any way. Why, he thought, she's beautiful.

His expression must have betrayed him, for he saw her blush, as if his regard were embarrassing

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

her. "You had no business coming here, Miss Wilkison!" he said roughly, to cover his own embarrassment. "You probably meant well, but it was a foolish thing to do. I suggest you leave now, before your presence makes trouble for everybody concerned, including yourself."

"Is that what you want?" she asked.

"We can't always have what we want, Miss Wilkison," he said. "A man has certain obligations and commitments that he has to honor."

"Honor is a nice word," she said. "But it's not used much among women, Mr. Parrish." She smiled abruptly. "I'm sorry. You're right; I shouldn't have come. It was a silly idea." She drew a long breath. "Are you going to try to fight Anchor, Mr. Parrish?"

"I'll be here. If that means fighting, I'll fight."

"You're a fool to try it," she said. "You don't know what it's like, living at Anchor now. All the old hands, the ones who were nice to me and played with me when I was a little girl and taught me to ride and rope and shoot, they're all gone. It's like living with a wolf pack now; they're all Cole's men. Dad doesn't realize it yet, but Anchor isn't his ranch any longer. Cole just pretends to consult with him. And Martha, she's fooling herself as much as Dad is. Cole's convinced them both that he—" she checked herself. "But that's beside the point. I've picked a damn' poor place to come for sympathy, haven't I? Almost as poor as the place you chose to look for peace the other night. The point is that Cole has between thirty and forty riders to throw against you, Mr. Parrish, and he can get more if he needs them."

"He'll need them," Parrish said.

"Why, you're as arrogant in your way as Cole is in his!" she said angrily.

Parrish said, "Miss Wilkison, it's not arrogance when I say that I can hold this ranch against anything short of a disciplined military force; I'm not making an empty boast, I'm stating a cold fact. I can do it, and I know precisely how I'm going to do it, and it will be the meanest, dirtiest fighting Cole Hansen ever saw in his life. No civilized person will want to shake hands with me when I'm through, but I'll be sitting right here when the smoke clears."

He stepped close to her and went on, "And as for you, there is nothing for you here but danger. I suggest that in the future you stay on your own side of the fence. It's nothing to me if your father is tricked by a man he was fool enough to hire, or your sister by a man she was fool enough to marry. I'm sorry for you, but there's obviously nothing I can do about it, and my sympathy will not keep me from pulling your home down around your ears—if Cole Hansen gives me cause to strike back. Is that clear?"

SHE looked at him for a moment. Then she walked over to the door, and turned. "It's quite clear to me, Mr. Parrish," she said. "I hope it's just as clear to you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I hope you fight as tough as you talk. Don't let any sympathy for me get in your way," she said, "because you don't owe me anything."

He watched her turn and walk swiftly across the porch and down the steps. Halfway down the path, she began to run. He watched her get angrily onto the horse Wash Breed was holding for her, and set off around the base of the knoll at a gallop.

Standing there, he squinted down the hillside in a preoccupied way, and in his imagination he turned the hot afternoon sunshine to darkness—at best, pale moonlight—and he peopled the slopes with dim, hostile figures. With memory to help him, he visualized the intermittent flashes of the attackers' guns, and imagined the crackling sound of rifle fire.

Parrish frowned. He knew that he couldn't put six good men into a cracker-box house for thirty men to shoot at. No ranch was worth it. Besides, even if it were an impregnable fortress, it would have certain qualities in common with a prison: under certain conditions the inmates might have considerable difficulty in getting out. He stood for a moment longer looking bleakly to the north, the direction Judith Wilkison had taken, and the direction from which the attack would come. Then he turned and shouted for McCloud, who appeared close at hand, as if he had been waiting.

"Tell the men to get their gear together," Parrish said. "Provisions for a week and all the ammunition we have on the place. We're moving out."

AT THE gate, Parrish paused to look back up at the house, which looked empty and forlorn in the growing twilight. The front door stood carelessly open and no light burned inside; no smoke rose from the chimney. Across the yard, the bunkhouse had the same hastily evacuated look. Even the barn looked deserted; the buildings gave just the impression Parrish wanted.

He turned and spoke to Jackson and Harry Germack: "All right, you two can get going to your posts. I doubt that you'll have any business, but we can't afford to take a chance of missing them entirely." As the two riders started away from him, he called harshly, "Remember your instructions. If they do come your way, do your job fast and pull out immediately. You're not being paid to get yourself killed."

He watched them ride up the road and disappear around the curve from which Caroline had waved good-by to him yesterday. He wondered, somewhat grimly, how Caroline would receive the news of tonight's work.

"Well, I guess there's no more to be done here," he said, and nudged the horse that had been saddled for him, the small, white-footed mare that he often rode. Parrish and the remaining men set off to the north without looking back at the ranch lying dark and deserted in the gathering dusk.

Wash Breed was waiting for them when they rode up out of the arroyo of Hard Creek onto the higher ground beyond. "Not a sign from them anywhere," he said. "I've been halfway up to Boundary Creek and back." Then he added with a nod of his head, "There's a gully over that way that'll do for the horses."

Parrish said, "All right, Wash. But first let's get this operation worked out while we still have a little light. What about it, Jim?"

McCloud said grimly, "I still think it's a fool idea, Captain, leaving the ranch and splitting up like this—"

"We've been through all that, Jim," Parrish said wearily.

"But you don't even know when they're going to hit us! Or where."

"It stands to reason they're going to hit us where they expect to find us, which means the ranch. Hansen isn't going to waste time killing stock. He's started the ball rolling by having Silas Purdue murdered; now he's got to take care of us fast, hoping to catch us off balance. Otherwise, he'll have a range war on his hands that may drag on long enough to raise a stink that he can't afford. If he doesn't come tonight he'll come tomorrow night, but I doubt that he'll wait that long. As for splitting up the men, four's all we can use here; the others might as well be posted where they can do some good."

McCloud shook his head stubbornly and said, "How the hell do you know Hansen's going to come this way when he doesn't find us at the ranch?"

"It's the quickest way home for him," Parrish said. "He'll make his approach to the ranch carefully, expecting to find us alerted by Mr. Purdue's death. But when he finds an empty house here, with every sign that we've run—"

"All right, Captain," McCloud said stiffly. "It's your ranch, you're the boss. Tell us what to do."

Parrish did not like the lack of conviction in the older man's voice; it emphasized his own doubts. But there was always something to be said against any plan, and grim experience had taught him to abide by his own decisions. There was nothing worse than an officer who vacillated.

He said crisply, "We're outnumbered five to one, so we'll dig in along the hillside there. Pick your places now so you can find them after dark; then Wash will take the horses to cover. The rest of us will dig in behind the ridge—just in case. If Hansen should be foolhardy enough to make his approach to the ranch this way, we'll let him go through and then fight him on his way home, when he'll be off his guard. Is that understood?"

When they got up on the ridge, there was a cool breeze. Presently the darkness was complete. The ground where Parrish lay was hard and uneven, and his gun belt and the spare rifle cartridges in his pockets made it difficult for him to settle himself comfortably.

HE OPENED his eyes suddenly with a shocked realization that, worn out by the long day, he had fallen asleep. There was light in the sky now; and he experienced a moment of shock before he realized that it was only the cold light of the moon.

"—asleep?" someone nearby was saying softly. "Well, I reckon you've got to give the dude credit for that much. Damn' if I could sleep." Parrish recognized Joe DeRosa's voice.

Then McCloud said, "Hell, there's nothing wrong with the boy's nerve; it's his good sense I'm worried about."

"Boy!" DeRosa said irritably. "He's older than I am. But damn' if it doesn't go against the grain to take orders from a baby-faced squirt I could break in two with one hand. What does he know about this kind of business, anyway?"

"That's something we'll soon find out," McCloud said.

"Maybe," the younger man said. "But the moon's up and nothing's happened. We won't get visitors tonight."

Parrish stirred, to warn them that he was awake, and they stopped talking. "Nothing yet?" he asked.

"Even the coyotes are home in bed," DeRosa said. "I wish I was. Well, I'll get back up on top."

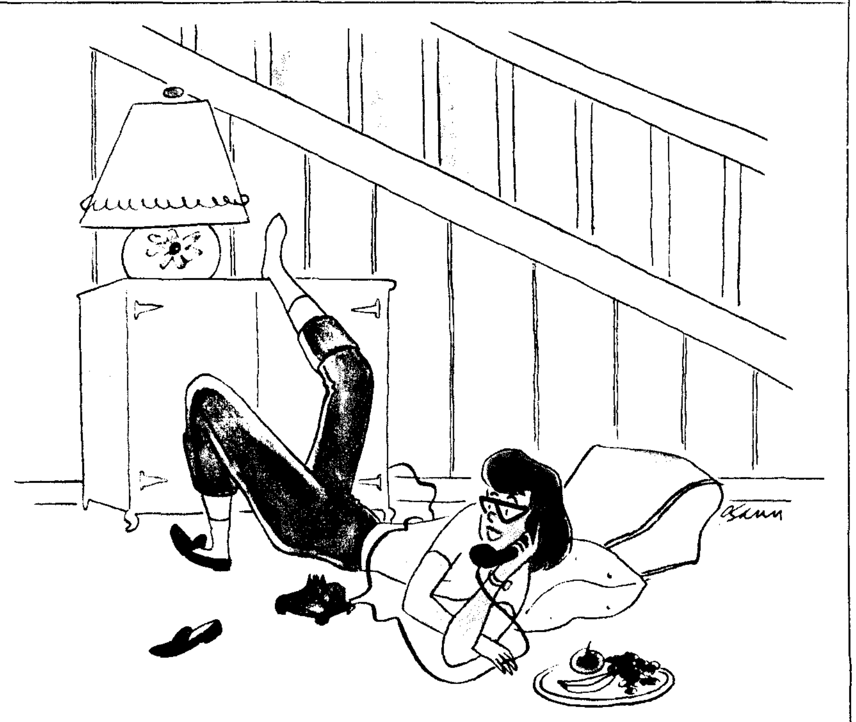
McCloud and Parrish listened to his footsteps until the sound died away. Then Parrish said, "Jim, Cole Hansen carries a peculiar kind of a gun. It has no trigger. What's the advantage?"

There was a pause before McCloud spoke, as if he were considering all possible implications of the question. "I heard he was a slip-gun artist," he said at last. "Well, that's a gun rigged for fanning the hammer, Captain. It's harder to shoot straight at any distance than a regular pistol, but it's a hell of a lot faster if you want to ventilate a saloon in a hurry. When you see a gun like that you can generally figure the man packing it is best left alone."

Parrish frowned and said, "I just wondered. I never came across a gun like that in the Army. Then you'd say that Hansen was by way of being a professional gunman?"

"Well, I'm frank to admit that he's out of my class," the foreman said, "and I'd say he was out of yours, too, Captain, in spite of the way you took care of that Kid fellow. As for being

TIZZY



"Daddy limited me to fifteen minutes on phone calls, so I have to hang up. I'll call you back in two minutes"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

professional, I have no doubt that a couple of years back, if you wanted a man killed, you could probably slip Hansen a hundred dollars and he'd do the job for you. I wouldn't say it was the way he made his living, but he wouldn't turn the money down.

"The story I've heard says that he pulled out of Kansas when it entered the Union, like a lot of other quick-trigger boys, and did some fighting below the border; then he hired himself out for a range war down in Texas. After that he put the fear of God into a couple of mining towns that were supposed to be death on marshals. That's where Lew Wilkison found him. Lew's been looking a long time for a man to bust this range open, and I reckon Hansen seemed to fill the bill."

Parrish asked thoughtfully, "But if Hansen is a gunman in his own right, why would he hire other men to do his shooting for him?"

"That's easy," McCloud said. "He's got big ideas now, Hansen has. This valley looks good to him and he figures to keep on living here. He doesn't want a lot of local killings coming back to plague him later when he's rich and respectable. If you hire a man to do your killing, you can always wash your hands of him when the job's done. No, I figure Hansen for a hard, smart man who's finished with raising hell. He's picked himself a place for settling down; he's going to be a big rancher now, with a wife and, in time, some kids. Anchor will be all his one day—"

Parrish said, "According to the girl, it's practically all his already. Well, a Wilkison hired him and a Wilkison married him. What happens at Anchor is none of my concern, except as it affects Rafter H."

He detected disbelief in his foreman's silence. Somewhat annoyed, he was starting to speak again when Joe DeRosa crept down toward them.

"I thought I saw something moving, over by the ranch," Joe said.

Parrish and McCloud picked up their rifles and crawled to the crest of the ridge. From there, the range had a cold, dead look in the moonlight; the arroyo of Hard Creek was a black slash in the ground, and the distant ranch house, sitting on the little knoll, was a toy building in a deserted world. Even the group of tiny horsemen riding cautiously up to the house gave no feeling of life to the scene.

"Well, there they are," McCloud said. "You figured it right so far, Captain. I've got to hand it to you. They must have circled around and come in from the east, figuring we wouldn't expect them from that direction." His voice was low, as if he was afraid it might carry, even at that distance. "There's only half a dozen there," he whispered. "I reckon the rest are holding back—"

SUDDENLY something changed in the scene they were watching. At first the change was almost imperceptible; there was a slight sharpening of the outlines of the house and the surrounding terrain, as if the moonlight had become stronger in that area. Then a faint reddish glow began to work its way upward into the sky.

Joe DeRosa gasped, "They're burning the—"

"What did you expect them to do, Joe?" Parrish asked. "Give it a fresh coat of paint?" He watched a tongue of flame rise slightly to the right of the house: that would be the barn. "What you seem to forget," he said, "is that Anchor controls the law in this neighborhood. If we give Wilkison an excuse, he'll have us branded as outlaws by morning. But I doubt that anybody's going to have the nerve to blame us for anything we do to a gang of men we caught burning our ranch."

Parrish felt a painful and unfamiliar emotion as he watched the burning of the place that had been his home for three years. The flames suddenly broke through the roof and rose high into the sky, and Parrish felt a quick surge of anger, the strength of which surprised him, since he did not consider himself a sentimental man. He had, after all, sacrificed the ranch deliberately, as part of a plan. Yet the actual loss struck him more deeply than he had expected, and he looked away, unable to make himself watch the fire.

PRESENTLY McCloud whispered, "They're going for their horses. Looks like they might be heading this way. Joe, go tell Wash we got company coming."

DeRosa got up and ran, ducking low as he crossed the top of the ridge. Parrish and McCloud followed after a moment, scrambling down the brushy slope on the far side of the ridge to the positions previously chosen. Parrish settled down behind a scrubby bush—someday, he thought, he would have to learn a little more about the vegetation of this country that he seemed to have adopted. He pushed his carbine out ahead of him, settling down to wait. There was still a vague regret in his mind over the step he was about to take: yet there was a savage pleasure to the moment also. This was something a man missed when it went out of his life, a grim and terrible fulfillment that could not be found elsewhere. Once you had played this game you never forgot it.

The trail below him shone white in the moonlight; the shadows all around him were black. In the sky he could still see the glow from the burning ranch. The first tall flames had now died back to a steady fire that would probably last—fed by the heavy logs of the house—through the next day. Even at a distance, the fire gave a hellish and unreal cast to the scene.

He could not see McCloud, but he heard a whisper from his right: "Get set. Here they come, Captain."

He heard a faint click, and he drew back the hammer of his carbine to full cock, and heard the same small metallic noise repeated twice more along the slope. Then, in the moonlight, he saw the riders approaching the far rim of the arroyo; there were so many of them that they seemed to dam up the head of the trail leading down to the creek, along which they would have to ride in single file. He could hear voices now, and laughter, and all the little iron and leather noises that attended the movement of a large group of horsemen. The leaders were splashing across the creek before the end of the column had started down the trail.

Somebody mumbled a few words, and Cole Hansen's reply came clearly over the still air: "Pulled out for good. The dude wanted no part of what happened to Silas Purdue, I reckon. If he was going to fight, he'd have done it before we burned him out."

All along the line there were the careless sounds of relaxation; these were men who had been keyed up for a bloody assault on a well-defended place and had found the place empty. Parrish knew the feeling; it had happened to him more than once. Then a rider was emerging from the mouth

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of the gully below him; and he drew a long breath and found the man in the sights of his carbine. He could feel the beating of his heart, and his mouth was dry.

The rider checked his horse briefly to look around and make certain his companions were following. He was no one Parrish had ever seen before, a plump man in range garb that looked poorly cared for, even in the moonlight. He urged his horse ahead; and now the next man was in sight: this one was DeRosa's. The third was Wash Breed's and the fourth belonged to McCloud, whose shot would be the signal.

The shot came before Parrish fully expected it: a sharp, hard report, and two more rifles were fired immediately. A man yelled and a horse reared and whinnied in panic. Parrish saw his own target look wildly around and drive in his spurs. Parrish checked the impulse to yank at the trigger; calm and steady, he watched the rider rush past him. He followed him with the sights, swung a little ahead, and pressed gently. The man went down and the horse fled away along the trail.

McCloud and Wash Breed were firing steadily now, at spaced, deliberate intervals; DeRosa had become excited and was shooting too fast. Parrish noted this automatically as he threw the lever and recocked his Spencer; he wished for a good sergeant to chew DeRosa's ear off—and then he heard Wash Breed speak sharply to the younger man, and DeRosa's rate of fire slacked off. Parrish began to shoot carefully, aiming low and searching the path and the slopes of the gully with his shots. A riderless horse broke out of the crush at the head of the trail and galloped past; it was followed by a horseman crouching low and flogging his mount in a desperate attempt to break through the curtain of fire, since escape to the rear was blocked. Three of the rifles fired simultaneously and the man fell from the saddle.

THERE was no conscience now, and no remorse and no mercy. I left the door open, Parrish thought, but no one forced you to walk in. Now see how you like your welcome! The taste of burned powder was in his mouth, and his shoulder was bruised by the recoil of his weapon. The count he was keeping in the back of his mind warned him when his magazine was about empty; he fired the last shot and got to his feet, and then he saw McCloud rise to a crouch, and Breed also. DeRosa was still firing.

"Pry that hothead loose and let's go," Parrish called hoarsely. "On the double, before they get their bearing."

A bullet went by overhead; it sounded like cloth being ripped. Another ricocheted off a rock not far away, glancing skyward with a nasty, quavering sound. The four men ran for the horses. The little mare reared excitedly as Parrish hit the saddle; he pulled her down brutally, and then they were away. Behind them Cole Hansen bellowed orders.

And then, riding hard, they heard, over the growing sounds of pursuit, the snapping noise of gunfire to the south.

"By damn!" DeRosa shouted. "Some stragglers down on the road must've run into Harry and Jackson! We caught 'em everywhere!"

The camp was high in the San Luis Hills, set deep in a canyon where a stream tumbled noisily. It had taken three days of hard riding to reach the camp, but Parrish found that he could not relax enough to enjoy the sound of the stream. You could listen to a brook and hear anything.

He started up, reaching for his gun, when McCloud came up behind him. Then he lay back again, looking at the darkening sky overhead. Neither man spoke for a while. At last Parrish asked, "Is Wash back yet?"

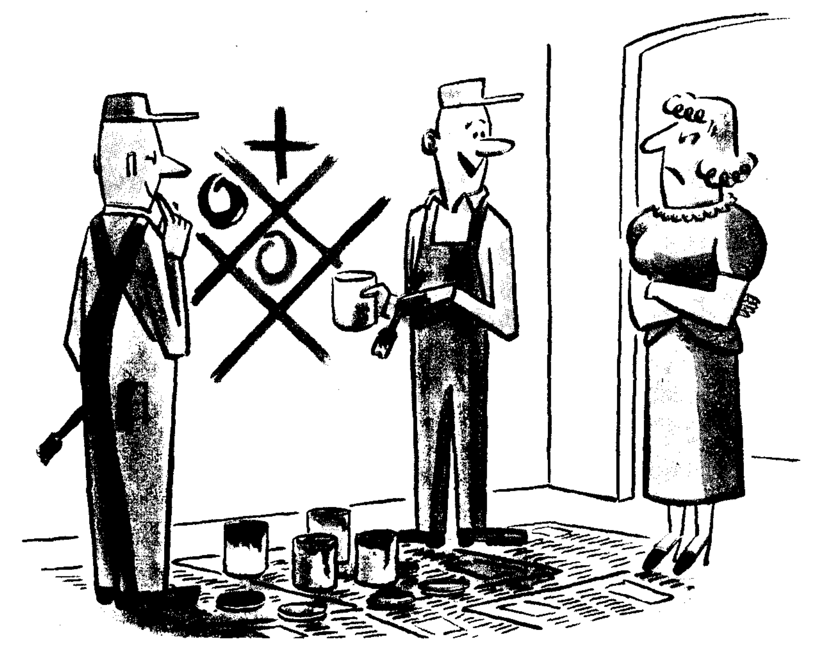
"Not yet. But don't worry, it'll take more than a bunch of saloon hardcases to catch *him,*" McCloud said.

"How's Harry?" Parrish asked. Harry Germack had been the only casualty so far, creased by a bullet fired by an Anchor rider who had happened to meet them on the second day.

"Aw, he's all right," McCloud said.

PARRISH said, "It occurs to me I forgot to make a little speech to the effect that any man who wanted to pull out could do so without prejudice."

McCloud laughed. "Captain, if the boys wanted to drift, they'd drift without being given permission. I wouldn't fool around with any speeches; nobody out here pays much heed to them," he said; and then, after a moment, he went on, "quiet today. Seems almost like they'd give up trying."



COLLIER'S "Then how about that shade?" JACK O'BRIEN

"It's not likely," Parrish said.

"No," the older man agreed. "Hansen's got a mess of dead and wounded to answer for. He's going to have to get us, if he wants to keep his bunch in hand. Those boys ride for money, and they're not used to taking punishment. If Hansen leads them into another deadfall like that one, they're going to start finding themselves shooting jobs where the bullets don't come back at them so fast."

Parrish said, "That's more or less what I'm counting on. But for the moment it's his move, and I'm wondering what it'll be."

"Well," McCloud said, "he might take a crack at the stock now, figuring that we'd have to come out and fight, or be cleaned out."

Parrish said, "Maybe, but he can take anything he wants from my range, because I can take back double from him any time I want to; and he probably knows it. I don't think it'll be the stock. Well, we'll see soon enough."

The old foreman looked at him curiously. "You take it calm enough, Captain," he said. "Here you was about to get married and go back East to raise a family, and instead you're hiding out in the hills with three dozen men hunting your hide. Another fellow might act a little upset about having his plans plumb ruined like that."

Parrish glanced at him and said, "Aw, go to sleep, Jim."

Parrish watched the foreman walk over to his blankets and lie down. The camp was quiet except for the cook, who was still working. Presently Jackson picked up his carbine, and walked off down the canyon toward the lookout point. A few minutes later, Joe DeRosa came back and sat down by the fire to eat. In the past few days, Parrish had come to know all these men quite well. It was a little disconcerting to think that they had, doubtless, also come to know him.

The foreman's words came back to him: You take it calm enough, Captain. There was truth in the statement; for a man whose plans for the future had been shattered, whose property had been destroyed, whose very life was in imminent danger, he was feeling quite happy. This was clearly an improper attitude to take toward a grim business in which men were being killed and homes burned to the ground; yet the fact remained that as long as he was engaged in a bitter struggle for existence he could not be expected to pay much attention to more intimate and personal problems. It was a respite of sorts. For the moment, at least, he was free.

BY NOON of the next day, the sky was clear and the sun was hot. Parrish was eating lunch when DeRosa reported that Wash Breed was approaching the camp with two companions.

"Two?" Parrish asked, surprised.

"That's right, Captain. That Kruger fellow that's got a ranch a little to the south, and Doc Kinsman."

Parrish frowned. He got up and watched the newcomers ride into camp. Dr. Kinsman dismounted with the assurance of a man who takes his welcome for granted; but Tex Kruger remained in the saddle, making no abrupt movements and keeping his hands clasped in plain sight on the horn. It was clear that he had visited the camps of hunted men before.

Parrish stepped forward, and the tall, blond Texan looked down at him. "You sent for me, Captain?"

"That's right," Parrish said. "Light down and have something to eat. Where'd you find the doctor?"

Kruger said, "He came riding up in his buggy this morning just as we was setting out; said he was looking for somebody to bring him to you." The Texan dismounted and held out his hand. "I'm mighty glad to see you, Captain; I'd like to shake your hand. They tell me the blood pressure over to Anchor is something terrible. The old man nearly had apoplexy the other morning when they started carting in the wounded; and Cole Hansen's wife won't speak to him, which don't help his disposition any. And the news of Silas Purdue's will didn't help."

They shook hands. Parrish said, "Silas Purdue's will? What about it?"

"Why, everybody says old Silas left Box Seven to you, Mr. Parrish."

Parrish frowned. "It seems unlikely," he said. "The last time I saw Mr. Purdue alive, he was telling me never to set foot on his place again."

"That was when he thought you were selling out to Wilkison," Kruger said. "But when he heard about your fight with The Pecos Kid, and the way you laid the law down to Anchor that night, well, I reckon he figured Mrs. Purdue wasn't going to be able to hang onto the ranch by herself, if anything happened to him; so he had that lawyer Menefee come out and make him a new will, the day before he was killed."

"So that's why Menefee was on his way out there that day," Parrish said.

"You got quite a spread now, Captain, if you can hang onto it."

PARRISH watched Kruger as he went over to the cook's fire, weighing the man in his mind.

"Well, my boy, you *have* been raising hell, haven't you?" Kinsman said. "As Tex told you, you're not popular at Anchor."

"I was afraid they might be a little provoked with me," Parrish agreed. "But it couldn't be helped. What brings you here? Not that we aren't glad to see you. Harry Germack's got a bullet gouge that could use your attention."

The doctor said, "Is that the only damage? Anchor has three dead and seven wounded. And Hansen claims to have wiped out half your crew."

"He'd have to claim something like that. But he'll have a hard time producing the bodies."

"Well," the doctor said, "what I'm here for is to deliver a message. The young lady said that it was desperate and urgent and a matter of life and death. So here you are."

He took a somewhat crumpled envelope from his pocket. Parrish opened it, aware that everyone in the camp seemed suddenly to have stopped to watch. He unfolded the enclosed sheet of paper and read: *Honey, please come at once. Something dreadful has happened. I must see you right away. Love, Caroline.*

McCloud had come up to stand beside him. Parrish hesitated, because it seemed like a very personal thing to be showing to another man; yet they were all involved in this, and he passed the note across. The foreman glanced at it, frowned, and said, "Why, is there any doubt in your mind that it's a trick, Captain?"

Parrish said, "You think Hansen's behind it, Jim?"

"What else? It's his move, so he's got hold of Miss Vail and forced her to write you. He'll be waiting, if you're fool enough to ride in."

Parrish took the note back and studied it uneasily. He could not tell another man that this was precisely the kind of selfish note that Caroline Vail would write. Hansen, on the other hand, would not be so vague; if he were baiting a trap, he would want time and place of meeting clearly established. Yet it was possible that the man was more subtle than he had seemed. Parrish glanced at Dr. Kinsman, who shook his head to indicate he was reluctant to express an opinion.

"I can't tell you, John," he said. "All I can say is that the girl said for me to tell you to be real sure you didn't take any chances for her sake."

McCloud said triumphantly, "What more do you want, Captain? She was trying to warn you as much as she dared. Hansen was probably threatening her if she didn't act right."

PARRISH said, "In which case, Jim, she's apt to be in real trouble. If I don't turn up, Hansen will know she passed us the warning."

"Listen, son, I know how you feel," McCloud said, "but there's no sense in committing suicide; even the seven of us wouldn't stand a chance."

"It won't be suicide," Parrish said softly. He felt a growing anger at the thought of Caroline in Hansen's hands. The fact that he was not in love with her made the situation more unbearable than it would otherwise have been; it was something else he owed her, that she should have to suffer fear and indignity for his sake. He drew a long breath. "And who said anything about seven men? Mr. Kruger," he said, turning to the Texan, "you once said these hills were full of men who could ride and shoot and were willing to do both for the sake of being left alone. How many can you get, and when?"

Kruger showed no surprise at the question. "Why, I reckon I can have a dozen for you by nightfall, Captain—four or five more if you're not choosy about their reputations."

"I can't afford to be choosy," Parrish said. "I'll head down to the south meadows and have a talk with Bud Hinkleman's father," he went on. "He ought to be able to scrape up half a dozen farmers with some kind of guns. I'll stop by Box Seven on the way and send back any of the Purdue hands."

McCloud said, "Why, we'll be able to match Hansen gun for gun. He's got less than thirty men still on their feet, and he'll have to leave a few to guard the ranch. We'll bust his—"

"Jim," Parrish said grimly, "you'll never be a general, that's clear. Even if I wanted to fight a pitched battle with Anchor, I wouldn't do it in town where innocent people would get killed; and, frankly, I've got no interest in just shooting up a lot of men. What I want is to kill their faith in Hansen's leadership, so that they'll quit him and go off to find some easier place to earn their blood money—and one more good blow ought to do it." He hesitated, finding himself curiously reluctant to state the plan that had come into his mind, although he could see no flaw in it. "I think I see the way to deal that blow, too, and at the same time give me a chance to get to Miss Vail and make sure she's all right." He picked up a stick and began to draw a rough map in the dust. . . .

It was night now; the sprawling little town of Logasa had a more orderly look than in the daytime, the lighted windows making a pattern in the dark. From where he lay alone on the ridge above the town, Parrish could hear bits of conversation from the porches of the houses, and the sound of hoofs and wheels from Hill Street.

He let half an hour pass, giving the men riding on Anchor plenty of time, and then he began to work his way down the ridge. Presently, crouching behind a clump of brush some fifty yards from the edge of town, he saw a rifle barrel gleam dully at the corner of the nearest house. Parrish flattened himself behind his meager shelter, waiting for the sentry to move on. When the moon rose, he knew he would be trapped out here, a black shape against the pale earth.

Yet in a way, the presence of the Anchor rider was a relief; it showed that Hansen was here in town, something of which Parrish had not been quite certain. Parrish found himself wondering grimly just what means of persuasion had been used to make Caroline write the message.

He heard the approaching riders even before they entered town; sound carried well on such a still night. He listened to their progress along Front Street and up the steep incline of Hill Street directly toward him. They stopped at the Vail house.

A man shouted, "Hey, Cole, where are you?" Parrish could not see the house clearly, but he heard Cole Hansen step out onto the porch and speak to the newcomers in a sharp and warning undertone.

"Tip off who?" someone asked. "The damn' dude's not coming here tonight; he's got more to do than call on his girl. He's already set fire to the whole Anchor spread."

MEN were coming out of hiding now, up and down the street, to hear what the new arrivals were saying. There was such a hubbub of voices, now, that Parrish could no longer make out what the men were telling Hansen. At last the sentry at the corner of the house stepped out into sight and stood for a moment looking uncertainly up and down the ridge. A sharper note in the babble of voices made him look around, and he turned and moved toward the group. Parrish gave him time to reach the street, then rose and darted into the place the sentry had occupied. He looked around the corner of the house. Cole Hansen was standing at the Vails' gate.

"Fifty men, hell!" he was shouting. "You expect me to believe that? All he's got is five men and a cook and some of those are shot up." There was a growl of protest from the newcomers, but Hansen overrode them. "Don't try to tell me he has an army—"

"I tell you, Cole—" one of the men began.

Hansen took a step forward. "And I say you're lying, Chip. If you'd been surrounded by fifty men, you'd never have managed to break out to get here. What's the matter? Has this redheaded squirt got you so scared you cut and run for it the minute he opens fire?"

The other man said softly, "I'm not scared of him, or of you, either; and no man calls me a liar, particularly a big blowhard who had to hire his shooting done for him—"

The group by the gate separated hastily, leaving an open lane between Hansen and the man who faced him. Cole Hansen made a curious, two-handed gesture, one hand bringing the revolver out and up and the other slashing across to strike the hammer. Three shots made a stuttering sound; the gunman called Chip never fired.

Hansen said very gently, "Anybody else like a try? All right, then! Get on your horses; we're riding. I'll be along in a minute."

He stood there for a moment, feed-

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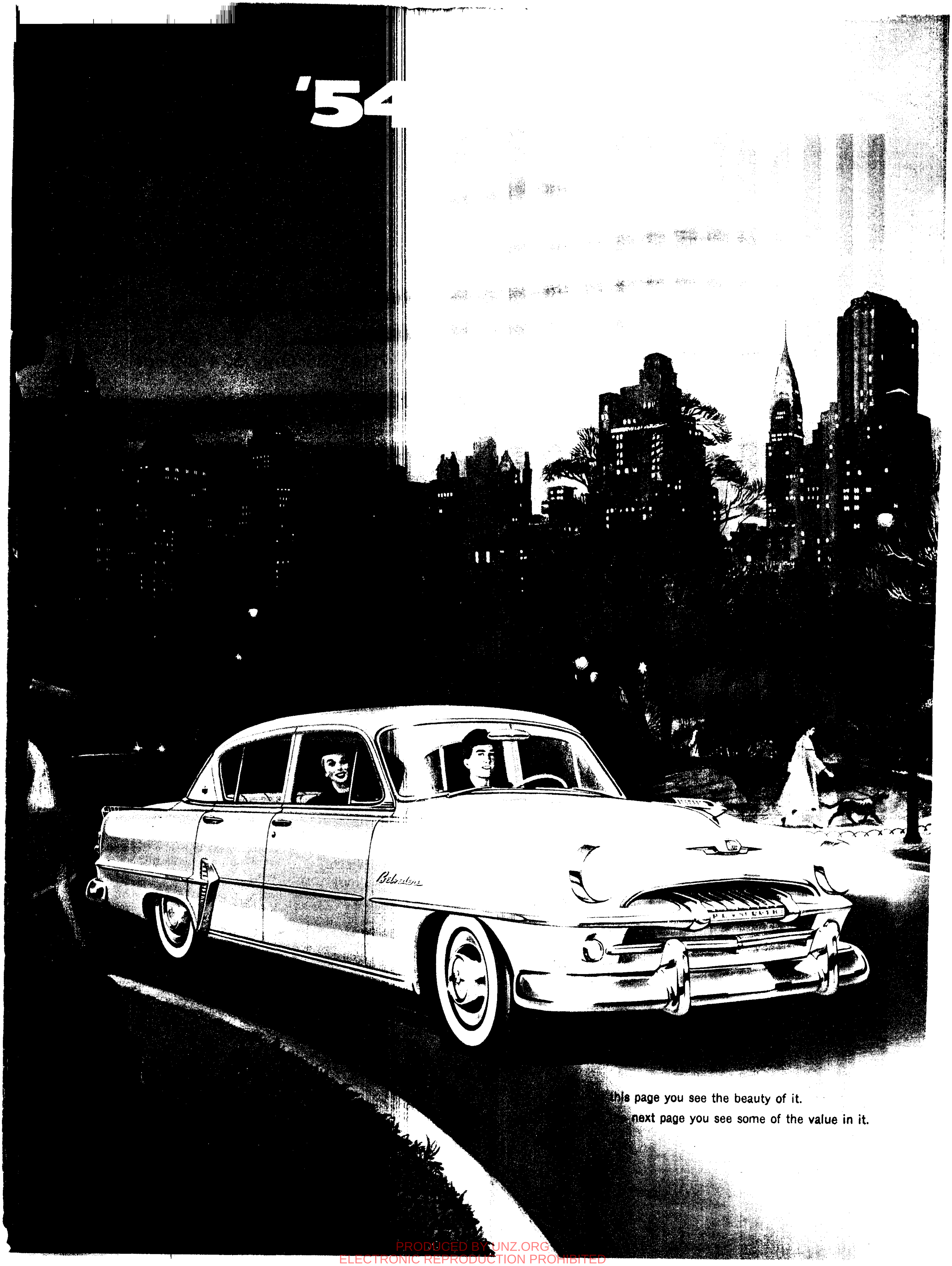
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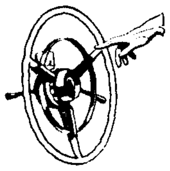

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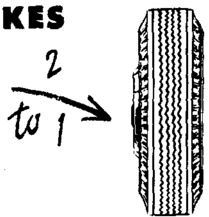
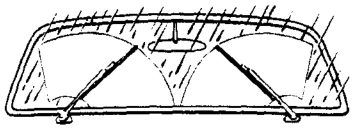
SAFE-GUARD HYDRAULIC BRAKES with TWO cylinders in each front brake where competing low-price cars have but ONE. Plymouth owners know they can count on smooth, quick, *always predictable stops.*



SAFETY-RIM WHEELS which, in the event of a blowout, hold the deflated tire straight on the rim—keep it from twisting and causing loss of control.

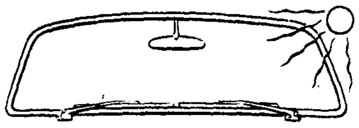
FOR YOUR PEACE OF MIND
PROTECTION
AGAINST BLOWOUT DANGER

CLEAR VIEW AHEAD—ALWAYS! The wide, one-piece windshield is virtually distortion-free, and Plymouth's low hood silhouette lets you see more of the road directly ahead.



in rain

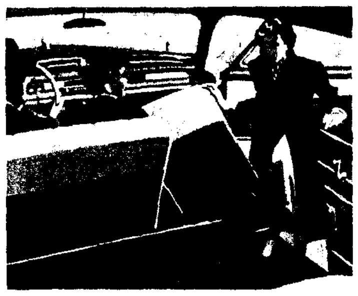
Plymouth's electric windshield wipers act *constantly*—they *never* slow down when you step on it!



in shine

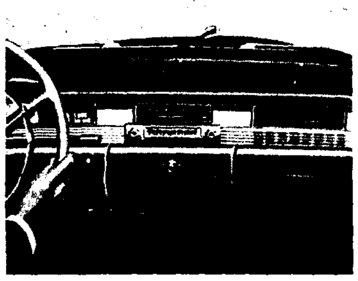
Solex Glass, available at low extra cost, protects you from the glare and heat of the sun.

GOOD IDEAS are found in the Plymouth!



For example:

Front seats in all two-door models are divided ⅓-⅔, not in the center. People in rear leave without disturbing those up front.



For another example:

The glove compartment in a Plymouth is located in the *center* of the instrument panel, within easy reach of the driver.

For still another example:

The Business Coupe, with its tremendous storage area behind the front seat, can be instantly converted into a family car with the addition of a rear seat, available in two easy-to-handle sections at low extra cost.

ROOM FOR COMFORT in a Plymouth! You enter through the widest and highest doors in the low-price field. The doors open to a straight-out position—and they stay there.

Comfort Level Seats, with their entirely new "spring on spring" construction, give full contact support from hips to shoulders, put driver and passenger in a natural sitting position—a special comfort when you are on a long trip.

These are only a few of the features in the new 1954 Plymouth. Your Plymouth dealer will gladly make one of these cars available so that you may judge for yourself the value built into this great new automobile.

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ing fresh shells into his gun; then he turned his back to the crew. It made a broad and inviting target, and more than one man stirred uneasily, watching him walk away. Parrish thought: He can't hold them much longer, even with a gun; the next time he does that they'll kill him and pull out.

He felt no triumph; victory was very near tonight, but it was a cheap and tasteless kind of victory. There was no glory in cleverly and carefully cutting the ground from beneath a man and watching him fall. Parrish remembered Judith Wilkison saying: "I'm afraid I don't like clever and careful men, Mr. Parrish."

Then Hansen was mounting the steps to the porch, and Parrish understood suddenly what the big man intended. Caroline was in there; Hansen wanted revenge for the way his trap had been turned against him. The fact that she was a woman would merely keep him from killing her, as he would have a man. He would beat her, mark her for life, and take pleasure in the act.

"Hansen!" Mr. Parrish said, stepping into the open.

Fifty yards away, across the street, Cole Hansen stopped; and the men in the street turned toward the sound of Parrish's voice. He saw more than one gun shift to cover him, but none fired. They were men whose loyalty could be bought; but they were also men who expected successful leadership, and the body of the man named Chip still lay in the dust at their feet to remind them of Cole Hansen's failure. Slowly, the men shifted back out of the line of fire, leaving it a private affair between Parrish and Hansen, who had turned around deliberately, his hands in plain sight.

HANSEN said nothing, but took a step forward. He walked down the steps to the path. "You're a fool to come here," he called. "The girl's not worth it." He had reached the gate now.

Parrish waited, not moving. Hold it, he warned himself, as his hand twitched to move, thirty-five yards is the range; you can wait. The shadow of the tree is your mark—don't let him get any closer.

Now, he thought, now. The butt of the Colt revolver was in Parrish's hand; Cole Hansen moved. Parrish swung himself sideways and thrust the heavy gun out straight, cocking it as it came level; something ripped past his head, dust sprayed at his feet. He aimed the big pistol very carefully at the figure in the street—small over the sights at that range. The piece roared and recoiled; at the same moment a bullet cut through the corner of the house beside him in a shower of splinters.

One, he thought; you pulled that, my friend. Already he was cocking the gun and bringing it down to the point of aim. Two, he thought. Three—four! Slow down, you pulled the last one wild again.

Suddenly he was aware of silence. He came out of the closed marksman's world into which he had retreated, and saw Cole Hansen falling to the ground. The dust welled up about him.

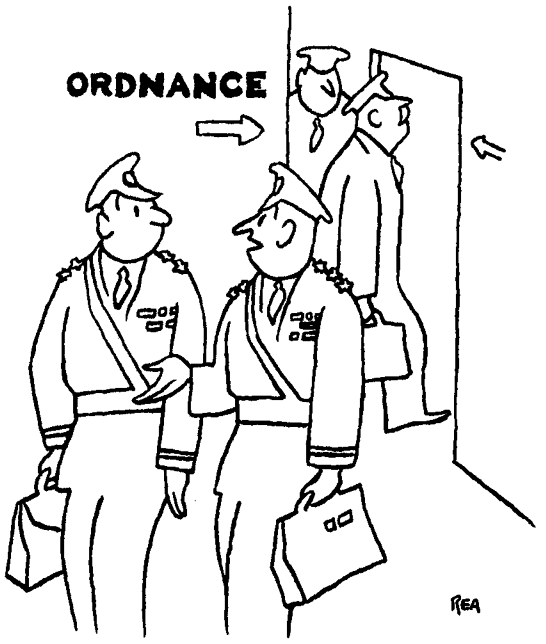
Parrish moved slowly forward. He had seen too much death, and dealt too much. Victory was sour in his mouth; it had the taste of hate and fear. He swung on the silent men watching him. "What the hell are you waiting for?" he said. "You have twenty-four hours to get clear of the Basin; don't waste your time here!"

None of the men challenged him; it was no longer their fight, there was no one to pay them. He watched them move off down the street, and then he looked toward the house. He felt ashamed, because the person he wanted least to see at this moment was the girl for whose sake he had just killed a man.

He walked stiffly toward the door, ignoring the people, who, now that danger was past, were running out of the houses up and down the street, noisy with curiosity and excitement.

"Caroline," he called, "Caroline. Are you all right?"

Then she was in his arms, and he kicked the door shut behind him and kissed her. She clung to him without reservation, crying a little with fear and relief. He stroked her hair gently and looked at her; her small face was as he remembered it, untouched except for the tears.



"It's pretty much hush-hush, of course. All I know is, it uses an H-bomb for the trigger"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Oh, honey!" she said, "I was so afraid, so ashamed. But I did try to warn you!" She touched his cheek fearfully. "You're not angry with me, Johnny? I couldn't help writing that note. He—he was going to hurt Mother and Dad, and I couldn't . . . You believe me, don't you, honey?"

The question surprised him. "Why," he said, "of course I believe you."

Then he noticed that she was wearing her fashionable blue traveling suit. It seemed an odd way for her to be dressed at this time of night. A sound in the dining room made him step back and turn, reaching toward his gun; but the man who came into the room was unarmed.

Caroline grew pale. "George!" she gasped. "You *fool!* I told you—"

The young lawyer stepped forward deliberately. "I know what you told me, darling," he said. He put his arm about her, catching her before she could step away, and turned her to face Parrish. "Here we are, John," George Menefee said, smiling wryly. "We betrayed you to Anchor for one thousand dollars. Are you going to shoot us?"

Caroline gasped, "I didn't know . . . Let me go!"

The playful smile was still on Menefee's lips. "Stand still, darling, and don't be afraid of him," he said. "There's no danger. You see, he doesn't want you." There was a challenge in the look he directed at Parrish. "Well, John. What are you going to do with us?" Then his voice became harsher. "She was always mine, long before you came. If I'd had the money to get out of this accursed hole . . . And then you came, but she was never yours. You were never a man to her, only a railroad ticket. Anyhow, when it seemed as if a bargain could be made, we went to Hansen. You may have noticed that the note you received was somewhat less obvious than he would have made it—"

Caroline said, "But I did warn you, Johnny, I did. I told Dr. Kinsman—"

"That was part of the plan," Menefee said, still smiling. "It was to make you suspect the note's authenticity and bring your men, too. Hansen wanted the lot of you in his *trap. Well, make up your mind,* John."

Parrish said quietly, "Stop on your way out, Menefee. If Hansen was going to pay you, the money will still be on him." He saw the taller man wince, and he added, "You were willing to take it with my blood on it, why not with his?"

George Menefee said, "Why, John, there's a difference, isn't there? I had nothing against Cole Hansen."

Parrish looked at the two of them, the pale handsome man, and the small fair girl whose eyes watched him, afraid. He said, "I wish you luck," to both of them, raised his hat, and walked out of the house.

The people in the street made way for him. He stopped by the body of Cole Hansen, now covered with a blanket, and said, to nobody in particular, "He was carrying money. When Miss Vail comes out, give it to her." He walked on, knowing that his words would be obeyed. It would be this way now. He had made himself a place here—but it was a high, desolate, and lonely place.

He heard a galloping horse approaching through town, but did not pay it much heed. He had destroyed a way of life, and he would have to build another in its place. He had no enthusiasm for the task, but he knew that it was his. A man could not meddle with human lives without taking responsibility for the result. The approaching rider came up Hill Street now, and Parrish had to jump aside to keep from being trampled. The horse reared as the rider pulled it up.

Parrish said softly, "Anchor rides as carelessly as ever, it would seem."

Judith Wilkison swung to the ground and came *toward him in the moon*-light, straight and tall. She was hatless and there was soot streaked across her cheek and on the shoulder of the boy's shirt she was wearing. She raised her riding crop to strike, and he stood motionless, awaiting the blow. Her hand dropped. "It wouldn't help," she said. "Even killing you wouldn't help. There'll be nothing left by morning! Even the trees are burning. Did you have to do that?"

He said, "I know no gentle way of fighting, Miss Wilkison. I tried to make that clear at the start, but no one would listen. I couldn't risk my men's lives by being choosy in my methods, or in *the people I asked for help. I—I hope* your father and sister weren't hurt."

"They're all right, through no fault of yours," she said. "Every rustler and brush jumper in the hills, every dirt-scratching nester— And you, you just ordered it done and left them to loot and smash and— It was my home," she cried. "I was born in that house. My mother died there. And I had to stand and watch them wreak their hatred on it."

He said quietly, "There was some cause for hatred; you must remember that."

She said, "Wait until they turn on you. You're the biggest man in the Basin now, and—"

"For the most part, Miss Wilkison," he said, "those are decent people who want no more than to be let alone. I'll have no trouble with them, or they with me, Miss Wilkison."

HE TURNED away from her, to *watch Caroline Vail and Menefee* come out of the house. Menefee was carrying several pieces of luggage. They paused at the gate, and a man gave Caroline a small, flat package. The two of them came down the street, passed close without speaking, and turned down Hill Street.

"And she," Judith Wilkison said in a different tone, "she sold you for money. How could a woman do that?"

"She hates it here," Parrish said. "Escape means much to her. I hope she finds it better where she's going."

Judith stared at him. "Why, you really mean that!"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"If I'd faced death for someone and then they . . ." She did not finish the thought, but glanced at him again. "You're full of surprises, Mr. Parrish," she said. "Cole was considered very good with a gun. I think you'll find you've made yourself a reputation."

Parrish said, "Cole's gun had no *trigger.*"

"What do you mean?"

"My foreman called it a slip gun. You hold it with one hand and beat at it with the other. Who can shoot a pistol accurately in that manner? It was merely a matter of choosing a reasonably long range at which I could still hit him. At thirty-five yards I was in little danger; it was simple target practice." He lifted his hat. "Good night, Miss Wilkison."

"Wait!" she said. "Why do you do that—make yourself look little and cheap and calculating?"

He said, "I try to be honest, Miss Wilkison. I'm a clever and careful man, as you have noted. I wouldn't want you to think me otherwise."

"Is it honest to make nothing of letting a man empty a gun at you, at whatever range? Or of walking into a saloon that's full of your enemies? Or of turning this valley upside down—" She stopped; then she said, "How far *do I have to come? Why do you think* I almost killed a horse to get here when your men told me you had gone up against Cole and his crew alone?"

He said, "But—but you said—"

"Oh, you damn' fool," she cried, "I had to say something! But what do I have to say to keep from losing you forever, John Parrish?"

He smiled then, and she came to him. He had found a high place that was neither desolate nor lonely.

—DONALD HAMILTON

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Bishop Fulton J. Sheen on The Life of Christ

CRUCIFIXION

SOME things in life are too beautiful to be forgotten, and there can also be something in death too beautiful to be forgotten. That is why we have a Memorial Day—to recall the sacrifices of our youth for the preservation of freedom. Freedom is not an heirloom, but a life. Once received, it does not continue to exist without effort. As life must be nourished, defended and preserved, so freedom must be repurchased in each generation. What Washington won had to be rewon by Lincoln, then won again in World Wars I and II.

All the blood that crimsoned Valley Forge and Gettysburg, that reddened the soil of France, the Pacific Islands and Korea, cries out like Abel's blood for remembrance. We who live because they died answer by setting aside Memorial Day to recall in prayer and reverence the sublime truth that "greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friends."

But those youths who made the supreme sacrifice were not born to die. Soldiering was an interruption to their summons to live; neither they nor their parents willed that their ship of life should be sunk so soon after launching. Only Our Lord came into this world to die. Even at His Birth, His Mother was reminded that He came to *die;* the Wise Men brought myrrh for His burial. Never before did any mother see death wrap its arms so quickly about a newborn babe. Never before did the shadow of the Cross fall so quickly on a crib.

While Christ was still an Infant, the old man, Simeon, looked into His face and said that He was destined to be a "sign to be contradicted"—a signal that would call out the opposition of the deliberately imperfect. The Mother, on hearing the word "contradicted," could almost see Simeon's arms fade and the arms of the Cross take their place to wrap Her Son in death. Even before the Christ Child was two years old, King Herod sent horsemen to decapitate Him.

Because Our Lord came to die, it was fitting that there be a Memorial of His death. If we keep a memorial of soldiers who died that we might be free from political oppression, then should not the Divine Soldier have a Memorial for preserving us from the spiritual tyranny of sin? Since He is God, as well as Man, and since He never spoke of His death without speaking of His Resurrection, should He not Himself institute the precise memorial of His own death and not leave it to the chance recollection of men? That is precisely what He did the night of the Last Supper. But His Memorial was instituted—and this is important—not because He would die like a soldier and be buried, but because He would live again after the Resurrection.

In His last hours with His Apostles, He instituted not a Memorial Day, but a Memorial Action. Seated at a Passover meal commemorating the liberation of His people from the slavery of Egypt, He prepared to celebrate the liberation of souls from the slavery of Satan! As the paschal lambs were being sacrificed to celebrate the people's deliverance from political slavery, Christ, the true Paschal Lamb, prepared to offer Himself to save souls from spiritual slavery. His act would be the New Testament; like the Old, it would be sealed with blood—not the blood of sheep, but the Blood of Our Lord Himself, the Immaculate Lamb.

At the Last Supper, Christ's eyes kindled and His whole bearing took on a majesty greater than when He spoke to Moses and Elias in the clouds. Taking in His hands a piece of unleavened bread, He lifted His eyes to heaven, gave thanks, and over it said: "Take, eat, This is My Body Which shall be delivered for you." Then, taking the cup of wine, by another act of omnipotence, He breathed over it saying: "Drink, all of you, of This; for This is My Blood of the New Testament, Which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins."

Note the phrases, "My Body Which shall be delivered for you," and "My Blood of the New Testament Which shall be shed." Christ was looking forward to the morrow, when He would die on the Cross. His Crucifixion would be a new Covenant, a new Testament. There had been one Covenant with Noah on leaving the ark, another with Abraham on leaving Haran, still another with Moses on leading the people from Egypt. All led to this new Covenant between God and man. On God's side, it pledged remission of sins through His death; on man's side, faith and sacrifice.

But how, it may be asked, does the changing of the bread into Christ's Body and the changing of the wine into His Blood foreshadow His sacrificial death on the Cross on the morrow? Our Lord did not consecrate the bread and wine together but separately—a symbolic forecast of the way He would be sacrificed on the Cross, specifically, by the violent separation of His Blood from His Body. His Passion and His Sacrifice were beginning; on the morrow on the Cross He would be upright as a Priest, and prostrate as a Victim offering Himself for the sins of the world.

But because Our Lord's Memorial was not instituted by us, but by Him, because He could not be conquered by death, which is a penalty for sin, but would rise again in the newness of life, He willed that as He now looked forward to His redemptive death on the Cross, so all the Christian ages until the consummation of the world should look back to the Crucifixion. So that people would not re-enact the Memorial out of whim or fancy, He gave the command, "Do this for a commemoration of Me." In effect, He was saying, "Announce My redemptive death until I come again! I will be the same Priest and Victim on both My Cross and your commemoration of My death. But as I look forward to the Cross, you will look back to it. My Last Supper looks in prospect to Myself as the Victim to be immolated on Calvary, so in your commemoration you will look back to the immolation that has already taken place."

During His mortal life, Our Lord chose many picturesque pulpits from which to deliver His sermons, the Words of Eternal Life. Sometimes His pulpit was Peter's bark, pushed out into the sea; at other times, the streets of Jericho, the golden gate of the Temple, Jacob's well. It seemed as if almost any pulpit pleased Him until the day came for Him to deliver His farewell address. Then He demanded a pulpit which, like the words He was uttering, would be remembered down through the years. On Good Friday morning, as He stood on the sunlit portico of Pontius Pilate, He may have thought of making that the pulpit of His last address. There was a vast sea of faces before Him and hearts hungering for the Bread of Eternal Life—an audience like unto which anyone would have loved to open his heart.

But no, Christ waited a few hours for another pulpit to be given Him at the foot of the steps of Pilate's palace. That pulpit He put upon His shoulders and carried to Golgotha. That pulpit was—the Cross. Once on the heights at Golgotha, He offered Himself to His executioners.

Hands of the Carpenter hardened by toil; hands from which the world's graces flow; feet of the Miracle Worker Who went about doing good—these now had rough nails applied to them. The first knock of the hammer was heard in silence; blow followed blow and was faintly re-echoed over the city walls beneath. Mary and John held their ears. The sound was unendurable; each echo sounded as another stroke. Then the Cross was lifted slowly off the ground; it staggered for a moment and finally, with a thud that seemed to shake even hell itself, sank into the pit prepared for it.

OUR Lord had mounted His pulpit for the last time—and what a majestic pulpit it was! In itself the Cross was a sermon. How much more eloquently it spoke now when adorned with the Word of Eternal Life!

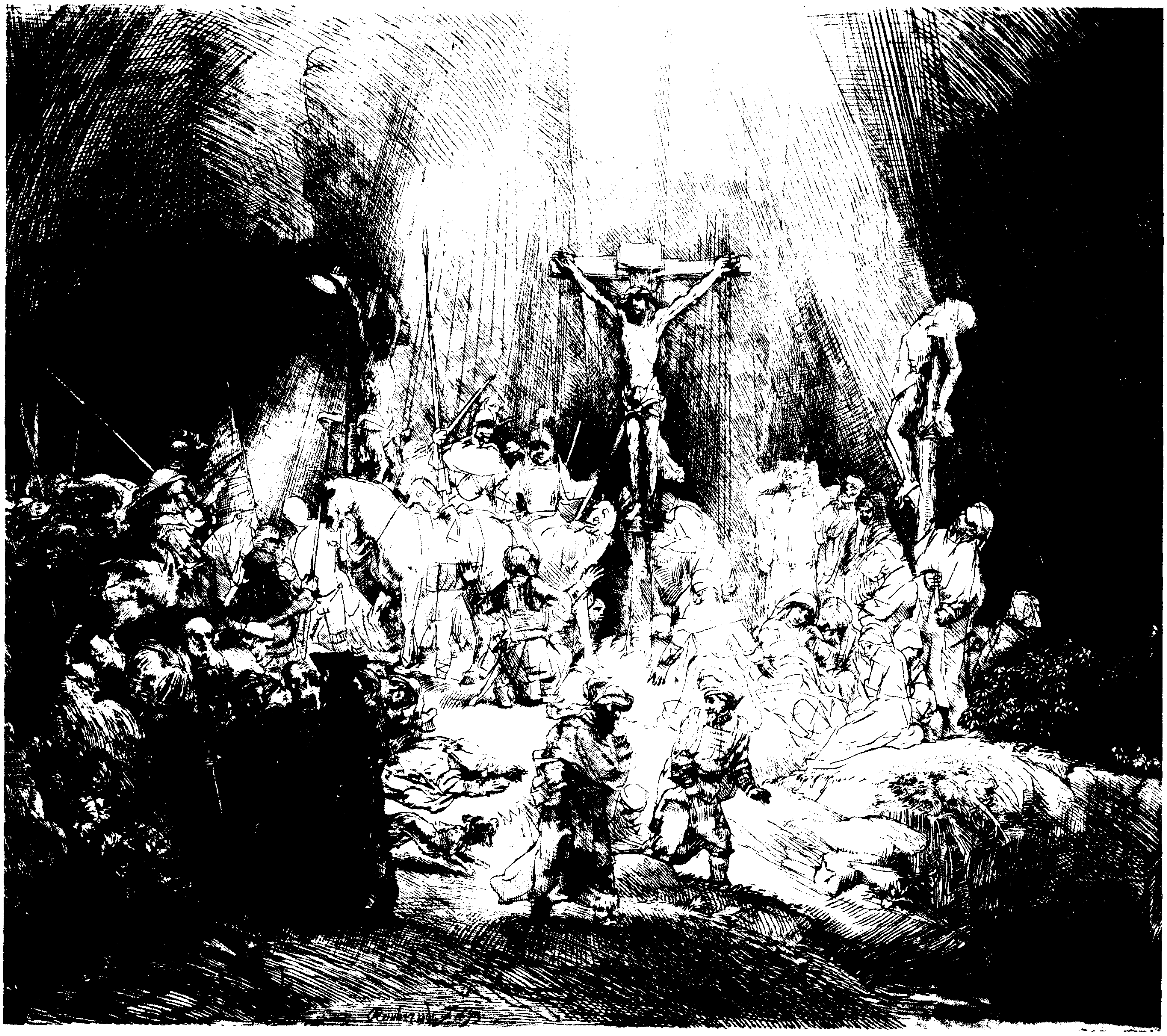
Like all who mount their pulpits, Christ o'erlooked His audience. Far off in the distance, across the Valley of Jehosaphat, He could see the gilded roof of the Temple reflecting its rays against the sun, which was soon to hide its face in shame. Here and there on Temple walls He caught glimpses of figures straining their eyes to catch a last view of Him Whom the darkness knew not.

Nearer the pulpit, but off at the border of the crowd, stood some of His own timid disciples ready to flee in case of danger. Greeks and Romans were there, too, as well as Scribes and Pharisees from Jerusalem. Some in the crowd asked Him to come down and prove His divinity. Others, Deity-blind, mocked and spat at Him. Some who had followed Him for an hour taunted Him that others He saved but Himself He could not save. Roman soldiers threw dice for the garments of the God-man.

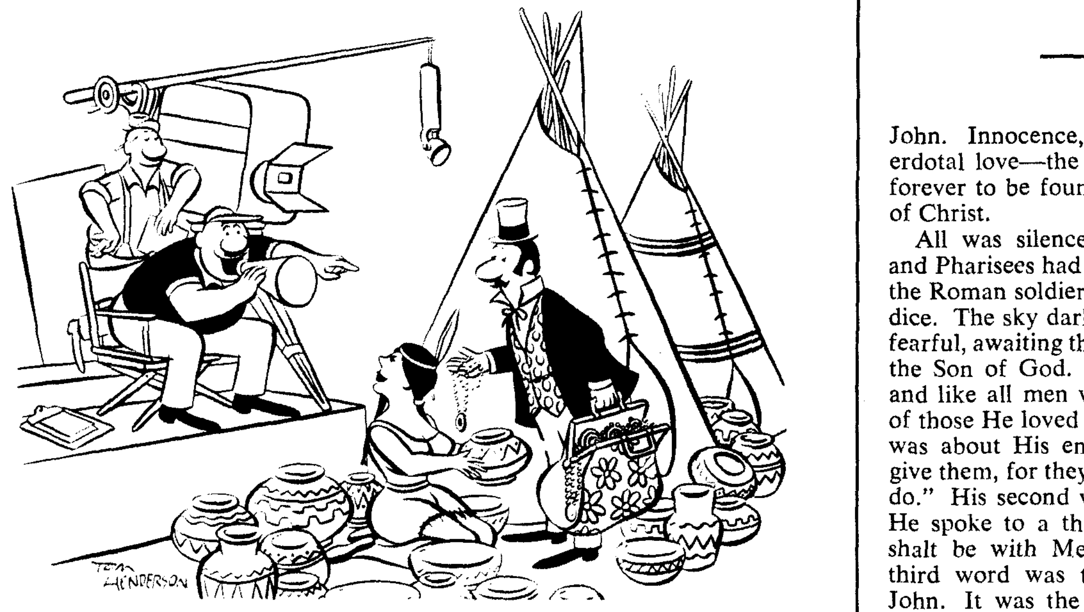
And there at the foot of the Cross stood that wounded flower, Magdalen, forgiven because she loved much. And there, with a face like a cast molded out of love, was John. And there, God pity her, was Christ's Mother. Mary, Magdalen and

Only when man takes to heart the lessons of Christ's death on the Cross and His later return, says a leading Roman Catholic clergyman, will the world be free at last from the crimson scourge of war . . .

AND RESURRECTION



The Three Crosses, by Rembrandt



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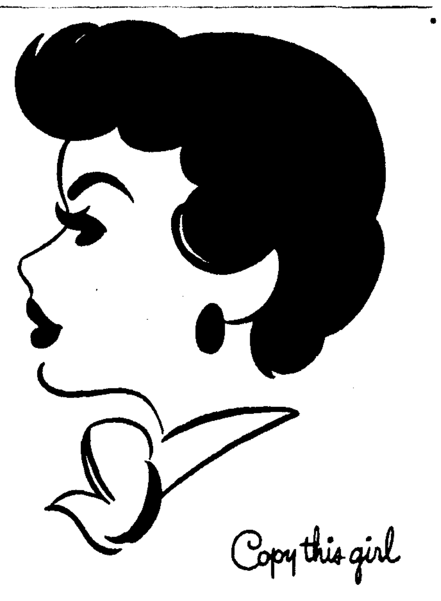

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"There is darkness over the worl

John. Innocence, penitence and sacerdotal love—the three types of souls forever to be found beneath the Cross of Christ.

All was silence now. The Scribes and Pharisees had ceased their raillery, the Roman soldiers had put away their dice. The sky darkened and men grew fearful, awaiting the farewell address of the Son of God. He began to speak, and like all men who die, He thought of those He loved most. His first word was about His enemies: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." His second was about sinners as He spoke to a thief: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise!" His third word was to His Mother and John. It was the new Annunciation: "Woman, behold Thy Son."

FOR Three Hours Christ suffered on the Cross. Then there was a rupture of a Heart through the rapture of Love, and He gave up His Life of His own Will. The Roman centurion who had to see that the crucified were dead stayed at his post to the end; taking a spear, he pierced the Heart of Christ. Blood and water poured out; water, the symbol of regeneration; and blood, the price of redemption.

Later Joseph of Arimathea went to beg Pilate for the body of Jesus, but Pilate would not release it until he had conducted his own investigation. Pilate therefore called in the centurion and asked him if Christ were really dead. Joseph showed no solicitude for the bodies of the two thieves, but had a personal reverence for Jesus; he had refused in a council meeting earlier to consent to Our Lord's death.

Nicodemus, who once came at night to consult Jesus, and other helpers wrapped Jesus, according to custom, in a sheet eight feet long and embalmed Him with spices. The Body was laid in the tomb, a great stone was rolled before the door and an official guard was set. It was the only time in history that a guard was set to prevent a man rising from the tomb.

In the dim dawn of the following Sunday, several women approached the tomb. The fact that they brought spices showed they did not expect a Resurrection. It seems strange they should have doubted Our Lord would rise again because He made so many references to His Death and His Resurrection. But whenever He predicted His Passion and Resurrection, even His disciples apparently paid more attention to His prediction of His Death than His references to His Resurrection. It never occurred to them that His Resurrection was possible. When the stone was rolled to the door of the sepulcher, not only Christ was buried, but also all their hopes. The women thought only to anoint the body of the dead Christ, an act born of despairing and yet unbelieving love.

Two of the women at least had witnessed the burial, and their great concern was a practical one:

"Who is to roll the stone away for us
From the door of the tomb?"

It was the cry of a heart with little faith. Strong men had closed the entrance to the tomb by placing the huge stone against it; the women's worry was how to remove the barrier so that they might carry out their errand of mercy. The men would not come to the tomb until they were summoned—so little did they believe. And the women came only because, in their grief, they sought consolation in embalming the dead.

When the women came near, they saw that the stone, great as it was, already had been rolled away. They did not immediately jump to the conclusion that His Body had risen; they concluded someone had removed the Body. But then an angel whose countenance was as lightning and whose raiment was as snow said to them:

"No need to be dismayed;
You have come to look for Jesus of Nazareth,
Who was crucified; He has risen again,
He is not here. Here is the place where they laid Him.
Go and tell Peter and the rest of His Disciples
That He is going before you into Galilee.
There you shall have sight of Him as He promised you."

To an angel, the Resurrection would not be a mystery, but His Death would be. For us, the Death is not a mystery, but His Resurrection is. The angel was one keeper more than the enemies had placed about Christ's grave, one soldier more than Pilate appointed.

The angel's message was the first Gospel preached after the Resurrection, and it went back again to Our Lord's Passion. When the angel spoke of Him as "Jesus of Nazareth Who was crucified," the words told: the name of His humanity, the humility of His dwelling place and the ignominy of His death. All three—lowliness, ignominy and shame—were brought in comparison to His rising from the dead. Bethlehem and Nazareth and Jerusalem were all made the identifying marks of His Resurrection.

Those who saw the empty grave were bidden to go to Peter, who had tempted Our Lord once from the Cross and three times denied Him. Sin and denial cannot choke Divine Love. Paradoxical it is that the more we sin, the less can we believe in His Love, but the more we sin and repent, the more we wonder at the marvels of His Love. It is to the lost sheep panting in the wilderness that He comes; it is the publicans and the harlots, the denying Peters and the persecuting Pauls to whom the most persuasive entreaties of love are sent. To the man who was named a Rock and who would have tempted Him from a Cross, the rise Saviour now sends through the wome the message: "Go tell Peter."

DESPITE the multiple prediction of His Resurrection and the com paring of Himself to Jonas, still Hi own disciples and followers did no believe. When finally Mary Magdale and Joanna and Mary, the mother o James, told the Apostles of His Resur rection, they refused to believe. "T their minds, the story seemed madnes and they could not believe it."

Added to the original incredulity the women was now the incredulity the Apostles. Their answer practicall was: "You know how women are, a ways imagining things." In vain do w think that people before the advent scientific psychology were not afraid their own minds playing tricks upo them. We boast of our own incredulity in the face of the extraordinary, but our skepticism is as nothing compared to the skepticism which greeted the first news of the Resurrection. What modern skeptics say about the Resurrection story, the disciples themselves were the first to say. As the original agnostics of Christianity, with one assent they dismissed the whole story as a delusion.

Something very extraordinary had to happen, some concrete evidence had to be presented to these doubters, before they would overcome their reluctance to believe. Their skepticism was even more difficult than modern skepticism to overcome. Theirs started from a hope that was disappointed on Calvary; that was far more difficult to heal than modern skepticism, which is without hope. Nothing is further from the truth than to say that followers of Our Lord were expecting the Resurrection and therefore were ready to believe it or to console themselves for a loss that seemed irreparable. H. G. Wells wrote nothing about the Resurrection that the Apostles had not already had in their own minds.

AFTER the Resurrection, Our Lord made many appearances; for example, to the disciples on the road to Emmaus, to the Apostles excluding Thomas, to the Apostles with Thomas, to multitudes, to small groups of Apostles, to Peter and John on the lake. Then after forty days, He took leave of the earth to ascend, as He told Magdalen, to His Father. It took a long time to convince His followers, and the full meaning did not dawn in their souls until Pentecost. Then they were all ready to have their throats cut for their belief.

Christ told the Apostles to tarry in Jerusalem until He sent His Spirit. If He had remained on earth, they could have heard His voice, touched His hand, seen His radiant face, but if He ascended to His Father and sent His Spirit, then He would be a veritable life to be lived. This Spirit, He said, would recall to their minds all things He had told them. The Spirit would not be a code of morality written either on tablets of their minds or on tablets of stone, but would enter into their will and motivate their actions, penetrate the intellect to see truths beyond the power of reason, encourage them to love what He loved, and inspire them to enter into their glory as He entered into His—by dying to atone for the evil of the world.

The Spirit would not be long in coming—only ten days hence. The Apostles were to keep their eyes in expectation upon the horizon and their hand upon the door; God in His own pleasure would endow them from a power on high. This power would not only awaken the soul of man from the deadly sleep of sin, but it would also be the comforter of the soul and, above all, the source of their sanctification.

During His earthly life, Our Lord solicited us to avail ourselves of Redemption by seeing what sin cost. The evil of sin is the Crucifixion of the God-man. The worst that sin can do is not to bomb cities or kill children, but to crucify Goodness. No man is conscious of sin when he thinks of it as merely breaking a law. He never sees the full intensity of sin until he realizes what he does to a person. Many an alcoholic does not know the evil of his sin until, driving while drunk, he kills a child. So when we look not to a broken law, but at the broken Person of Christ on the Cross, we begin to see the full gravity of sin. We see it in the nails and in the crown of thorns, but we also see the love of God Who goes on loving us despite our sins.

On the Cross, Our Lord poured out His Life's Blood, not because bloodshed pleased His Father, but because the sinner deserved to die, and Christ, willing to be one with sinners, chose to bear pain as they should have borne it. He bore all of the iniquity of evil because He deigned to come into the world disorganized by evil.

If we would see the world at its worst, look at the Cross on Good Friday! The world will never do anything quite as evil as it did that day! There was darkness over the earth then, the sun refusing to shed its light on the crime that would extinguish the Light of the World!

There is darkness over the world today as there was then—and for the same reason, because Christ is recrucified in those who believe and confess His Name. Giant curtains are pulled over the Light of the World: Iron Curtains, Bamboo Curtains, Plush Curtains. Iron Curtains are pulled down in Eastern Europe where, in Stygian night, hammers and sickles beat and cut. But a day will come when He will lay hold of that hammer, hold it aloft in His Resurrected, Scarred Hand and make it look like a Cross, while the sickle will appear as the moon under Our Lady's Feet. Bamboo Curtains have been pulled over China, where, in the night, missionaries are ridiculed before other Pilates, slapped before other Caiaphases, and beaten in other Praetoria. But as hundreds of thousands of Chinese suffer and die in His Name, and in union with His Cross, they prepare a day when the sun will rise again in the East—a sun that will be the Light of the World! Plush Curtains, too, of American and Western civilization have been pulled over Christ until we work in the murky mist of self-sufficiency, of plenty, of confused idealism and deflated morality.

WHAT do we see written across the map of the world but blood! Soldiers' blood poured out on Korean rocks; martyrs' blood crimsoning Chinese earth; Jewish blood but recently dried from Nazi persecutions in Buchenwalds and now dampened again by Christian blood in the Communist persecution; pagan blood poured charitably into blood banks to aid soldiers wounded in the bloody business of war. In the sight of all that blood, shall we not ask ourselves if God ever intended us to live in a world of constant hemorrhage?

We know the answer! Neither animal blood in sacrifice, nor human blood was meant to cataract and cascade over this globe. His Blood alone paid the debt of our sins. It is because we invoke not the Blood of Christ that we shed one another's blood in war. When we lift the Iron and Bamboo and Plush Curtains and see His Death as Redemption, believe in Him as the Son of God Who made amends for our sins, then will this crimson scourge cease.

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The Desperate Hours

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

be down." He was wide awake now.

While he dressed, his wife sat up in bed and watched him, fighting the sharp stab of apprehension that she always felt after such calls. Her husband was a tall, wiry man in his early thirties. He spoke now in a grumbling drawl that failed to suppress the emotion behind his words.

"Glenn Griffin, his kid brother and another con, a lifer by the name of Robish, escaped from the federal prison in Terre Haute," he said. He strapped on his gun and then put on his suit jacket; the deputy sheriff's badge glimmered briefly in the dim light. "I hope he heads for his old home town."

His wife went and got his overcoat out of the closet and walked with him to the front door. "But isn't this the last place he *would* come?" she asked.

At the door, Jesse Webb—in charge of the sheriff's office this week because his superior was out of town—turned to his wife and explained why he thought, or hoped, that Glenn Griffin would come to the city. In the first place, he said, you had to bank on the homing instinct in criminals; a familiar city, even with the danger of being recognized, gave them the illusion of security. They always imagined they knew where to hide—although in this case all likely ratholes would be turned inside out by nightfall. Then too there was the woman named Helen Lamar, ten years older than Glenn Griffin but important to him. Jesse had a hunch she had the money from Griffin's last robbery. It had never been recovered; Griffin would undoubtedly need it now and get in touch with her.

"We've lost track of her," Jesse said, "but if she's still in town, I'll lay odds that's where we'll find Griffin."

"Jesse," his wife said, "isn't Griffin the one you—"

"He's the one," Jesse said, and he cupped his wife's chin in his hand and he kissed her lips. "Don't worry, Kathleen," he said.

"You eat some breakfast," she called after him as he got into the sheriff's car and backed out into the street.

Jesse heard her and smiled absently. His mind was fixed on Glenn Griffin.

AT THAT moment Glenn Griffin, wearing the overalls he had taken from the farmer, was at the wheel of the gray sedan, which was cruising along in farm country that had begun to have a slight roll to it. The middle-aged man, Robish, sat beside him, his enormous head slumped over on his massive chest. The boy, Glenn's younger brother Hank, lay stretched out on the back seat.

But Hank Griffin was not sleeping. He was remembering the slow, dangerous crawl over the bare ground with the walls and gun towers behind them; he was remembering the headlong rush through the dark, chill woods. His chest was bruised and scratched, his shirt front was slightly crusted with blood, and a gash across his forehead had begun to throb. Worst of all, he was shuddering. He hoped this didn't mean that he was going to have another of his attacks—not now, when it was all over.

All he could do about it was grit his teeth and lie there listening to his brother's voice in the front seat; the growing exultancy in Glenn's tone made him feel warmer. Glenn was explaining to Robish that while the car was now traveling south, they were nevertheless going to Indianapolis, which was northeast of them. "We're not walking into a roadblock from the west, pal. We'll circle all the way around and come in from the northeast sometime this afternoon."

"I still say we're risking our necks going near that town," Robish said, "just so you can square up with that copper who nabbed you. So he broke your damn' jaw—what differences does that make to the kid and me? We oughta head west."

"I don't need no ideas from you, Robish. I know just what I'm gonna do."

"You got it on the brain, ain't you? Gettin' that copper."

"I got plenty on my brain, Robish. Where the hell'd you be if it wasn't for my brain? Sittin' down to that mush again, that's where."

"You can pick up a dame anywheres," Robish went on in a heavy voice. "Where *is* the dame, anyway?"

Glenn laughed shortly, and then said, "I told you I got it all fixed. She ain't anywhere to be found. She's in Pittsburgh, P.A.—almost five hundred miles away. She'll come when I call her. Helen and me, we play it smart, pal. The coppers won't know where to look, even if they tumble to the idea she might still have the dough."

"I don't like it. Where'll we hide?"

"You name it, Robish—only no hangouts, see. They'll be watching all of them. And no hotels, either. Pick a nice quiet house on a nice quiet street. On the edge of town, say, with no other houses close by. Someplace to take the stir-taste out of our mouths. You like that, Hank?"

Feigning sleep, Hank didn't answer. He heard Robish swear under his breath, but Robish didn't bother him now. Glenn could handle Robish, and not just because Glenn had the guard's .38 either. Glenn was smart—which was the reason he wouldn't let Robish pull a job along the way in order to get another gun or other clothes. What disturbed Hank Griffin, and in a strange way, was the thought of a house such as the one his brother had described. After two years of locks and concrete floors and metal bunks, he could not imagine what it would feel like to sit in a deep, soft chair.

The Hilliards had bought their house on Kessler Boulevard when Dan Hilliard was released from the Navy after the war. It had cost more than the new houses in the subdivisions north of the city, but it had been worth the difference in price because it was far enough from other houses to give the family a sense of privacy. In eight years, they had come to love every corner, stair-step and shingle.

As Dan came down the stairs at seven forty on this particular Wednesday morning, he was trying to look ahead to the complicated problems of the day at the office—where he was personnel manager of a large department store—rather than give in to the nagging worry he had begun to have about his daughter Cindy's friendship with Charles Wright. Charles Wright—or Chuck, as Cindy called him—was a junior partner in the downtown law office where Cindy worked. Though Dan had nothing personal against the young man, he felt that Charles Wright was irresponsible, more interested in fast sports cars and parties than in finding a solid place for himself in the life of the community.

Perhaps he was acting like a typical father, or as Cindy had pointed out, a "conservative old fogy." He wished again, as he went into the kitchen, that he could forget the whole business.

His ten-year-old son Ralphie looked up from his plate and grinned when Dan sat down beside him and gave him a light touch on the chin with his fist. Eleanor, his wife, who was blonde like Ralphie and had the same rounded face, smiled and set Dan's ham and eggs before him. Without make-up she looked like a child herself, he thought, small and still slender.

Ralphie took a long final drink of milk. "*Now* may I be excused, please?"

Eleanor nodded and Ralphie jarred the table as he stood up. He kissed his mother lightly and gave Dan a swift salute as he picked up two schoolbooks.

"Careful on that bike, Ralphie," Dan called, and the boy paused.

"My name," he announced with grave and long-suffering patience, "is Ralph. R-A-L-P-H." Then he was gone. In a moment Dan heard the garage door sliding up and he was reminded again that he ought to oil the runner.

Eleanor, buttering a piece of toast, was smiling, but when she saw that Dan was not, she frowned questioningly across at him. He was a man of average height, with heavy shoulders; he had deep blue eyes, mahogany-red hair, and freckles on his rather broad nose.

Looking at him now, his wife knew what he was thinking about, and she said, "Cindy'd like to ask Chuck for Sunday dinner, Dan."

Dan downed the last swallow of coffee and stood up. "Should she, Dan?" Eleanor said.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Ellie, I don't want to jump in and start opposing Cindy and then have her get her back up," he said, "but—well, Sunday's a sort of family day."

Eleanor lifted her face for his kiss, and then walked to the kitchen window while Dan went out the back door, his overcoat thrown over his arm. When she opened the window, the gusty January wind swept through the kitchen. She watched Dan back the car out of the garage, maneuvering it around Cindy's black coupé in the driveway. "Careful," she called, waving.

As she set a place at the table for Cindy, Eleanor decided, in view of Dan's attitude, not to mention the Chuck Wright matter this morning. The boy *did* have a reputation for being wild. But Cindy, at nineteen, had to start making her own decisions.

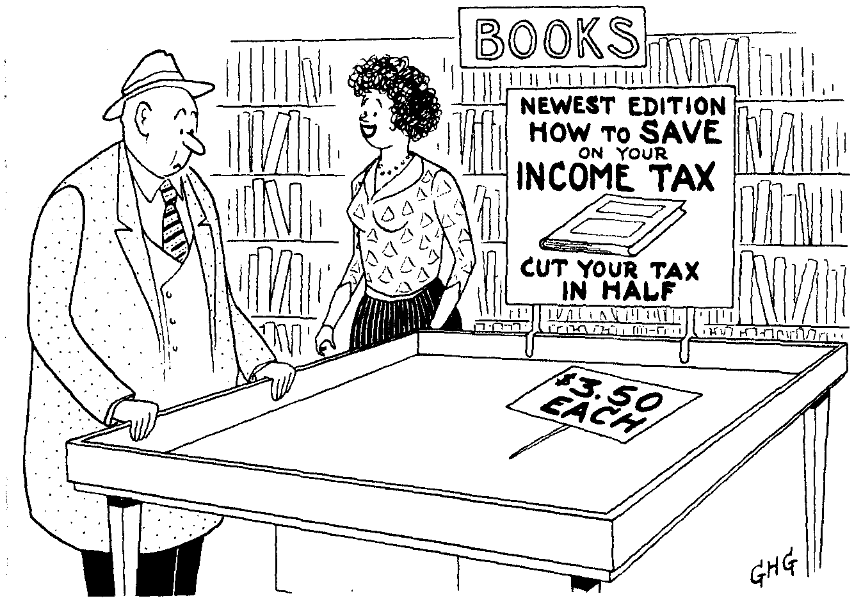
Eleanor turned on the radio, punching the buttons one after the other, finally settling for a news report with her second cup of coffee. After listening for perhaps five minutes—her attention not caught by the report of three escaped convicts, or by the warning that they were armed and dangerous—she heard Cindy's quick step on the back stairs.

IN THE office of the sheriff, which was attached to the Marion County jail in the heart of the city, the day had started long before. Through the early morning Jesse Webb had kept in close contact with the state police, the city police and the office of the FBI in the Federal Building. They now had a very accurate description of the gray sedan, knew its license number and the approximate time it had been stolen.

Jesse hated waiting; the helplessness of it made him nervous. The roadblocks had been set up; there were no reports of hardware or sporting-goods stores having been robbed for guns; no clothing or cleaning shops had been broken into for suits. In short, everything that could be done was being done. But Jesse was not satisfied.

His uncle, Frank Pritchard, telephoned after the ten-o'clock news broadcast. Jesse listened to the tired voice and then, nodding his head, he said, "I haven't forgotten, Uncle Frank. Go to sleep."

Afterward, he sat with his lanky frame hunched over the desk, smoking until his cigarette burned his fingers. He hadn't forgotten and he could see it all happening again. Uncle Frank had been behind a parked car that day when Glenn Griffin had emerged from the



COLLIER'S

"I'm sorry, but a man from the Internal Revenue office came in and bought them all . . ."

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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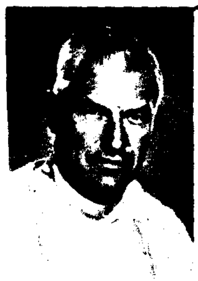

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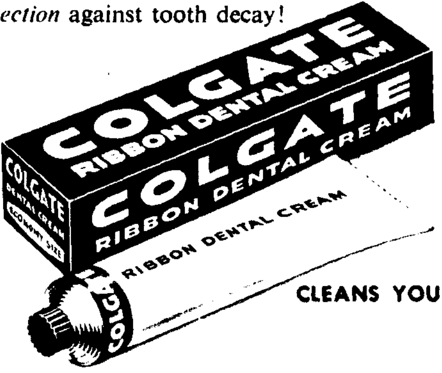

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FOR LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY

bleak little apartment hotel on the south side. Even in his blue city-police uniform, Uncle Frank had looked too small, too old and wispy for the .38 in his hand. Uncle Frank had shouted, and Glenn Griffin had whirled, firing. Two bullets had ripped into Uncle Frank's arm, permanently injuring a nerve so that now the arm hung limp and useless.

Jesse had blamed himself many times for not blasting Glenn Griffin right then; but he had been temporarily stunned to hear Uncle Frank scream like a child, a terrible, unashamed shriek that still haunted Jesse sometimes in dreams. Glenn Griffin had leaped back into the doorway, graceful as a dancer, despite the fire from other police guns. Then, while Uncle Frank writhed on the pavement, Glenn Griffin had shouted for a chance to surrender, throwing his gun into the street.

An uncontrollable rage had come over Jesse as he approached the unarmed young hoodlum. He heard his lieutenant's shouted order not to fire. He was no longer thinking of the arduous, months-long search and pursuit that had led them, through his own efforts, to this moment. And he had not fired. It was not until he yanked Glenn Griffin up onto his toes with one hand and brought his other, in a hard fist, full into the prisoner's contorted face, that Jesse Webb had felt a momentary relief from his anger.

Thinking about the consequences now, more than two years later, left him pale and shaken—the way Uncle Frank had been eased off the city force soon afterward, because of his withered arm; the unreasonable way he himself had tried to turn in his badge. He recalled, too, the trial of Glenn Griffin, with the handsome face smiling at the jury through the bandages that held his broken jaw in place. Even after the guilty verdict, the young man had kept up his front. Later, at the sentencing, his kid brother, captured with him, had turned pale and begun to tremble violently—but not Glenn Griffin. The only time he had shown any emotion at all was in the corridor of the jail when the federal marshal was taking him away.

The bandages had not been on his face then, and he had spoken carefully, stiffly, to Jesse Webb: "You got yours comin', copper." There had been nothing dramatic or violent about it; it had been just a statement.

Yet Jesse Webb had known he meant it. Glenn Griffin would never forget or forgive the man who had caused his capture and broken his jaw.

Restlessly, trying to get the memory of that day out of his mind, Jesse got up from his desk, muttered a few words to Tom Winston, the deputy who was working the case with him, and then walked across town to the Statehouse. He needed the sharp, outdoor air to clear his head.

BY SELECTING only the most unlikely and untraveled back roads, Glenn Griffin had now maneuvered the gray sedan all the way around the city. By noon he was northeast of town on a road so seldom used that the city limits were not designated by a sign.

Robish slept, snoring. Hank, in the back seat, was rubbing the palms of his hands on the front of his shirt, as though to wipe off some stain. At ten minutes after twelve, entering the city, Glenn Griffin was whistling softly.

It had taken them more than six hours to reach a destination only seventy miles from their starting point. All the while the car radio had picked up repeated descriptions of the gray sedan and its three occupants: despite this, they had progressed as smoothly and easily as if they had been flying in a plane, out of range of the hundreds of watchful eyes.

Eleanor Hilliard was about to go upstairs to change her clothes when the doorbell rang. She sighed. It was that blissful time after lunch when Ralphie had returned to school and she felt a certain treasured sense of freedom until three thirty. The front door was a solid panel, and although there was a safety chain attached, she never bothered to use it. The family generally used the side entrance, opening onto the sun porch, since it was nearest the driveway. She opened the door.

The young man who faced her had short-cropped black hair and wore faded blue overalls. He was smiling apologetically. "Sorry to bother you, ma'am, but I've lost my way. I'm looking for the Willis residence. I—"

Then he stopped and he was looking over her shoulder into the front hall; the smile remained, but a subtle change took place in the set of his lips. Involuntarily, but not yet frightened, Eleanor turned.

After that, everything happened so fast and with such cool mechanical precision that she stood paralyzed, mind and body; and that numb helplessness must have carried her through the next few minutes. She heard the door close behind her. An older man, who must have come in through the back door, went up the front stairs. A third man, much younger, wearing the same strange gray-green garb as the one now tramping around overhead, came in the side entrance and then walked swiftly around the downstairs rooms, opening and closing doors. Eleanor saw, without really comprehending, the black gun in the hand of the tall young man in overalls. She wanted to scream then, but could not.

"Take it easy," the young man beside her said softly. "You open your mouth and your kid'll come home from school and find your body."

She still did not fully comprehend. She bit down hard on the back of her hand, so hard that she tasted blood.

Returning to the hall, the boy in the group said, "All clear down here, Glenn." Then he went out the side door and onto the driveway.

The casual, subdued tone of the boy's voice in the midst of this nightmare filled Eleanor with an incongruous terror that even the gun had not aroused. Outside, a motor started, and a moment later she heard the familiar sound of the garage door descending.

The middle-aged man came heavily down the stairs, one of Dan's suits flung over one arm. On his animal-like face was an expression that might have been pleasure, but his yellowish-green eyes were depthless and opaque. "Nobody home but the missus," he said.

"Keep an eye open out front," the one named Glenn ordered.

Robish turned his glance away from Eleanor and went into the living room and sat down in the large chair opposite the wide front windows. He sighed loudly. The back door opened and closed again. All three of the men were in the Hilliard house now, and the car was in the Hilliard garage.

"Now," said Glenn Griffin. "Now, Mrs. Hilliard, I guess you got the idea. I guess you know what'll happen if you try anything fishy."

"What do you want me to do?" Eleanor asked.

Glenn Griffin's mouth twisted in a wry smile. "Smart little lady," he said. "Just hope the whole family's smart as you. Now we got a phone call to make."

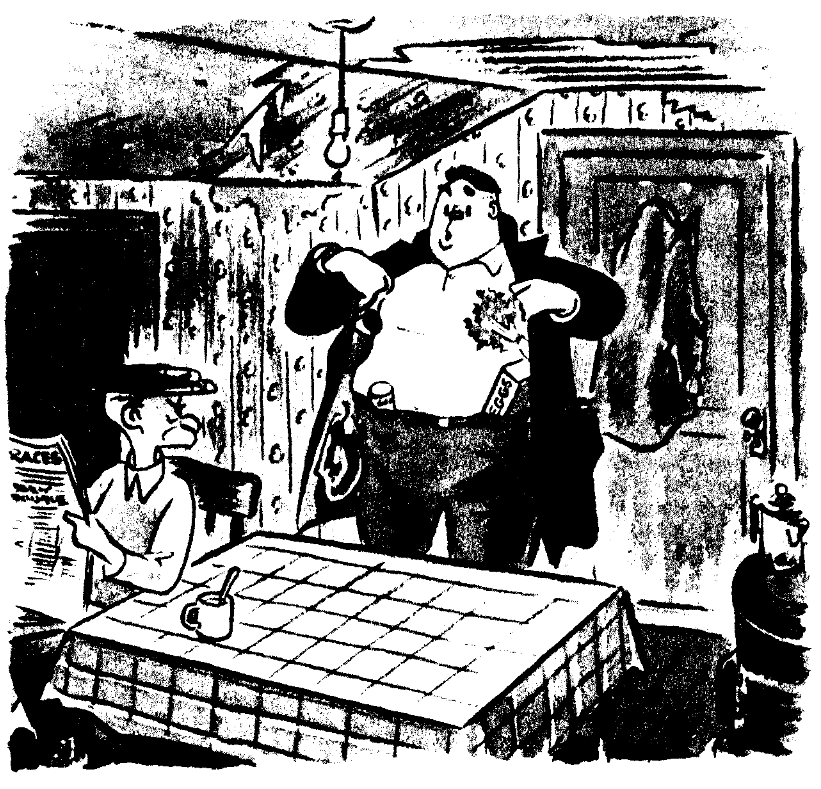
Seated at the telephone table, Eleanor listened to his quiet, explicit directions. Then she picked up the telephone and dialed long-distance and gave the operator a number she knew she ought to try to remember but could not—a number in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"Pittsburgh!" Jesse Webb said. He swore and got up from his desk after talking to Carson, the young FBI agent assigned to the case. "They've located Helen Lamar."

Deputy Tom Winston, catching the note of disappointment in Jesse's voice, didn't look up. "They get her?"

"She checked out over an hour ago. They're still questioning the hotel people. So far, there hasn't even been a phone call, at least not at the hotel itself. But Griffin'd be too smart for that. If he called her, he used somebody in between." He was striding up and down, his hands jammed into his pockets, his head forward. "They think of these dodges, smart rats like that. Griffin called her somehow, tipped her where he was. And she's vanished. You know what that leaves us, Tom: a license number and a description of a car." He sat down abruptly and struck the top of his desk with his fist. "Tom, *where the devil is that car?*"

BUTCH



"I didn't either forget bread. It so happened there was a clerk at that counter"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

ALL through the endless afternoon Eleanor Hilliard heard the radio news reports, to which the three men listened with quiet intensity. Although she had not seen the car they had parked in the garage, she knew its color, make, model and license number.

When Ralphie arrived home at three thirty, she told him she had a headache and was able by speaking quickly and firmly, to keep him out of the house until dinnertime. After Ralphie had gone off on his bicycle, Glenn Griffin came out of the den and into the living room, and the questions started all over again: This daughter, Cynthia, what time did she get home from work? Did she drive her own car? Was she ever late? "Okay, then," Glenn Griffin said, "we'll just let her walk in. All you do is keep quiet, see?"

If Cindy noticed that the garage door was closed, she did not stop to question it. She left her coupé in the driveway as usual, and burst into the house, her hair flying. When she caught sight of her mother, stiff and still on the sofa, she stopped, her hazel-flecked eyes glancing warily around the room. Glenn Griffin was leaning against the mantel, his ankles crossed casually, his gun in hand. "Come right in, redhead," he said.

Before Eleanor realized that Cindy had moved, the girl whirled and started out. "Okay," Glenn Griffin said easily, "we still got your old lady, sis."

Robish burst in from the den off the living room. Cindy's step faltered; she turned slowly and faced Glenn Griffin, who had not moved a muscle. His eyes flicked over her. Cindy did not waver or in any way show that she was afraid. She moved her feet farther apart and glared at him. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Spitfire, too," said Glenn Griffin, his grin fading. "Not sensible like your old lady." Without taking his eyes from the girl, he spoke to Robish: "Get back to the side window. The old guy's going to be pulling in any minute."

"I need a gun," Robish growled.

"Get back in there. Now."

Robish turned and walked heavily back to the den.

"Sit down, redhead," Glenn said, "and let me explain the facts of life. With that hair you might feel like getting real brave and try to get away with something. You might, but that's not saying what will happen to the old lady or the kid brother or the old man. You got that?"

Cindy crossed to a chair and sat

down, glancing at Eleanor with a faint reassuring smile. She lighted a cigarette then, matching the young man's arrogance by simply ignoring his presence. "How long have these animals been here?" she said.

Glenn laughed, a short explosive snort, derisive and ugly.

"Cindy," Eleanor said, "there's another one in the kitchen."

"In other words," said Cindy, "the house is crawling with them."

Eleanor heard a car stop in the driveway, and she saw Glenn Griffin's face turn pale. Soundlessly then, after a moment's apparent indecision, he turned and walked into the hall and through the dining room toward the muffled sound of the radio news report in the kitchen. He was back in a moment, poised and alert.

"He's opening the garage," Robish called from the den.

"He'll come in," said Glenn Griffin, the grin flat and masklike on his face.

Eleanor heard Dan's familiar brisk footsteps on the tiled floor of the sun porch. Glenn Griffin's gun was pointed directly at the door.

First, Dan Hilliard saw his wife—pale and haggard in the fading blue-gray twilight. Then he saw Cindy, her small face angry and defiant. Only then, although there was no movement from the direction of the hall, did Dan see Glenn Griffin and the pointed gun.

He felt his breath catch, and in that instant he had the whole picture straight and clear—not yet quite believable to him, but already he was accepting it. He recalled the news reports he'd heard on the car radio, the sedan he had seen in his own garage.

Eleanor saw an unnatural redness mounting in her husband's face. "If you fire that gun, Griffin," Dan said, "you'll have the whole neighborhood down on you in two minutes. The Wallings next door will hear the shot, even with the woods in between."

THE only sound in the dusky room then was a gasp of relief from Eleanor. Out of the corner of his eye Dan saw a movement from the direction of the den, but he did not shift his eyes from Glenn Griffin's, even when he heard Robish's heavy dull voice: "You try something, mister, and you all get it. You dumb, mister?"

"No," Glenn Griffin said very slowly, "he's not dumb, Robish. He's a real smart boy. Smarter than we figured, maybe." There was an edge of warning in his quiet tone.

"What do you want with us?" Dan Hilliard demanded, crossing the room toward his wife and putting his large, freckled hand on her shoulder.

"Now you talk sense, pop. So I'll talk sense, too."

Glenn Griffin began walking up and down the room in a graceful, catlike way. When he spoke, he sounded like an actor who has rehearsed his words many times—as though he were carefully but arrogantly trying to live up to some picture of himself that he carried in his mind. Dan listened, wryly noting Glenn Griffin's bravado, and yet angered and numbed by his own helplessness to call Griffin's bluff.

All they wanted, Glenn Griffin explained, was a safe place to stay until midnight, or at the latest two or three in the morning. There was some money coming at that time. He had to receive the money here, in this town, because he had to pay someone to do a job for him, a job he'd like to do for himself. That was the only reason he was here. As soon as the money arrived, they would go. Until then, life in the Hilliard house was to go on as usual in every way. "Just like usual, see."

Dan, meanwhile, had reached one hard conclusion: this boy would kill one or all of them if anything went wrong, and it was as much to the family's advantage as to Griffin's to keep the police away from the house.

"Any red lights show in front of this joint, it's not going to be pretty. Got it?"

"We'll do whatever you say, Griffin," Dan Hilliard said in a flat voice.

Glenn Griffin laughed and said, "You don't have no choice, pop."

OVER a red checkered tablecloth and what was left of a thick steak, Jesse Webb was talking to his wife Kathleen, who listened with a smile to the ripple of excitement in his voice. "Now we've got her spotted," he said, "on U.S. 40, heading west. That means she's coming here. Miss Helen Lamar's sailing along in her nice maroon two-door job, and every town she goes through now, there'll be somebody watching her. But nobody's going to touch her—oh, no. Miss Helen Lamar's going to lead us to Glenn Griffin."

"Jesse," his wife said gently, "you want to kill that man, don't you?"

"Yes," Jesse Webb said. "Yes, and I'm not ashamed of it."

Dan Hilliard, staring at the gun that Griffin carried, was astonished but not ashamed of his thought. He had begun to wonder whether there wasn't some way to kill Glenn Griffin—before the police tracked him down and brought violence into the house.

"The kid's coming up the drive on his bike," Robish called from the den.

"If you'll let me talk to him," Dan said quickly, "I can explain it and—"

"Shut up," Glenn Griffin said softly.

"But with the house lights off, the boy will be scared. You can't—"

Glenn Griffin took two swift, silent strides and jabbed the gun point with bruising force into Dan's ribs. Dan gasped for breath. He heard a small cry of astonishment and sudden fear from the direction of the kitchen.

Then Ralphie was standing in the hall, held in the grip of a very young man whom Dan had not seen before. "What's this guy doing in our kitchen?" Ralphie demanded; a flash of comprehension came over his face as he saw the gun in Griffin's hand.

Then with startling suddenness, Ralphie darted into the living room; Dan held out his hand to stop him but the boy ran on past him.

Ralphie was opening the sun-porch doors when Robish burst out from the den and grabbed him. Ralphie sobbed once as the enormous hand spun him about and began shaking him.

Dan forgot Glenn Griffin, startled into inaction behind him; he forgot the gun. In that blank, wild moment he saw only his son's tear-filled eyes and the hate-twisted face of the man looming over him. Dan lunged for the man's shoulder.

Eleanor watched the pantomime in horror, knowing that she must somehow control the rage that had taken possession of her husband. But by then it was too late to stop him. Dan had whirled Robish about, and the man's eyes glittered in surprise as Dan's fist crashed upward into the square, heavy face. The crunching sound of the single blow filled the entire house. Robish stiffened, then tottered uncertainly and finally collapsed on the floor.

Dan didn't feel anything at first, or

"I Was Warned About The CATHOLIC CHURCH!"

My relatives and friends were shocked when they heard I was studying to become a Catholic.

With complete sincerity . . . and a genuine concern for my welfare . . . they set out to show me what a terrible mistake this would be. And as I look back now, I realize that if all the things they believed to be true about the Catholic Church were true in fact, I would indeed have been making a great mistake.

But the important fact is, the things they thought to be true were not.

Having been a non-Catholic myself until early manhood, I can understand the viewpoint of these people. And most of them, I realize, are prompted in their beliefs not by malice, but by grievous misunderstanding. And I am reminded of Christ's words to the Apostles: "...yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service" (John 16:2).

They sent me all sorts of pamphlets and tracts condemning the Catholic teaching on the Sacraments, on Baptism, salvation and other topics. There was, in these pamphlets, a remarkable lack of agreement as to the "correct" doctrine. They were in accord only in one thing—their opposition to the Catholic doctrine.

I have come a long way since I first stood off and looked at the Catholic Church through non-Catholic eyes. I am a convert to Catholicism, and I can, with knowledge, reason and fairness, discuss both sides of "The Catholic Question."

I have not, as my non-Catholic friends predicted, lost the slightest degree of religious freedom. I am not held to my faith by bonds of fear or superstition. The Catholic Church does not corrupt the Scriptures . . . does not deprive me of direct access to God . . . does not try to substitute a man-made system for the true religion of Jesus Christ. On the contrary, it has consistently taught what I am convinced are the true teachings of Jesus.

Not all of those who heard Christ's words from His own lips could believe what He said. Even many of His disciples "...went back, and walked no more with Him" (John 6:67). It would, therefore, be presumptuous of me to think that all who read this will share my conviction that the Catholic Church is "the church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

But there are, I know, many sincere, fair-minded people who want to know the Catholic Church as it is—not as it is often misrepresented to be. And for their benefit, I have written a pamphlet discussing many things about the Catholic Faith which most disturb and confuse those on the outside. A copy is yours for the asking. It will come to you in a plain wrapper, and nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet C-43.

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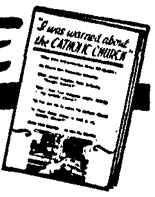

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hear Eleanor's cry. He was paralyzed by the abrupt and awful knowledge of what he had done to all of them. Then the pain struck as Glenn Griffin lifted his gun and brought it down full force on Dan's shoulder. The whole right side of his body went numb and cold and he felt himself staggering. Glenn Griffin grasped his arm roughly and pushed him toward the sofa.

When Dan could see again, Glenn Griffin was facing Robish, the gun directed at Robish's stomach. Robish was muttering incomprehensibly, and his yellowish-green eyes were fixed on Dan. "Not like this, see!" Griffin was saying loudly. "It's not going to be like this. Get to the kitchen, Robish!"

"You think I'm gonna let—"

"Nothing's going to foul this up!" Griffin cried. "Get going, Robish."

AFTER that, the blackness returned to Dan's mind. His next impression was of Glenn Griffin bending over him, speaking angrily, yet his words seemed to make only a senseless din in his ears. Vaguely he comprehended the cursing, and the warnings, and the vile threats.

Finally Glenn straightened, reached into his pocket and drew out something small which Dan could not see. He crossed toward Eleanor, and Dan felt himself stiffen. "Read it," Griffin was saying. "Read it aloud."

Dan had to concentrate very hard to comprehend the words that Eleanor read in a tight voice from a yellow and frayed newspaper clipping. It was a dispassionate news-service story of an incident in New York State, describing in some detail the manner in which a fugitive, attempting to escape from a police net around a small house in which he was hiding, had brutally killed a small girl when the police fired at him.

When Eleanor had finished reading, no one spoke. Eleanor's arm was around Ralphie's shoulders. Cindy's face was ashen, and looked small and shrunken. Dan could picture Glenn Griffin carefully clipping the story from a newspaper—months or perhaps years ago—looking forward to just this moment. Dan was consumed by a shaking rage and hatred of the young criminal who stood by carelessly, letting the significance of that incident sink deeply into the minds of the Hilliard family. He warned himself sharply: no matter what, he must not let himself become the victim of his emotions again.

"Now, Hilliard," Griffin said, "you got a gun in the house?"

Dan's mind was beginning to function properly again: he couldn't afford to fight. The lives of his whole family were at stake. If he didn't tell them, they might find the gun themselves. Perhaps they had already found it. Perhaps this was a test. He nodded slowly.

"Where?"

"In the big bedroom—under my mattress."

Glenn Griffin shouted, "Hank!" And when the boy appeared, he spoke quickly to him and Hank ran upstairs.

"Wising up, Hilliard," Griffin said.

Dan was staring straight ahead. Yes, he was wising up. He was glad they would have his gun; now he would not be tempted to go for it himself. He could not fight these men with guns, or with violence of any sort; if he tried, at least one of his family would be killed. Griffin had made that clear.

When Hank returned, Glenn whispered, "Put it in your pocket, Hank. And don't tell Robish. Pop here agrees with that, don't you, pop?"

By now Dan had reached the conclusion that besides playing their game and being as unemotional about it as possible, he must also concentrate on Glenn: he was the leader—sly, cruel, but the one to watch and depend on.

"All right, Griffin," Dan said, the pain steady and knifelike down his side. "I'll handle my family. We'll string along. We'll do anything you say—within reason. But if one of you touches one of us again—"

"I don't go for threats, pop." There was a challenge in the scorn of his tone.

Dan felt a swift impatience. "Don't you understand, man? I'm saying we'll co-operate—provided you can take care of your men."

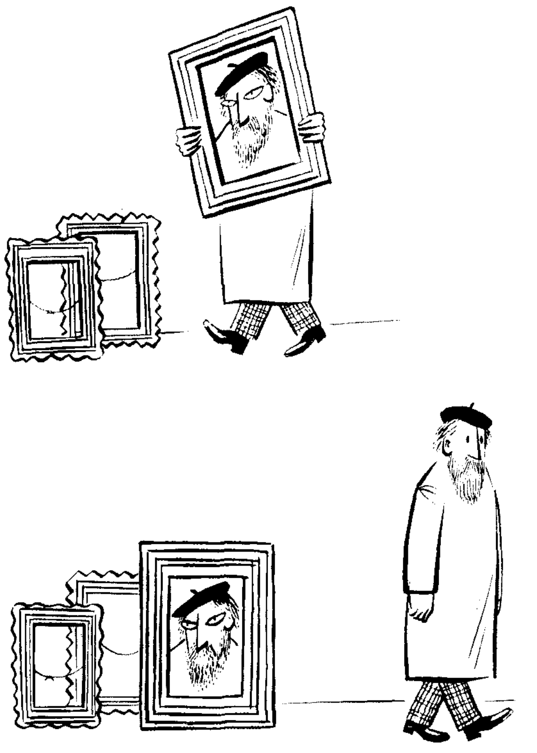
When he saw Griffin's dark eyebrows lift slightly, Dan knew he had struck home. This was the sort of appeal, or challenge, that Glenn Griffin could understand. "I can handle 'em," he said. "I can take care of Robish."

"I think," Dan said, "that we understand each other, Griffin." It would not be long now, he thought. Midnight, Griffin had said, or two or three in the morning at the latest.

TIME was standing still for Jesse Webb; and although he had been waiting for the phone in his office to ring, when it did ring he was startled. After he picked up the receiver and listened a moment, he stood up, feeling a tense excitement mingled with despair. Helen Lamar had disappeared.

All the precautions, all the hard, tedious work of police officers between Pittsburgh and Columbus, Ohio, had been, as it turned out, useless. Helen Lamar, in the maroon two-door sedan, had made one single, simple mistake. She had exceeded the speed limit on the outskirts of Columbus; and a traffic patrol car had given chase.

DO NOT ARREST, the teletypes



COLLIER'S K. WAITE

had read, REPEAT DO NOT ARREST.

Speeding! Of all the foul luck, Jesse thought bitterly.

Helen Lamar, reckless and desperate, had given the pursuit car the slip in the tangle of the city. How could she know they were only going to give her a traffic-violation ticket? The police had found the car on a side street in Columbus, less than two hundred miles away. But Helen Lamar had got away.

And now what? What would Griffin do now? He had no money; for the present, at least, his clever plans for escape were foiled. He was backed up against a solid wall. But what Griffin's next move would be was beyond Jesse Webb's powers of imagination; he felt weak and angry, and the kind of panic that must have overcome Helen Lamar was beginning to mount in his mind.

At nine thirty that evening Dan Hilliard sat behind the wheel of his own car in a service station while the attendant filled the gas tank and checked the oil and water and tires. He was following orders. Griffin would need a car for a quick getaway as soon as the woman arrived with his money. And he meant to use the Hilliards' blue sedan, not the dust-spattered gray car hidden in the garage.

With each breath the racking pains that traveled up and down Dan's bruised ribs stabbed into his lungs. He was staring at a telephone on the wall inside the lighted service station. In less than thirty seconds, he could be speaking to the police. . . .

THE incidents of the last two and a half hours had filled Dan Hilliard with a smoldering fury. He was no longer blindly, violently angry as he had been earlier. As he sat waiting in the car, he tried to recall the hours that had passed since his assault on Robish, but only scattered impressions came—the night outside, dark and full of wind; the headlights on the boulevard, remote and unreal; the pictures and blazing headlines on the front page of the evening paper; the family sitting in the light, with the three fugitives well out of sight of the windows.

If any casual passer-by had glanced toward the Hilliard home, he would have seen a perfectly normal family group. He would not have guessed that Glenn Griffin watched the front yard and street from behind the dining-room curtains, that the heavy-jowled and sullen Robish commanded a view of the side yard and driveway from the den, or that the boy, Hank, was at the kitchen windows watching the back yard and listening intently to the radio.

Dan paid for the gas and looked away from the telephone, firmly putting aside the temptation to use it. As long as those men were in his house, with his family, he was helpless—as Griffin had intended him to be.

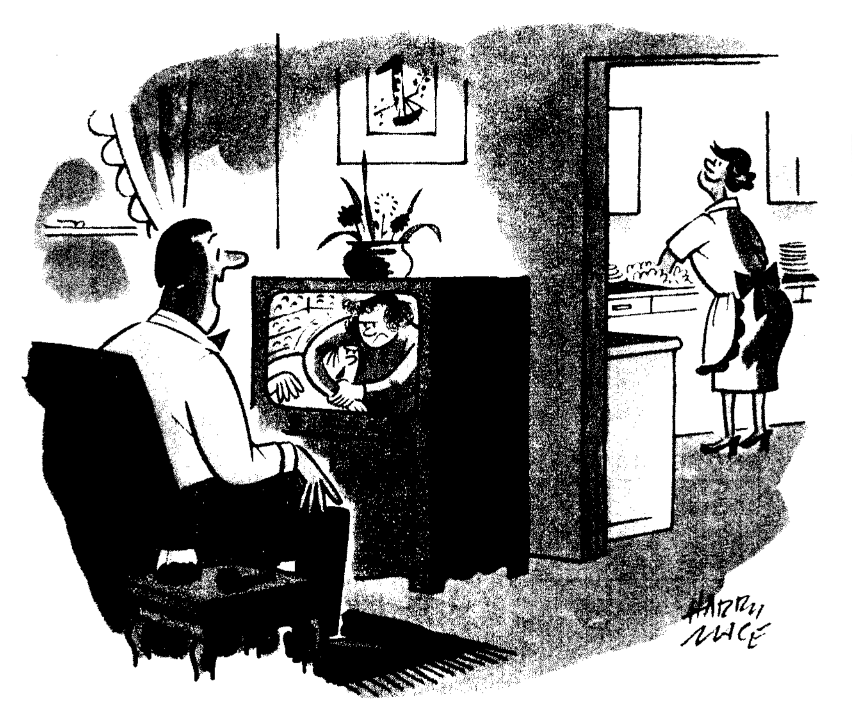
Dan drove toward the shopping area where, following orders again, he was to purchase a bottle of whisky for Robish. Inside the liquor store, paying for the wrapped bottle, he caught sight of himself in a mirrored sign behind the counter. His face was ashen-gray, his tie slightly askew, the hat pulled down far over his forehead. He glanced at the proprietor, who was studying him with unconcealed suspicion.

Perhaps the proprietor had a gun under the counter. If Dan spoke to him now, explained matters, borrowed the gun . . . He would not hesitate to kill—not for a second. If it were possible to step into his house and fire three swift bullets, he would do it. Dan shuddered. In less than four hours they had brought him to this.

"Anything else?" the proprietor asked. Dan turned away with a sense of futility. It was no use—not against three of them, not with Griffin's gun directed at Eleanor, or at Cindy, or Ralphie. It was no use.

WHEN he was in the car again, driving along the boulevard, Dan began to wonder. Afterward—after the tragedy, if tragedy came—would he be haunted forever by the realization that he might have, by some sly or bold move, prevented it all? Could he ever be sure?

It was then that Dan Hilliard recalled his son's words when, an hour earlier, Dan had followed the normal ritual of accompanying Ralphie upstairs to bed. Ralphie had said, "They don't look so tough. You licked the big guy, Dad."



"You've got it all over these gals on TV, honey!"

COLLIER'S HARRY MACE

"No. I lost my temper."

"You're scared."

"Yes. And you should be too, son."

"Cindy isn't. And I'm not. I could sneak down the back stairs. They wouldn't even hear me go out."

Dan had looked at his son, wondering how he could explain this situation to a ten-year-old boy.

"Why'd you have to tell him where your gun was, Dad?"

Dan had clenched his fists at his side as he stood above his son. "Because," he'd said, "if I hadn't, they might have found it. Or I might have tried to use it. We can't fight that way. Listen, Ralph, you want to be considered a grown boy in this house. Then you've got to think and act like one. If you went running out of this house now, or if I tried to shoot one of them, the others would kill your mother and your sister. We'd be the reason they did it. Don't you see, son?"

The boy's face had clouded and he had turned away then, muttering something unintelligible into the pillow. "What did you say, son?" Dan had felt the boy's back tremble under his hand.

Ralphie lifted his face; there were tears in his eyes. "I don't want them to take me along," he'd blurted. And when Dan could not speak, he said, "You heard what that man made Mom read to us about the little girl. What's going to happen when they go, Dad?"

Dan had reached out and taken hold of Ralphie's shoulder and held it a brief moment. "I wouldn't let them do that, Ralph," he said. "*I won't let them.* Trust me. Go to sleep now, and trust me, Ralphie."

Remembering now, as he backed the car into the driveway as he had been instructed to do—the nose pointed toward the boulevard, the doors unlocked and clear of Cindy's coupé, the key in the ignition—Dan knew he had to find a way to keep those three from taking anyone along with them when they left at midnight.

He opened the door and stood in the hall for a moment. "Didn't get any ideas, did you, pop?" Glenn Griffin said, walking up to him. Then, holding the gun, Griffin proceeded to search him, touching every pocket with the thoroughness and arrogance that Dan had come to despise. He hardly noticed when Robish came in and snatched the bottle of whisky from his hand.

Standing rigidly, Dan asked the question that was uppermost in his mind: "Where's Cindy?"

Eleanor joined him swiftly, her face wan, her voice quick but strained. "It's all right, Dan," she said. "Charles Wright dropped by. They let her go out before he could get inside. It's all right, Dan. Cindy'll be careful."

"I talked to her," Glenn Griffin explained easily. "I told her what would happen if she let anything slip to her boy friend. She's a smart little gal."

Dan walked slowly into the living room toward his chair. For Eleanor's benefit he said, "Cindy won't take any chances," but he recalled with a shudder the defiant contempt that had been in his daughter's eyes.

THERE was a cold glint in Cindy's eyes that was puzzling to Charles Wright. Tonight, when he had dropped by unexpectedly, she had hurried out of the house before he had even touched the doorbell. In the hour he had been with her, she had fallen into a silence that shut him out completely.

Sitting beside her now in his small foreign sports car in the parking area of a roadside restaurant, Charles Wright was trying again to talk to her: "Look, Cindy, stop treating me like the town moron. I don't say I could help, but just give me a hint."

She stared blankly straight ahead. "I'm sorry, Chuck," she said.

Chuck twisted his tall, athletic body about in the seat, offered her another cigarette which she either ignored or did not see, and then lighted it for himself. "Okay, then, I'll talk," he said. "A little while ago I was feeling great. Why? It would've been hard to say. Because I was going to see you tonight? Because tomorrow I'd be with you again? Anyway, I was feeling wonderful. Then wham! You slam all the doors in my face. You're a thousand miles away. What the hell—have I been kidding myself all along, Cindy?"

Very slowly Cindy turned to him. For a split second the hard gleam was gone from her eyes. Then her small face trembled, and before he could speak she had slumped over against him, with her head on his chest. He put his arms around her and could feel her body shaking convulsively. A thousand questions came into his mind, but he waited and in that pause as Cindy grew quieter, he came to a hard and bitter conclusion.

Finally, he spoke: "They don't like me, do they? Your family, I mean. They don't think I'm worth much."

He shouldn't blame them, but he did. It was true that Cynthia Hilliard wasn't the type of girl he normally dated. There was no place for marriage in Charles Wright's plans, and since coming home from the Marines, he had steered clear of emotional entanglements. The trouble was, he knew—when he made himself think about it—that Cindy Hilliard could never fit into the unconventional pattern of life he'd decided on. And for some illogical reason, that made his irritation at the Hilliards all the sharper.

Cindy, her head still against his chest, decided that she had to tell him. She herself could find no way out, but Chuck would find a way.

WITH the words already forming on her lips, though, she remembered Glenn Griffin whispering hastily into her ear just before he had shoved her toward the door an hour ago: "You tell anyone, and we'll take your mother along on our little ride, redhead. The kid too, in case the cops get tipped about when we're leaving. Any shooting and you folks get it first."

"Take me home, Chuck. *Please.*"

So he took her home, driving fast, seeing the hard glitter in her eyes again—almost as though she hated him. Why? Because Papa Hilliard had had his way, probably. What had he said? Only the truth, Chuck—that you're restless, reckless, that the law office bores you, that you don't intend to let your life slip into the dull routine of your parents' lives or of the Hilliards'. Well, he didn't intend to marry her, Chuck Wright told himself angrily—her or anyone else. That was for sure. So why the resentment?

He turned the small car into the Hilliards' driveway and noted an interesting fact: Mr. Hilliard had, for the first time within Chuck's memory, failed to put his car into the garage for the night. Tsk, tsk, Mr. Hilliard, he thought dryly, what will happen if we start breaking with our trivial little ironclad habits?

The house was dark except for a hall light upstairs. When Chuck came around and opened Cindy's door, she sat quite still, unwilling or unable to move. He felt strangely moved. Although her gaze still held the look of stolid hatred, he had the impression that she might be about to cry again. "Chuck," she whispered then, "Chuck, do you have a gun?"

The unexpectedness of the question and the urgency in Cindy's voice took his breath away. Before he could answer she was out of the car, running toward the house. He followed her to the rear door, the one she always used late at night, and took the key from her fumbling hand and unlocked the door. "Cindy, you can't go in now. Like this. I'll come in with you—"

"No!" The whisper turned into a loud gasp. "No. Leave me alone, Chuck. Forget what I said. Stay away and leave me alone, that's all!"

She went quickly inside and closed the door behind her. Chuck whirled about and strode back to his car. He discovered, without really noting the fact, that he still held the key to the back door of the Hilliards' house in his palm. He backed onto the deserted boulevard with his rear tires screeching. She'd slammed the door in his face again—and to hell with it!

But he knew he couldn't make it stick—not now, not after that question about a gun. If nothing else, he'd have to get the answer to that one—and soon, tomorrow morning in the office. What would a girl like Cindy want with a gun?

LYING on his back in the darkened bedroom, holding Eleanor's hand in his between the twin beds, Dan Hilliard had been struggling since ten thirty with one problem: What would he do if—after the woman arrived with the money—Glenn Griffin insisted on taking any of the family along with him? He could not think of any threat strong enough to prevent Griffin's doing exactly what he pleased.

There was a low, indistinct sound of voices downstairs. Dan got up and went out into the lighted upstairs hall. "Cindy?" he called.

A light switch clicked, and light flooded the downstairs hall. Dan went quickly, heedlessly, down the stairs. It was Robish's voice he heard, blurred with whisky, harsh with intensified venom. "What's it to you, Hank?"

Dan paused in the front hall and looked into the dining room. He heard Glenn Griffin approach from behind, and he knew the gun was on him. But what he saw made him forget that. Cindy was backed up against the buffet, her arm upraised before her face and her eyes brilliant and glittering. Robish stood close in front of her, his thick neck twisted around so that his small eyes were on Hank Griffin, who sat at the table. The room, the entire house, reeked with whisky. In a sickening and terrifying flash, Dan thought: Now it's happening. Now it's going to happen.

"Got to search her, don't I?" Robish demanded of Hank Griffin.

Dan could see Hank's face as the boy stood up slowly. His dark eyes were sharp and bright and filled with expression for the first time. "Go upstairs to bed, miss," the boy said, each word clipped and distinct.

Robish turned to Cindy. "Might have a gun," he said. "Gotta search he pretty little redhead."

Dan cursed himself for bringing the liquor into the house; with the pressure of Glenn Griffin's gun in his back he aid to Glenn: "If you're going to let him get away with this—"

Hank's words, still quiet but very distinct, cut across Dan's warning: You're drunk. Robish. Let her by."

Robish turned again, a slow clumsy movement, and uttered an obscenity. But Hank reached him in two steps, his arms flashing. Dan saw Robish's big head snap back; he saw the sudden blood; he heard the faint, almost plaintive groan. Cindy darted past him and joined Dan in the hall as Robish stood blinking. Then the big man uttered a low roar, and took a menacing step toward Hank. Suddenly there was an automatic in Hank Griffin's hand.

"Hank, you damn' fool," Glenn said harshly.

Robish was blinking again, this time at the automatic in Hank's hand—Dan's gun, the one Robish didn't know existed. Very slowly he turned and stared owlishly from one to the other of the two brothers. "All of you turnin' against me," Robish mumbled at last. "Should've known better—couple brothers." He lurched toward Glenn. "Kid brother going soft. Likes this joint. Likes it fine. Likes the pretty little redhead, too."

"Shut up," Hank snapped. He glanced from Glenn to Dan, avoiding Cindy's eyes.

"Second time I been pushed around," Robish was saying, rocking in front of Dan, who felt his muscles tightening. "Okay. Okay," Robish said, and walked unsteadily across the hall and went into the dark living room.

As Hank slipped the gun back into his pocket, he met his older brother's accusing glare. "It ain't safe to touch the women, that's all," Hank said.

"You know what happens if one of these heaters goes off, don't you?" Glenn Griffin demanded flatly.

His tone suddenly hard and resentful, Hank Griffin spoke to Dan and Cindy. "Get the hell to bed," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Griffin," Cindy said then, her eyes on Hank. She held Dan's arm. They were turning toward the stairs, where Eleanor waited a few steps above them, when they heard, from the direction of the living room, the sound of a door closing. It took several seconds for the significance of that sound to reach them.

Glenn understood first. "Stay down here," he said to Dan, and then to Hank: "Cover 'em." Glenn ran across the living room, swearing. In a moment, the door opened and closed.

THE pressure of Cindy's hand on his arm made Dan realize that she too was aware of the startling fact that had just come to him: both Robish and Glenn Griffin were, for the first time, outside the house.

Dan glanced over at Hank. The boyish face was passive again, very quiet and pale above the gun he held.

Thoughts raced through Dan's mind. If Robish, his stupid mind further blurred by whisky, got away, he would almost certainly be caught. If that happened, nothing in the world could keep the police from arriving here sooner or later. This was the disaster Dan most wanted to avoid—the police closing in while any one of the men remained, armed, inside the house.

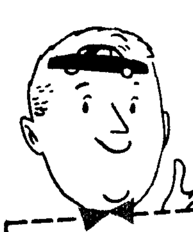
On the other hand, he realized that soon—when the money came—Glenn Griffin would probably not risk leaving without taking one or perhaps two of the family along. If Dan didn't act now, with two of the men outside the house, he might have no other chance.

He looked again at the gun in young Hank Griffin's hand. Suddenly he knew how he would get possession of it. "Faint," he whispered to Cindy.

Cindy, not questioning, not waiting even a second, fell limply to the floor.

—JOSEPH HAYES

(This is the first of four parts.)



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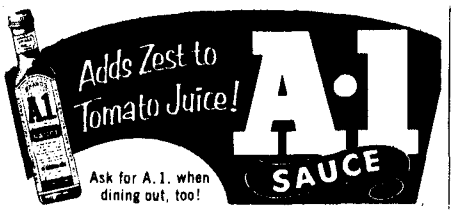
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By E. A. CAREY

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My new pipe is not a new model, not a new style, not a new gadget, not an improvement on old style pipes. It is the first pipe in the world to use an ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE for giving unadulterated pleasure to pipe smokers.

I've been a pipe smoker for 30 years—always looking for the ideal pipe—buying all the disappointing gadgets — never finding a single, solitary pipe that would smoke hour after hour, day after day, without bitterness, bite, or sludge.

With considerable doubt, I decided to work out something for myself. After months of experimenting and scores of disappointments, suddenly, almost by accident, I discovered how to harness four great natural laws to give me everything I wanted in a pipe. It didn't require any "breaking in". From the first puff it smoked cool—it smoked mild. It smoked right down to the last bit of tobacco without bite. It never has to be "rested". AND it **never has to be cleaned!** Yet it is utterly impossible for goo or sludge to reach your tongue, because my invention dissipates the goo **as it forms!**

You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes.

The claims I could make for this new principle in tobacco enjoyment are so spectacular that no pipe smoker would believe them. So, since "seeing is believing", I also say "Smoking is convincing" and I want to send you one Carey pipe to smoke 30 days at my risk. At the end of that time, if you're willing to give up your Carey Pipe, simply break it to bits—and return it to me—the trial has cost you nothing.

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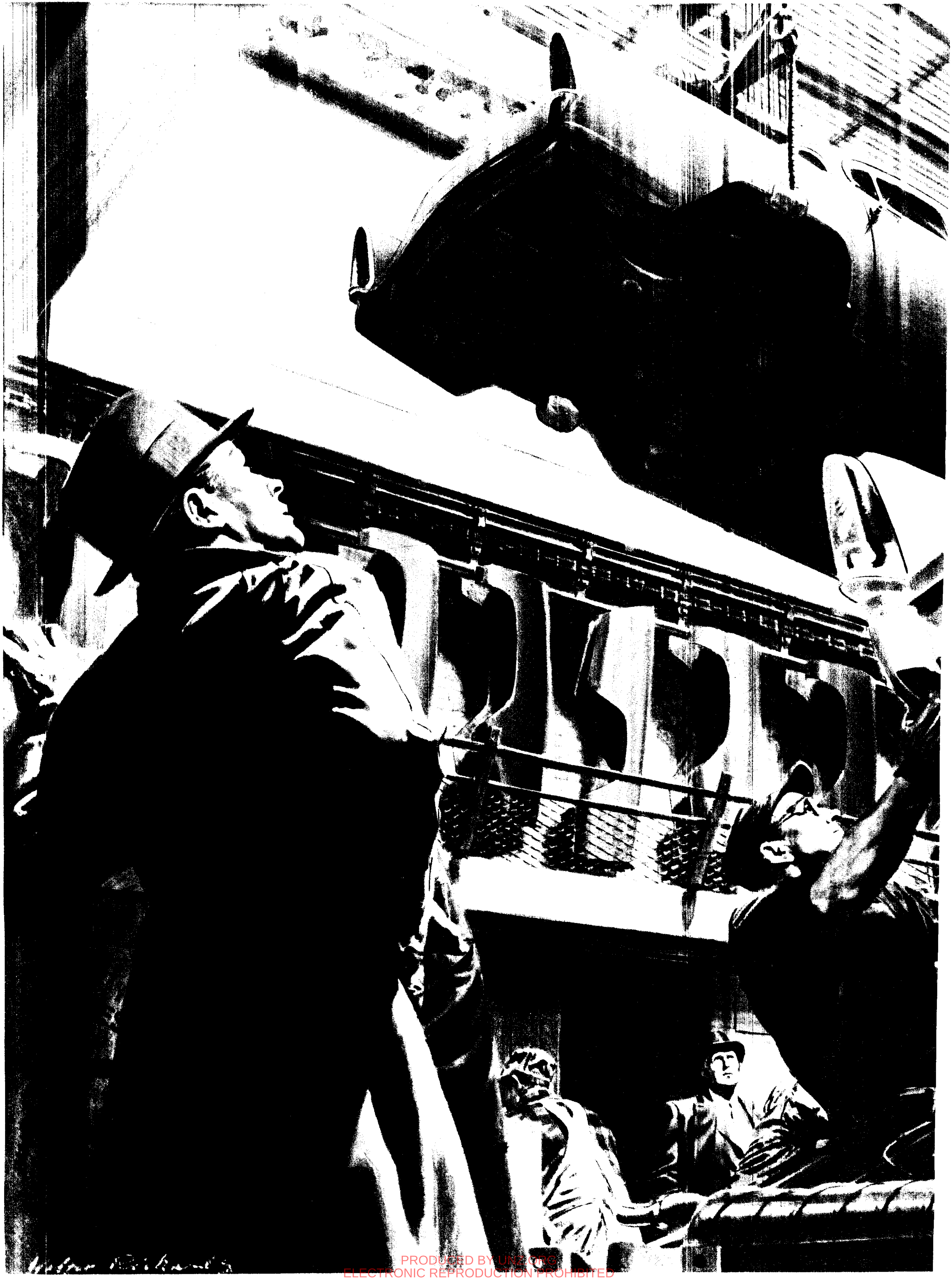

Walter Richards

The $20,000,000 DECISION

By CAMERON HAWLEY

The Author of Executive Suite

John Crockett had risked an auto company's future; Len Amory had bet his reputation. Had they made a $20,000,000 mistake?

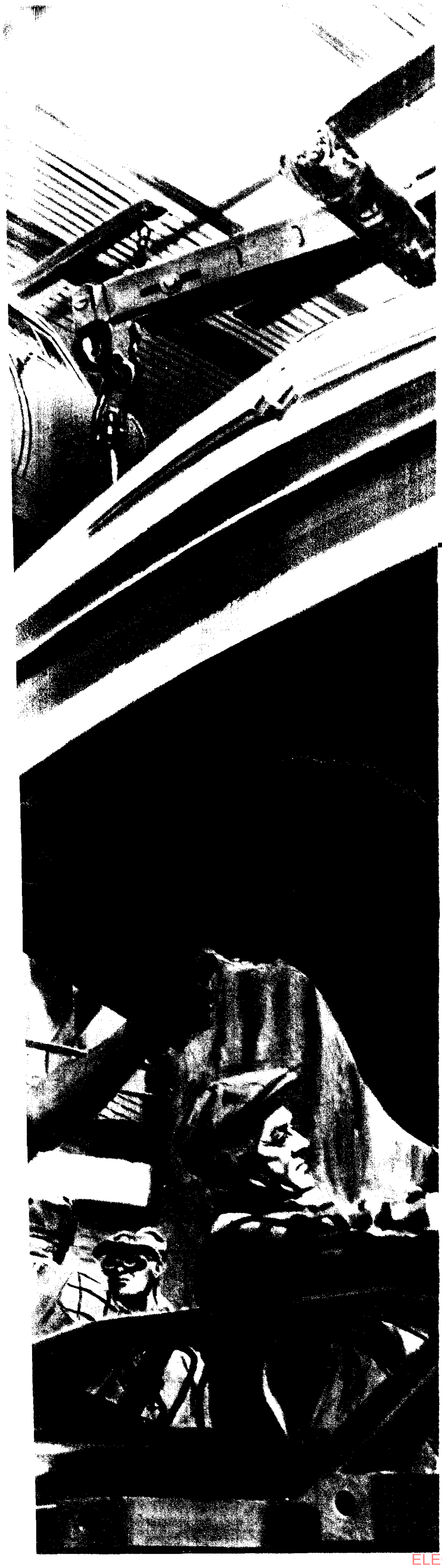
ALL through the night the storm had moved south and east over the Michigan peninsula, blanketing the earth with snow. Now, in midafternoon, it was still snowing in Detroit; it was colder, and the snow was drifting as the wind rose. But the snowplows were winning the battle to keep the factory roads open. The main travel lanes were clear. Another enormous trailerload of sedan bodies was pulling into the drop dock. A big flat-bed truck, loaded with a triple row of motors under flapping tarpaulins, roared down the drift-banked lane toward the far end of the final-assembly building. Farther away, barely visible through the veil of swirling snow, a locomotive backed another gondola of frames into the cavernous maw of the chassis wing.

High above the plant yard, looking down through the big plate-glass window of the president's office, John Crockett surveyed the scene. Through the storm he saw everything that was happening, and nothing that he saw was without meaning. The flashed glimpses of motion behind the blue-lighted windows of the final-assembly building told him that the production line was moving now. He saw the whole operation in all of its fantastically complicated detail, as clearly as if the storm had ended and the brick walls had suddenly become transparent.

Slowly, with a controlled and deliberate movement, he took out his watch and noted the time. Only the slight trembling of his hand betrayed the tension he felt. His face remained impassive, seemingly roughhewn from some coarse-grained stone.

Even in the privacy of his office, alone, his face was a mask, enigmatic and unrevealing, offering no hint of the thoughts that filled his mind. He knew what they were saying about him at the club—all over Detroit. They thought he was too old at sixty-five, an outdated model overdue for the scrap heap. They said that automobile manufacturing was a young man's game now—new blood and new rules, group thinking, committee control. It was time to let the college boys take over; there was no place any more for the old-timers who had climbed the ladder with a wrench in one hand and a grease bucket in the other.

Even some of the outside directors on his own board had dropped hints last year that he ought to be thinking about retiring. Confound it, he *had* thought about it. But he'd been forced to stay on for this one last year. There was no one ready to take his place, and the directors couldn't blame him for that. He'd brought along as good a bunch of vice-presidents as you'd find



Amory saw Crockett on the other side of the assembly line. Did the old man know what had happened? Could he see the way those changes had spoiled the design?

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER RICHARDS

anywhere in the industry—all his own boys; he'd trained every one of them himself—but they simply hadn't had enough experience. They'd never been up against the *real* automobile business, the way it had been before the war, the way it was going to be again now: no more steel allocations, no more production quotas, no more shortages. The public was back in the driver's seat. The days were over when buyers had to take any car they could get. Now they'd buy only what they wanted to buy; and when they didn't buy there'd be trouble, *real* trouble.

That's what his boys didn't realize. How could they? They'd never been through it. They were too young. Simpson was the oldest of the lot and he was only forty-one. In 1940, the last year of normal business, Simpson had been nothing but a young clerk in Production Planning. None of his boys were old enough to remember the '35, the flop, the line that almost wrecked the company. In 1935 . . .

HIS mind automatically subtracted nineteen years from the ages of his vice-presidents: Simpson, twenty-two, a college boy at Harvard Business; Jim Sarner just out of Purdue; George Carter still at Minnesota; Len Amory—good Lord, he'd never thought of it before but Len must have been in high school!

Momentarily, the cold wind seemed to penetrate the double glass of the big window; Crockett shuddered as he realized the terrific gamble he had taken in letting a youngster like Len design the '54 line—nineteen and a half million dollars for new tools and dies . . .

His confidence quickly banished the chill. There was nothing to worry about. The '54 was *right*. He'd kept on top of the job himself, helping young Amory over the rough spots just as he had helped all of his other boys. No, there was nothing wrong with the '54. He had personally supervised every stage of designing and development, all the way from the first sketches to the handmade prototypes that the dealers would see tomorrow at the New York unveiling.

He replaced his watch. Everything was working out the way he'd planned it. After the '54 was launched the boys could go ahead on their own. He'd given them a new basic design; all it would need for the next three or four years was an annual face lifting: change the grille, a new instrument panel, shuffle the chromium around.

His eyes narrowed, focusing on the big door at the drive-away end of the final-assembly line. He'd seen a slit of light, widening, yellow against the gray of the day. The door was going up.

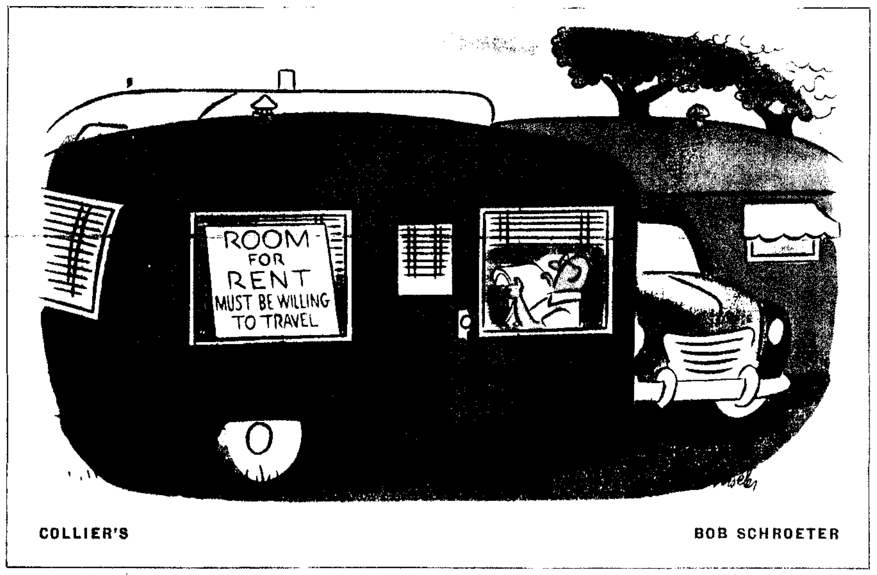
There it was— the first line-built '54!

Anticipating a sense of excitement that would be difficult to contain, he had tightened his face muscles, but nothing happened. There was no rise of spirit.

The car had moved out into the yard, its color and glitter dulled by the graying scrim of snow, its size dwarfed by the enormity of the factory.

He stared, incredulous, his mind blanked by a sudden premonition of disaster. Could that be it? Was that really the '54? Was that all it had turned out to be: just another automobile, ordinary, insignificant and inconsequential?

His huge hands seized the marble window sill as he fought the sensation of physical collapse. There was still no change in his masklike expression, but the veins stood out on his neck, hard and throbbing. He thought now of the scene in the directors' room on that day of decision two years ago, the day when he had fought through the appropriation of twenty million dollars for a complete model change. All the outside directors had stood against him to the end, arguing that the risk was unnecessarily great. But he had been so *sure*. Never, until this moment, had he considered the possibility of failure. And now he felt old and sick.



COLLIER'S BOB SCHROETER

He remembered the way the '35 had hit him—he had had this same sudden, terrifying realization that he was looking at a flop. Then it hadn't been his fault. Now it was. The '35 had been the Old Man's car, his last. After that the bankers had stepped in and cleaned out the top management. That was when they had made him president. That had been eighteen years ago, and he had stood here in front of this same window, looking at the job ahead of him: the factory still as death, the smokestacks cold, nothing moving in the yard, no men coming in through the gate, thousands out of work, parts suppliers going bankrupt, every mail bringing more reports of loyal dealers forced out of business by the company's flop.

The '54 *couldn't* flop! Failure was impossible. It was the best automobile the company had ever built; the best car for the money that *anyone* had ever built—the *best* motor, the *best* transmission, the *best* . . .

His shoulders slumped with a loss of self-control that startled him as much as if he, as an onlooker, had seen a granite monument start to crumble. He caught himself, squared his shoulders, and forced himself to face the truth. Times had changed. Nowadays the buying public took a car's mechanical soundness for granted. It was only the body that mattered, the styling. If the buyers didn't like the way the car *looked* . . .

Suddenly he saw the big meeting in New York tomorrow, every dealer from Maine to Virginia, hundreds of men crowding the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, sitting on the edges of their chairs as they faced the stage, waiting for the unveiling of the '54.

He heard the orchestra strike up, the faint rustle of the curtains opening, the rumble of the turntable as it brought the first car into view . . .

The silence of his office was horrifyingly reminiscent and, he feared, ominously prophetic. It was like that endless moment of stunned silence when the '35 had been unveiled, broken finally by the polite splatter of hypocritical applause. He could still see the ashen pallor on the Old Man's face as he had walked out on the stage, knowing the car was a dud.

"Max, here, just came up with a terrific idea; an idea that's made money every time we've used it"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

Tomorrow, *he* would be the one; eighteen years of success would be wiped away in one awful moment of failure. A brave front wouldn't fool those dealers. They'd know. The dealers always knew. Sometimes, individually, they'd give you a bum steer, but never in the mass. A thousand dealers couldn't be wrong. Tomorrow noon they'd all know that John Crockett had pulled a lemon out of the bag. It would be a death sentence for every dealer who didn't have the financial strength to survive a car that wouldn't sell—warehouses jammed, losses piling up; it was the '35 all over again; the Old Man, too old, had hung on too long.

John Crockett blinked, trying to erase the spots that danced across his field of vision. He clamped his jaws to prevent a change in his expression. He heard his office door open, and he turned. He was assured that he wasn't betraying his fears when he saw the undimmed brightness of Miss Nelson's pretty face. "Eddie Bratton called from the airport," she said.

Bratton was the pilot of the private plane that was waiting to take him to New York, and now Crockett grasped at the hope that the storm might force a cancellation of the flight. If he could get out of facing those dealers tomorrow . . .

But Miss Nelson went on, blithely unaware. "Eddie says you're not to worry. The runways are all open and the storm's only got as far east as Buffalo. It's clear from there to New York. But he wants to know if you'll be ready to leave before too long. I told him I thought you could make it by four."

"Anyone else going?" he asked cautiously, not fully trusting his voice.

She smiled and shook her head. "No, I managed to get most of the others on the plane this morning. I thought"—she hesitated—"well, I thought you'd rather be alone."

He wanted to thank her, but didn't. It wouldn't look right to admit that he was glad he had the whole plane to himself. Anyway, she probably knew that he appreciated it. Miss Nelson was a clever girl, for a youngster—not a day over thirty-five but she had a smart head on her shoulders. Yes, that's what he wanted now, to be alone. He did not want to face any of his boys, all of them so keyed up with excitement, so sure that the '54 would be a hit, none of them suspecting that they were only a day away from the most terrifying disillusionment that any man could ever face—a lemon line.

"Mr. Sarner has decided that he isn't going to New York," Miss Nelson went on, "and Mr. Amory is taking the train tonight. All the others are in New York by now. Shall I tell Eddie that you'll be at the airport by four?"

He nodded and turned back to the window.

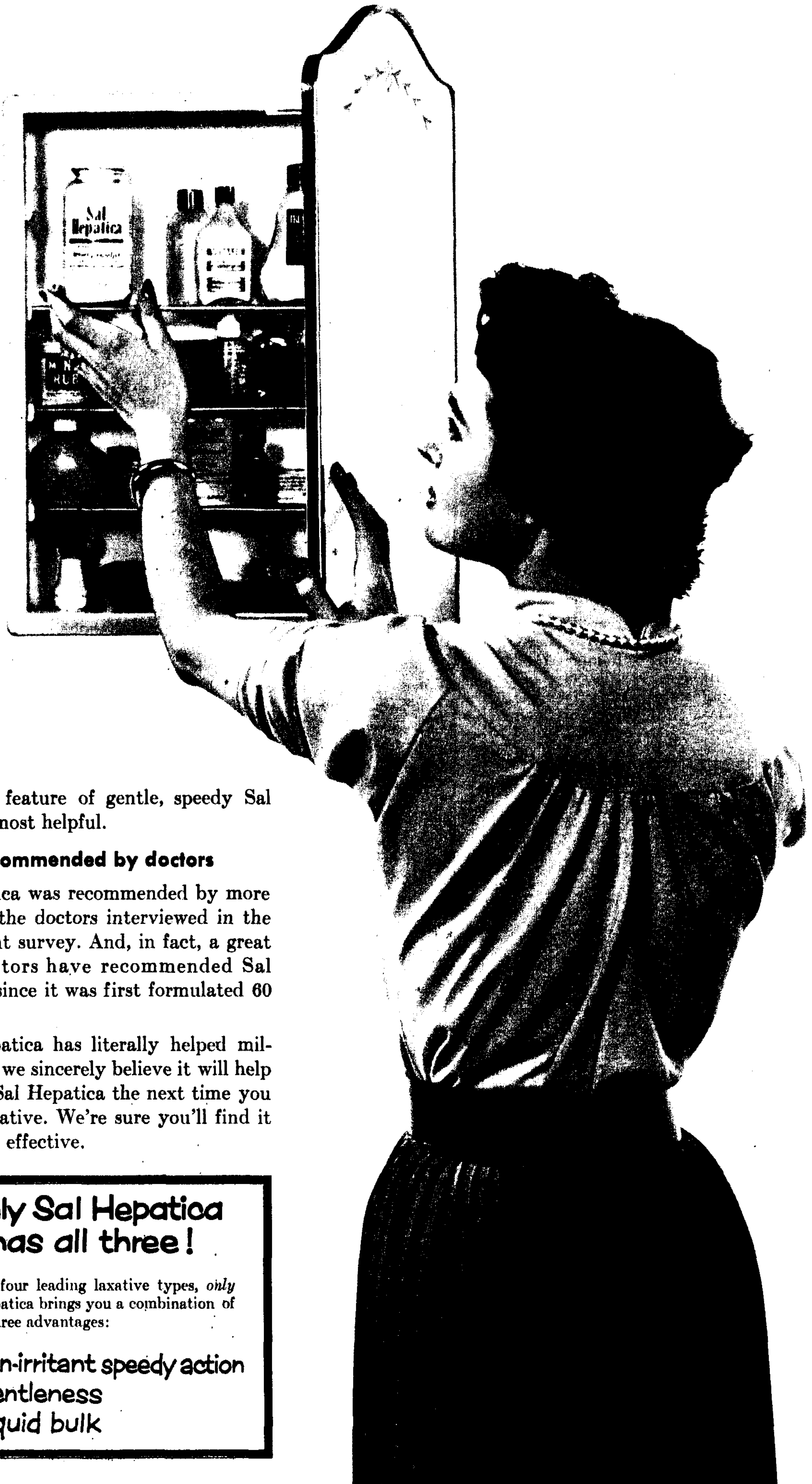
"I'll have your car waiting," she said.

OUTSIDE, the New York sky was blue as spring, the sun brilliant, but backstage at the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria it was impossibly dark. The three vice-presidents groped their way through the blackness, and finally came to a cluster of theatrical trunks that gave them a place to sit.

Somewhere in the blackness, a commanding voice shouted: "All right, everybody stand by. This is our last chance to rehearse the opening. Ready? Take it!"

There was a crash of cymbals that

How good is the laxative you usually take?



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●

The Restless Ones

By LESLIE WALLER

A story of three boys who were bored, who craved some real excitement. In desperation they thought: Why not try a holdup?

was immediately followed by a brassy fanfare. A spotlight stabbed out at the stage. A whirling, golden nebula gradually solidified into a slowly turning earth. A voice, amplified and echo-chambered, sonorously intoned, "And now—the '54!"

There was a thunder roll from the kettledrum. Lightning flashed. And the '54 four-door suddenly appeared, seemingly floating on a wind-blown cloud. "Hold it! That's it! House lights!" Ted Stoner came out on the stage, tugging at his sweat shirt. "That's fine, boys, fine. Now if I can just have a little more wind effect on this cloud. Frank, how about—?"

He saw the vice-presidents then, waved, and began to work his way through the litter of theatrical equipment, coming toward them. "Hi, Mr. Carter, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Green. Just get in?"

"Ted, that's a terrific opening!" Cal Green said.

"You like it?" Ted asked, delighted with the rare pleasure of simultaneous enthusiasm from three vice-presidents. "Well, you've really given us something to work with this year. This '54 is one sweet automobile!"

NOW it was their turn to bask in the warmth of praise. Ted Stoner was the biggest convention director in the business, so big that he didn't have to softsoap any client. You could ask Ted a straight question and get a straight answer.

"You think it'll go over?" Cal Green asked anxiously.

"You kidding?" Ted said. "When those dealers of yours see this car they'll tear the house down. The cheering will sound like an H-bomb going off. Man, that's a terrific styling job. Who did it?"

"One of our own boys—Len Amory," Green said, his expression of pride suddenly fading as he caught a look of concern on Fred Hardy's face.

Ted Stoner had seen it too. "Something you'd like changed in the opening, Mr. Hardy?"

"No, no. The opening's fine. I was thinking about what comes *after* the opening."

Cal Green sighed. He said, "I know, Old Crock getting up to make his speech."

Carter nodded and said, "You're right, Fred, it's going to be an awful letdown. We show the car, work everybody up to a terrific pitch, and then we hit them with the great stone face."

Ted Stoner said, "How about having Mr. Crockett go on before the opening? That way we could get rid of him—"

"No go," Hardy interrupted. "I tried to suggest that yesterday."

"What did he say?" Green asked.

"What does he ever say? Nothing. Just sits there and looks at you as if you didn't know what it was all about. Anyway, it's his last year and—well, that's that."

"Oh, maybe it won't be too bad," Cal Green said, uncertainly hopeful. "The curtains will still be open, won't they, Ted?"

"Sure, Mr. Green. They'll all be looking at the car anyway."

"I still wish—well, what do you think, George?"

George Carter lighted a cigarette. "I don't know," he said, "but Old Crock will probably come through one way or another. He usually does."

Hardy nodded nervously. "Maybe I'm just jumpy."

"I know I am," Cal Green said. "Butterflies as big as elephants."

Ted Stoner laughed. "What are you worrying about? With a car like that, it's in the bag. You can't miss."

"I know," Hardy said. "Guess it's just buck fever, but a new line always hits me this way."

"Me too," Carter said. "Haven't had a decent night's sleep in a week."

"A month!" Green said.

"We all ought to take a leaf out of Old Crock's book," Hardy said. "Just take it in stride, not let it worry us."

"I don't know how he does it," Green said. "Iron nerves, I guess. Twenty million bucks on the line, facing the toughest market in fifteen years, and he sits there not batting an eye."

"Maybe we'll get over the jitters after we've gone through as many model changes as he has," Hardy said.

"Not me," Carter said. "These ulcers will chew me down to size long before that."

Ted Stoner smiled and said, "Well, if you gentlemen will excuse me, I've got an ulcer of my own that's yelling for a little action."

John Crockett pulled on his overcoat and then reached out to take the bulging brief case that his secretary was holding.

"I put your speech on top," she said. "I thought you might like to look it over on the plane."

He nodded and walked out into the long corridor of the administration wing, lined with the dark offices of his vice-presidents. Confound it, why couldn't the boys do the speechmaking this year, let him off for once? No, that wouldn't be fair. He couldn't step out and let the boys take the responsibility for a flop. He had to go through with it, face it himself. He'd never been a coward before, he wouldn't be now.

Unexpectedly, he saw a light in the office of the production vice-president. The door was open. Jim Sarner had just come in from the plant, the snow still white on the brim of his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Crockett. Come in, come in, sir. Thought you'd left for New York."

John Crockett stood in the doorway, wondering if the boy had sensed what was going to happen to the '54. Apparently he hadn't. Sarner's face, still pink from the cold, was alive with excitement, his eyes bright with the pride of accomplishment.

"I suppose you know, sir, that the line is rolling," Sarner said. "Still got my fingers crossed but so far there's no real foul-up anywhere. Oh, a few kinks—some welding fixtures that need extra stops, three or four places where we can't get a gun in the way we want, some power-wrench trouble on the chassis assembly—but mainly it's just a matter of breaking in the men and getting up to speed. We're running twenty cars an hour now, and we ought to hit thirty before the shift goes off."

A compliment was called for—Sarner had obviously done an outstanding job of production planning and preline test assembly—but, somehow, John Crockett couldn't bring the boy's face into focus. All he could see were those cars pouring off the end of the assembly line—thirty an hour, forty an hour, fifty, sixty—the yard filling up, dealers' showrooms crowded with unsold cars, warehouses jammed to the guards. Automobiles piled up in a hurry when you were turning out a lemon. In 1935 they'd had to close down at the end of the fifth week.

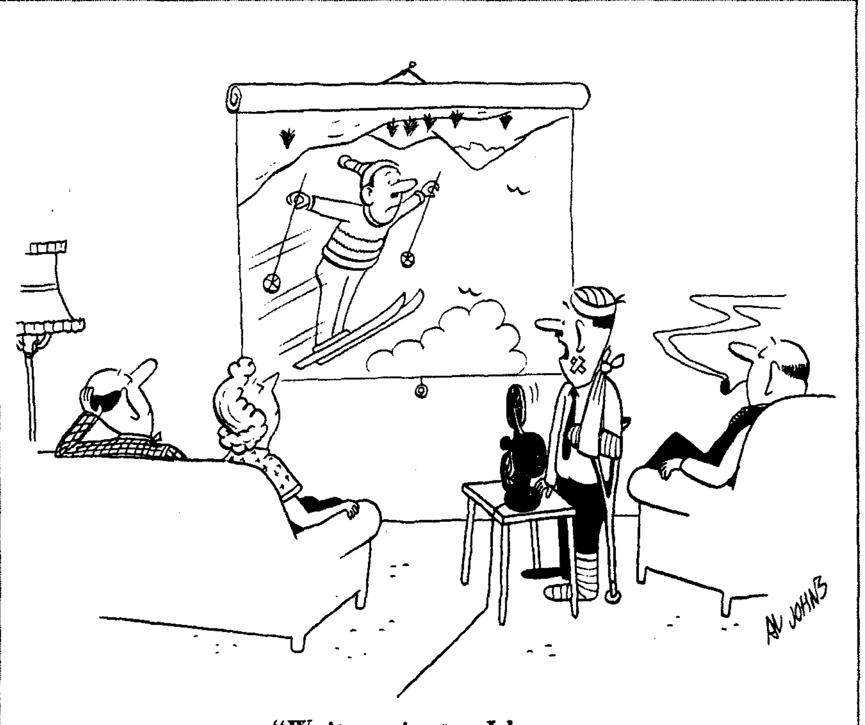
"I believe, sir, that we'd better get started right away on another subassembly line for front doors," Sarner said. "The boys in Sales have upped their estimates on coupés again and we're going to hit a bottleneck if we don't."

"Better wait. See how the picture looks after New York tomorrow."

"New York?" Sarner asked, puzzled. "You don't mean—well, you aren't worried about the kind of a reception the '54 is going to get, are you, sir?"

CROCKETT stood immobile, letting Sarner stare at him, hoping that the boy might understand without being told. But he didn't. Of course not, he couldn't. Jim was like all the rest of these youngsters—no experience. They couldn't recognize a flop when they saw it. Should he warn him about what was going to happen, start him working on a cutback program? No, he couldn't spoil the boy's one day of happiness, destroy that wonderful look of triumphant accomplishment that was on his face.

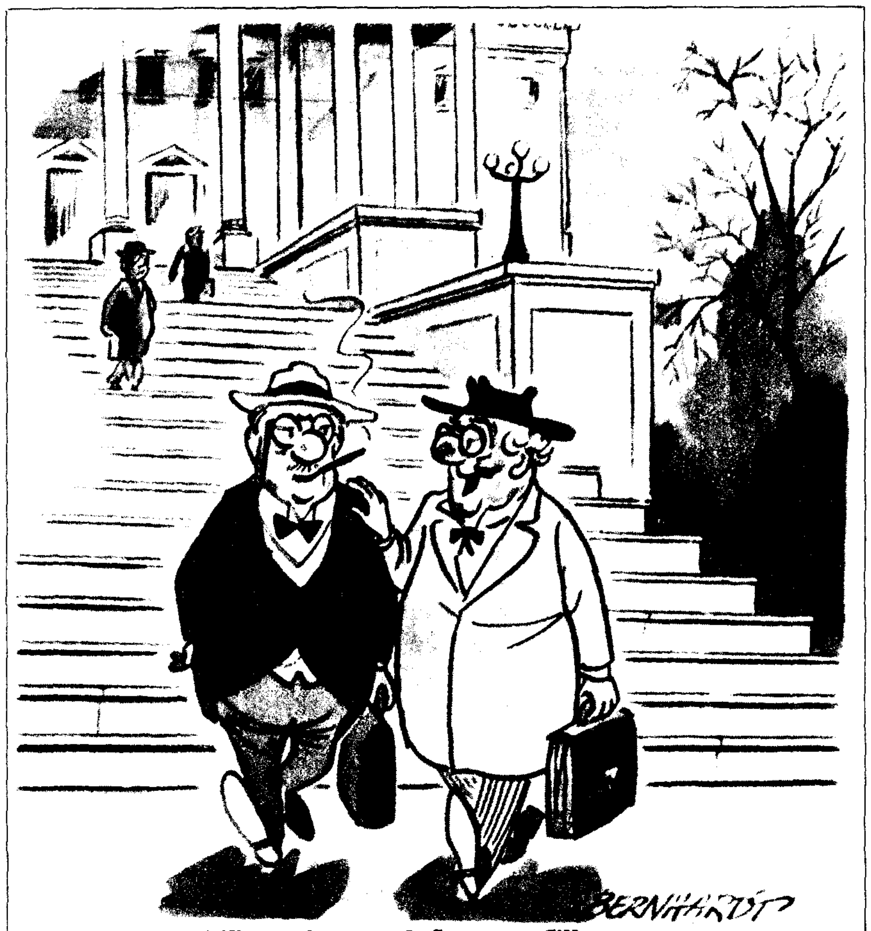
"Wish I were going to New York with you," Sarner went on. "I'd really get a boot out of hearing those dealers when they see the line. But I figure I'd



COLLIER'S

"Wait a minute—I have the film in upside down"

AL JOHNS



"Then it's agreed, Senator. I'll vote for your economy measure if you will support my appropriation bill"

COLLIER'S GLENN R. BERNHARDT

better stand by here. We've got such a good start that I wouldn't want anything to happen now."

John Crockett nodded in agreement and walked out and down the hall to the elevators. Maybe what they were saying about him around the club was true. Maybe he *was* too old, softening up, getting sentimental. Just now he'd been so afraid to hurt Jim Sarner's feelings that he'd let him go ahead too much on his own, not forced him to make the changes that might have kept the '54 from being a flop. That was a president's job. Your boys cursed you for interfering, called you a despot and a dictator, hated you for it; but when you were the president you had to be hard enough to take it, not worry about what any one man thought of you. That was the price you had to pay. You didn't dare think about the feelings of one man—or five men or ten men—only the thousands, the Company.

Yes, he could see it now. He'd been too easy on Len Amory, liking the boy too much, liking all of his boys too much, thinking of them too often during this last year as if they were his own sons. He'd been too easy; he'd been weak, *soft*. But why?

SUDDENLY John Crockett knew what had happened. He had been thinking too much about retiring. He had been afraid that he'd go out of office with all his boys still hating him, never understanding the way he really felt about them.

He got out of the elevator, stopped n the middle of the lobby, and then urned away from the front door and walked back toward the entrance of he plant. . . .

Halfway up the final-assembly line, tanding in the deep shadow of a big tack of crated parts, Len Amory watched as another body swung out ver the big hole in the ceiling, danled in momentary hesitation and then lummeted downward, the drop perfectly timed to the movement of the chassis traveling along the line. The sling whipped out and up, men jumped forward, power wrenches whirred, and the bodied chassis moved on down the line where, by some miracle of coordination, the overhead conveyer produced front fenders of exactly the right color at precisely the moment they were needed. The car moved on, another '54 assuming its final form.

Len Amory's expression was that of a bewildered man searching for the cause of some strangely undefinable disappointment. He had canceled his earlier plane reservation to New York in order that he might see the first cars come off the assembly line. He had done so in the hope that the line-built '54 might somehow recapture the sweep and dash that there had been in his first rough sketch, that quality of aliveness that, once experienced, was a landmark in an artist's life.

Now, reluctantly admitting his previous impression had been right, his heart sank with the realization that the '54 was not what he had dreamed it would be. It was just another automobile, sheet metal and castings, stamped and forged and machined, painted and plated.

But what else could it be?

He tried to listen to the voice of reason but could not accept the argument that the '54 was all that anyone could expect. It wasn't all that *he* had expected. He had wanted so much more than this, not just another automobile, but a smash success that would help him catch up with the calendar again, overcome all those years he had lost in the Army, all those years afterward when government restrictions and a runaway sellers' market had cheated him of a chance to do any real designing. He was getting old—thirty-six in April; he had a son starting high school this fall. It didn't seem possible: fourteen years out of Carnegie Tech and only now getting his first chance, maybe

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his only chance. There weren't more than a dozen top jobs in the whole automobile-designing field. Once you had a failure marked up against your name you were through in Detroit.

Len Amory stood alone in the shadows, remembering in vivid detail the long two years that it had taken to bring the '54 into being.

He looked at the cars being assembled, and he told himself that this wasn't the automobile he had designed, this wasn't it at all. His original concept had been changed, the clean, fresh design fouled by a hundred meddling hands. Every department in the company had got into the act: Development, Engineering, Body Engineering, Chassis Engineering, Motor Engineering, Sales Merchandising, Promotion, Advertising—even Field Service. From the start it had been: change this, change that, raise the hood line because Motor Engineering wants more clearance, redesign the front fenders so that Development can get in their new headlights, change the cowl contour to make it easier for Production to assemble—changes, changes and more changes!

And it was Old Crock who had let them do it, deciding against him every time there was an argument, always favoring the engineers and the production men. How wrong he had been to think, in the beginning, that Old Crock was on his side.

THE memory came back now, sharp and clear. It had begun two years ago—on a January day just like this—all the top brass had come in through the guarded door of the design studio and sat there watching with their sweet-sour faces as he showed them the stack of sketches. He had given them thirty-two preliminary designs to choose from but, so far as he was concerned, there was only one that really mattered—sketch 24-B.

But there was no reaction when he showed it, no comment, nothing. Carter had already settled on a sketch that was simply a face-lifting job on the '52; Green was plugging for a design that was a bare-faced steal from competition. The others were lost in a welter of argument and suggestions, vacillation and compromise, confusion and contradiction.

Two hours went by. Time after time he had leafed through the sketches for them, always hopefully hesitant before he turned past 24-B. Still no reaction. Then, suddenly, after all hope seemed lost, Old Crock spoke up for the first time that afternoon: "Unless someone wants to argue with me, I'd like to see 24-B worked up too."

Was it any wonder that he'd thought then that Old Crock was the greatest man on earth? After that it had been day and night in the clay room, the whole design staff working until they were out on their feet. It was the end of March when the quarter-scale models were finished, a fleet of toy-sized automobiles that almost filled the studio.

Then there had been another big meeting—more argument and confusion—and again it was Old Crock who had saved the day, finally overruling their compromise choice and selecting the model that all the others had passed over. That's the way 24-B had become the '54. And Old Crock was right. That was the astonishing fact about him. He *knew!* All the others admitted it afterward.

Then there were more days and nights in the clay room: the lath-covered buck being built, then the sculptors shaping tons of clay over the giant armature, finally creating a full-scale model of the '54 four-door sedan.

And then everything had started to go wrong. Clay models were hard to judge. They always seemed oversized, heavy and bulky. You tried to allow for that, to discount the terra-cotta color and the dulled surface, to see through the black panels that represented windows. You tried to picture it as it would ultimately look: the smoothness of steel, the color and sheen of baked enamel, the transparency of glass, the highlighting glitter of the chromium trim.

That was probably what Old Crock hadn't been able to visualize—the way the car would come out of the clay; and that was the reason he'd lost his perspective and started agreeing to changes, even suggesting some himself—but, no, that was no excuse. Old Crock should have been able to get his feet back on the ground after he'd seen the mock-up, the meticulous duplication of the clay model in patternmaker's pine, enameled and glazed, trimmed and ornamented, as close to the appearance of the finished car as it was possible to get.

But by then it was too late. Old Crock had gone over to the other camp, deserted him, forgotten that it was style that sold automobiles. The engineers and production men swarmed over the mock-up, and Old Crock gave them everything they wanted. The whole front was redesigned after Cooling Engineering had insisted on wider openings in the grill. The front doors were changed because of some Body Engineering whim after they'd studied the seating buck. A new profile over the rear wheels had been required because Development had come up with some fancy new springing arrangement.

After that, Amory couldn't keep up with all the changes that Old Crock was agreeing had to be made. How could he? He couldn't be ten places at once. The drafting room was a madhouse, the clay room even worse. So far all they had was the mock-up of the four-door sedan. Now there had to be full-scale half models of the other body types, a hundred details of trim to work out, and dozens of parts to design, each small in itself but vital to the whole; hubcaps, hood ornaments, body insignia, armrests, ash trays, door latches, control knobs, window fittings, an endless list. No matter how small a part was, it still demanded trial sketches, selection, revision, finished drawings, models—and changes, always changes.

The instrument panel alone meant weeks of design work, and then more weeks of revision as the changes piled up—Electrical changes, then Steering changes, everybody changing everything.

The first summer was almost over then and the pressure was on. This was the '54, scheduled for release a year from January. And Engineering was screaming that it had to order dies and tools or they'd never make the date. Old Crock took the gamble and told them to go ahead, and the main dies on the four-door went into work, even though some of those same dies would have to be used on other models for which the designing was still incomplete.

From then on, Old Crock didn't even bother to tell him about changes. All he knew was what he picked up on the grapevine: changes were made after the mahogany die models had been put together; then there were more changes on the first handmade metal prototype; and there were still more when Jim Sarner and his gang got into their test-assembly program. He was out of it. Old Crock had taken the '54 away from him and given it to the ham-handed engineers, and to the production men who never cared what anything looked like so long as it was easy to make.

Another body dropped to its chassis. No, this wasn't the car that he had designed. They'd lost what he had given it; there had been too many fingers in the pie, too many cooks—Sarner, Carter, Green and Hardy; Matheson, Pasachek and Smith; Steinman and White; Carpenter, dozens of others. But it wasn't their fault. They were only doing their jobs. It was Old Crock who was to blame. If the old man had only stood his ground, backed him up.

But why hadn't he fought back and forced Old Crock to listen?

Len Amory was occupied now with a self-accusing portrait of himself; he saw himself as a weakling who had been afraid to stand his ground—yet it wasn't really that. It was something else; it was Old Crock's confidence, a feeling you got when you looked at his face, that you were a fool to imagine that he could ever be wrong. How could you argue that there ought to be some way to stamp that reverse-bend surface on the front fender when you knew that Old Crock would be right, no matter what Pasachek said. That was the trouble, Old Crock was always so sure, so right, so terrifyingly invincible. If there had ever been an instant when the old man had been uncertain of his judgment, then he could have fought back—if Old Crock had ever once displayed the slightest evidence of being able to experience doubt or fear. But he never had, not Old Crock.

Len Amory was suddenly roused from his thoughts. Was that Mr. Crockett standing there on the other side of the assembly line? It couldn't be—he would be in New York by now—but it was! You could mistake some men, but not John Crockett.

The president hadn't seen him yet and Len Amory stepped back, shielded by the stack of crates, watching. Did the old man realize what had happened? Could he see the way all those changes had warped and spoiled the original design?

No. There was no expression of doubt on Crockett's face, only that strong-jawed look of complete confidence. Then Len Amory felt a sudden need for reassurance, for a sharing of Old Crock's unshakable confidence that the '54 would be a success.

He took a deep breath, filling his lungs for a shout that could be heard over the noise of the assembly line, but before he could call out he saw the president turn and walk toward the door, his head high, his massive shoulders squared. The old man did not even flinch as he stepped through the doorway and into the blast of the blizzard.

Len Amory followed him, picked up the bag that he had left in the Material Control office, and started downtown to catch the New York train. He wished now that he had taken the plane this morning.

IN THE convention manager's office at the Waldorf-Astoria, George Carter studied the seating plan for tomorrow's luncheon, nervously accepting assurance that two more tables could be squeezed into the Grand Ballroom. And last-minute reservations were still coming in. The word must have got out that there was something big in the wind. No matter how hard you tried to keep it under wraps, the dealers knew; they always knew. It would be the biggest crowd in the history of the company, a new record for attendance.

John Crockett sat in the cabin of the plane alone, staring at the blank porthole as the plane traveled through unbroken clouds. There was a rhythmic beat in the muffled roar of the engines; he had unconsciously timed his breathing to it, almost as if he were

COLLIER'S "Duck, Daddy!" VIRGIL PARTCH

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S "Quiet, everybody! Eddie and I have a swell idea that will liven up the party!" JEFF KEATE

now dependent upon some external motivation.

He was tired, dead tired, exhausted by this persistent fear that he had failed. At first he had expected the return of courage, the saving energy that had always before sustained him. He had lost battles but never a campaign; in the end he had always fought his way through. The trouble now was that the end was coming too soon. This was his last trip to a New York opening. The '54 was his last car. There would be no chance to redeem himself.

Wearily, and acting from habit, he reached out and opened his battered old brief case. His speech lay on top. He began to read, and then stopped before the end of the second paragraph in the realization that not a word he had written would be usable. It had all been based upon the supposition that the '54 would be a success. He had imagined himself rising to speak after a thundering wave of applause. The first paragraph was a greeting, the second a modest disclaimer of personal credit.

HE GOT out a pencil and slashed through the typewritten lines. He couldn't say now that his boys were responsible for the '54, yet he had to say *something*. But what? What could any man say when he had to face what would have to be faced tomorrow?

"Sir?" Johnstone, the copilot, had come back unnoticed and was standing beside him. He said, "Bratton thought you might be worried about the weather, sir."

"Weather?"

Johnstone smiled, obviously recognizing how naïve Eddie Bratton had been to imagine that Mr. Crockett would ever worry about anything. "All that he wanted me to tell you, sir, was that—well, this storm is moving faster than the weather boys figured, but we'll still beat it to La Guardia," he said.

Mr. Crockett nodded acknowledgment and Johnstone went back to the flight deck.

If the storm was bad enough, some of the dealers might not be able to get to New York tomorrow. No, they'd get there. They always did. The less you wanted them, the surer they were to come. That meeting in '35 had been the biggest in years, had broken all previous attendance records.

Len Amory had awakened with the panicked feeling that he had overslept, that the slowing train was already pulling into Grand Central Station. After dressing hurriedly, he had discovered that the station stop was not New York but Albany; and that the train was four hours late.

Now, almost three hours later, he stood in the vestibule of the car as the train clattered through the tunnel under Park Avenue. He gripped the handle of his bag, poised for his dash to the Waldorf-Astoria. It was after twelve. The luncheon was already under way, but he could still get there in time for the showing.

John Crockett had waited in his suite as long as he dared, hoping to escape the endless greetings to which he would be subjected if he got down to the Grand Ballroom before the crowd was seated.

Unfortunately, he had forgotten the alternative danger, the stir that he was causing as he made his way through the crowded room to an empty seat at the speakers' table. And then he drew more attention when Matheson whispered to him that he was in the wrong place, in Len Amory's seat. Carter and Hardy were standing up, motioning him toward the center of the table, again attracting the unwanted attention of the crowd.

Inevitably, someone started a spatter of applause and it swept the ballroom, along with a ripple of laughter. He tried to assure himself that it was a warmhearted greeting, but it was really difficult to dispel the intuitive feeling that it was ominously prophetic of derision.

He was forced to nod an acknowledgment to the crowd, necessarily repeated to both sides of the room, before he dared sit down behind the floral centerpiece which, after a purposeful moving of his chair, served as a partial screen from the audience.

John Crockett ate without recognition of taste or satisfaction of hunger, but he was thankful that the motions of eating spared him the necessity of looking out at the crowded ballroom and replying to George Carter's boyishly optimistic chatter.

He felt secure in the knowledge that these affairs always dragged on endlessly before anything happened, and then, cruelly, the house lights suddenly dimmed.

A shaft of light streaked across the vast, darkened room. A cymbal crashed, breaking the sudden, startled silence. John Crockett's hand, holding a dessert spoon, closed convulsively.

The spoon was bent double by the power of his clenching fist. His hand opened and the distorted piece of silverware fell to the table, the small sound lost in the orchestra's fanfare.

BUT the sudden sensation of power remained with him. He sat erect, his shoulders squared. They were *wrong!* What did these dealers know about how the public would accept the '54? How *could* they know? Those men in the audience were youngsters—no experience. It was fourteen years since 1940—nineteen years since the '35. It didn't matter what these dealers thought; it was only the public that—

A brilliant burst of light exploded on the stage, and in a confusion of senses it seemed to John Crockett that he was hearing instead of seeing the light. Then he realized he was hearing a roar, swelling to a crescendo, thundering, echoing, broken now with the sound of cheers and a single piercing whistle that knifed through to his conscious mind.

Was it possible . . .

He could see the audience now, illuminated by the light from the stage. All over the room men were standing; their applause engulfed him like the roar of onrushing waves.

The '54 was a hit! There was no doubt about it. The dealers were right; they knew—they always knew!

Now he was on his feet, waiting for the end of the new burst of applause that had broken loose when he stood up. Then the sound was dying away, the fading roar of a passing storm. This was the moment . . .

He leaned toward the microphone, moistening his lips for the first word. But there was no sound. Something had happened to his voice; his throat was dusty dry.

He looked to his right and then to his left, down the lengths of the speakers' table. Instinctively he raised his arms in a conductor's gesture that signaled his boys to stand up. And then again there was the roaring in his ears, louder now than ever.

Somehow he must have found his chair because he was sitting again, everyone crowding in around him, all his boys acting like fools, trying to shake his hand.

He got to his feet and started down the aisle between the table and the wall. Len Amory blocked the way. "I—I don't know how to thank you, sir," he said. "Your faith in me, all you did to help me, taking the gamble on my design."

"No gamble to it," John Crockett said gruffly, patting Amory's shoulder as he squeezed past.

What was the matter with the boy, anyway—all choked up like that? That was the trouble with these youngsters; they were too emotional—didn't quite have their feet on the ground yet. But they'd get over it. All they needed now was a little more experience.

—CAMERON HAWLEY

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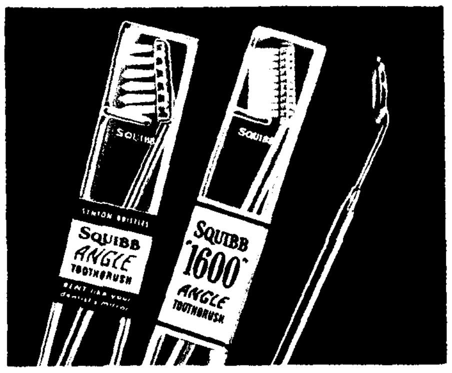

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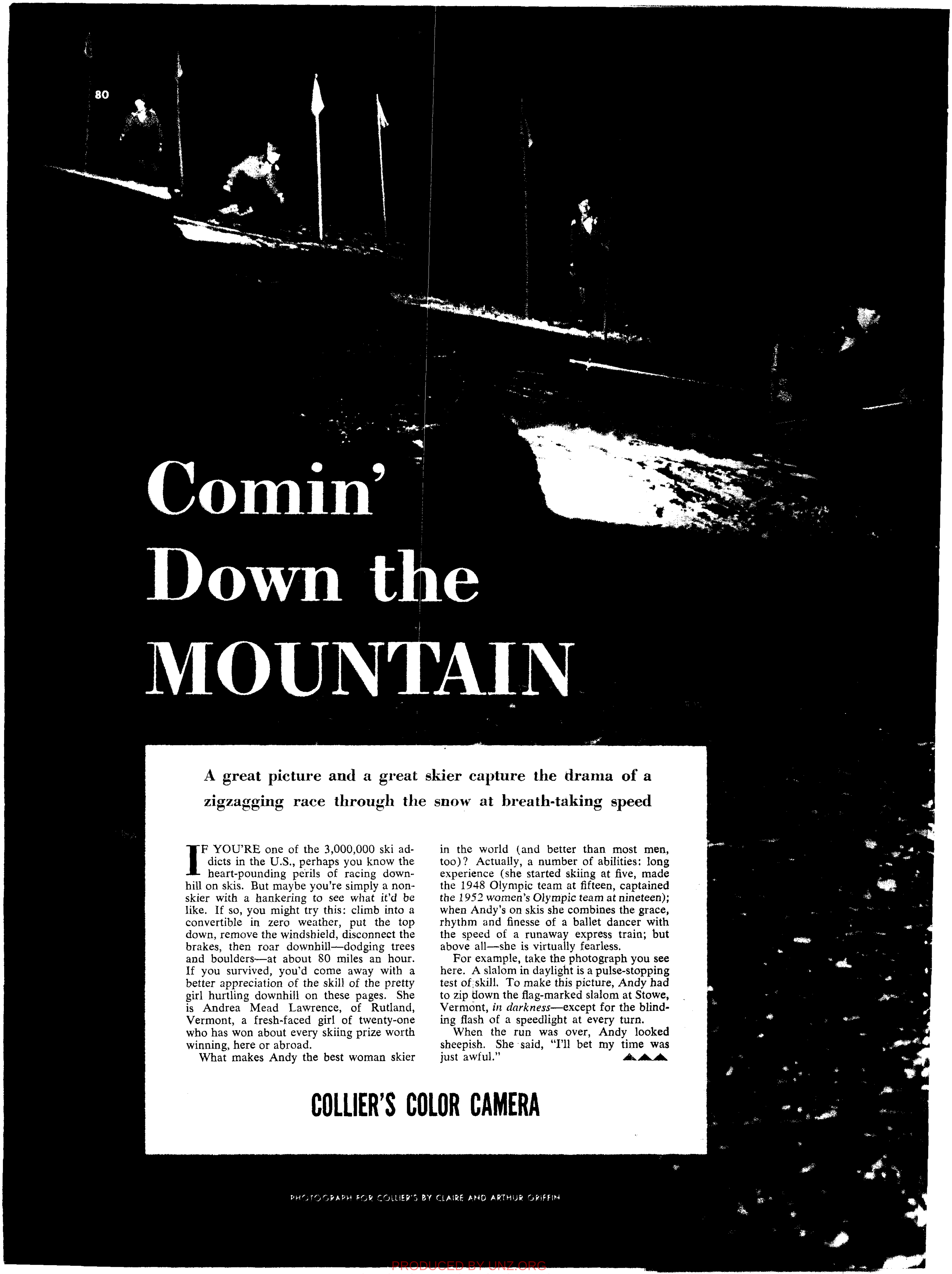


Comin' Down the MOUNTAIN

A great picture and a great skier capture the drama of a zigzagging race through the snow at breath-taking speed

IF YOU'RE one of the 3,000,000 ski addicts in the U.S., perhaps you know the heart-pounding perils of racing downhill on skis. But maybe you're simply a nonskier with a hankering to see what it'd be like. If so, you might try this: climb into a convertible in zero weather, put the top down, remove the windshield, disconnect the brakes, then roar downhill—dodging trees and boulders—at about 80 miles an hour. If you survived, you'd come away with a better appreciation of the skill of the pretty girl hurtling downhill on these pages. She is Andrea Mead Lawrence, of Rutland, Vermont, a fresh-faced girl of twenty-one who has won about every skiing prize worth winning, here or abroad.

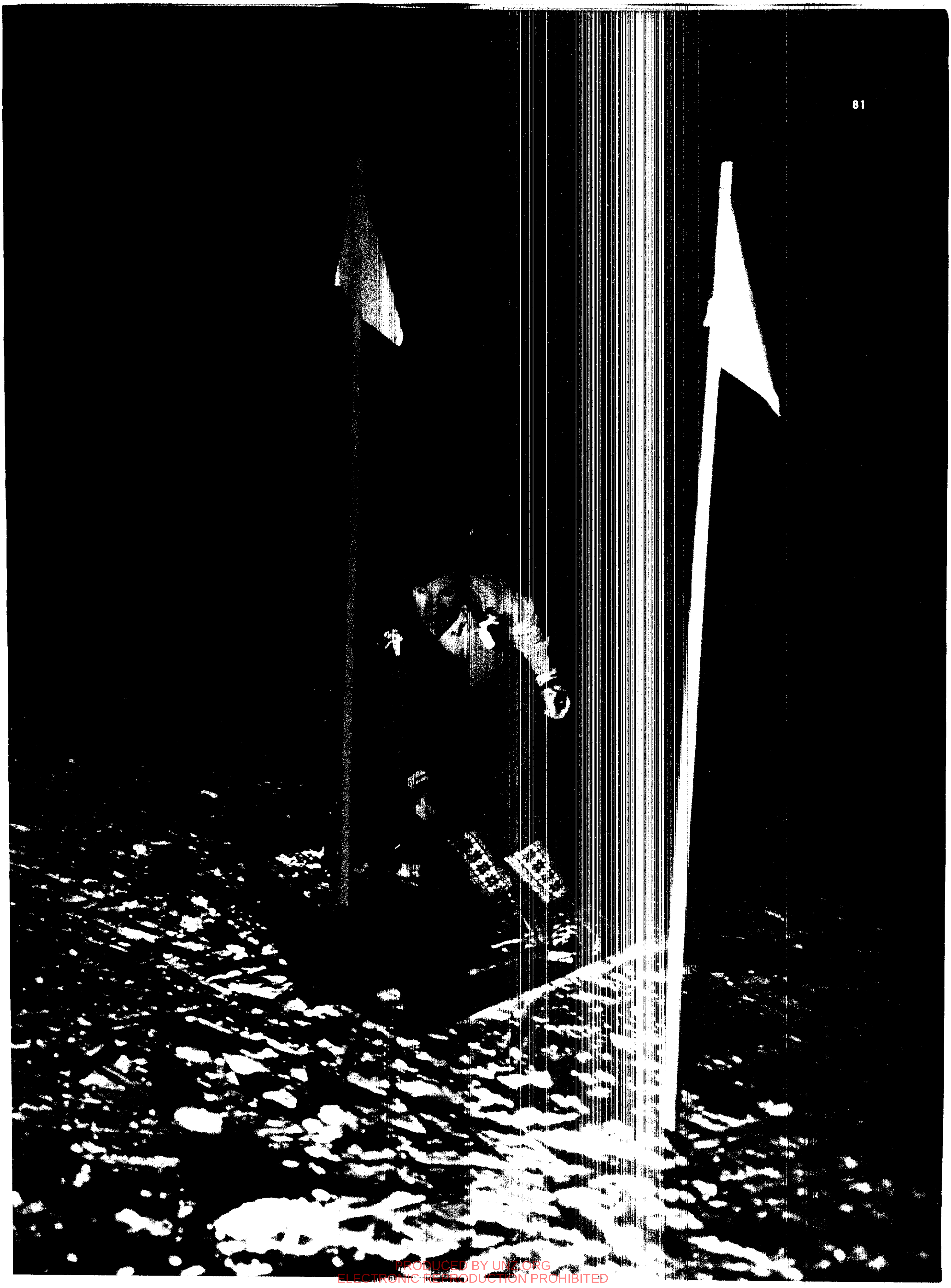
What makes Andy the best woman skier in the world (and better than most men, too)? Actually, a number of abilities: long experience (she started skiing at five, made the 1948 Olympic team at fifteen, captained the 1952 women's Olympic team at nineteen); when Andy's on skis she combines the grace, rhythm and finesse of a ballet dancer with the speed of a runaway express train; but above all—she is virtually fearless.

For example, take the photograph you see here. A slalom in daylight is a pulse-stopping test of skill. To make this picture, Andy had to zip down the flag-marked slalom at Stowe, Vermont, *in darkness*—except for the blinding flash of a speedlight at every turn.

When the run was over, Andy looked sheepish. She said, "I'll bet my time was just awful."

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAIRE AND ARTHUR GRIFFIN

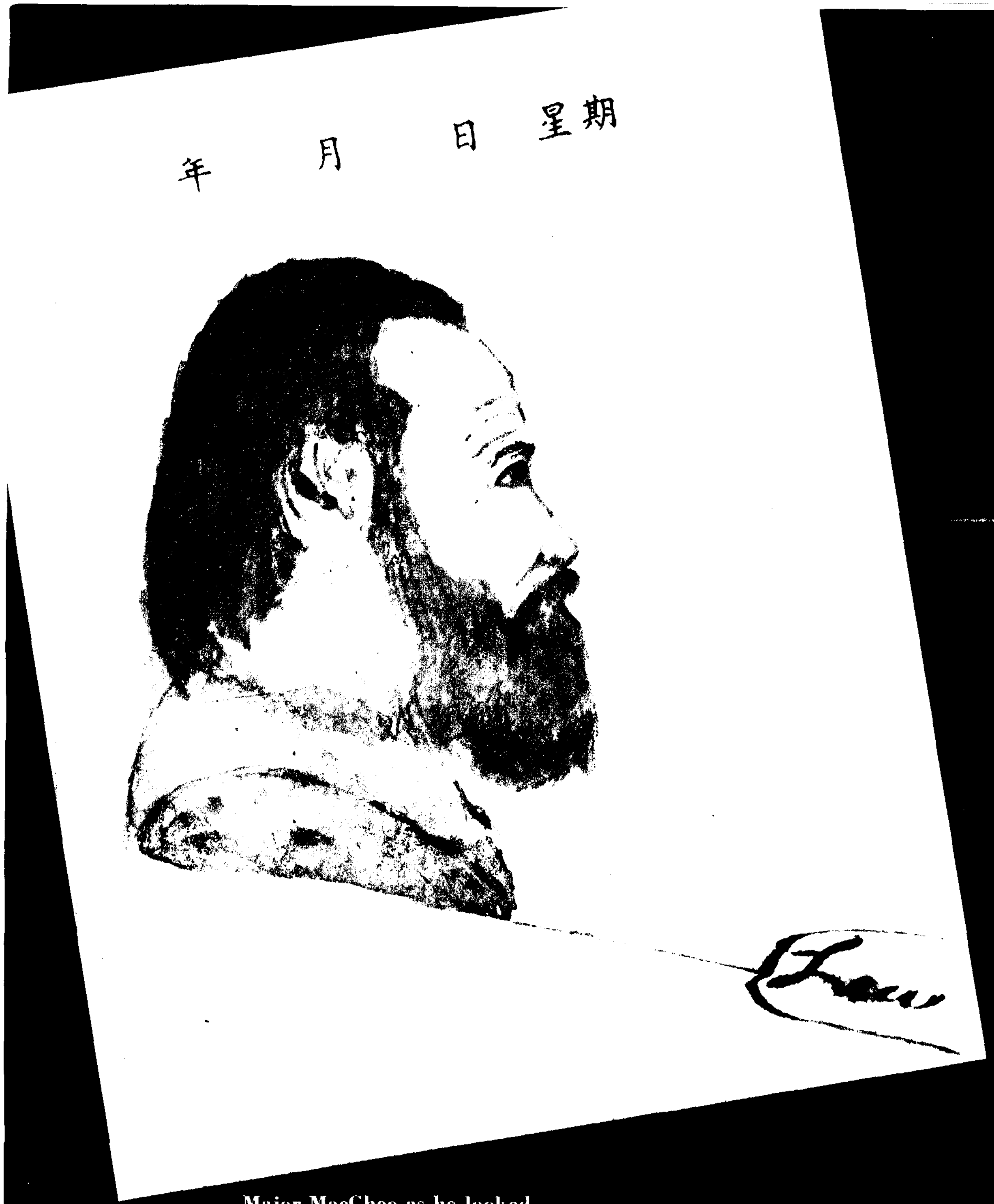


In Korea

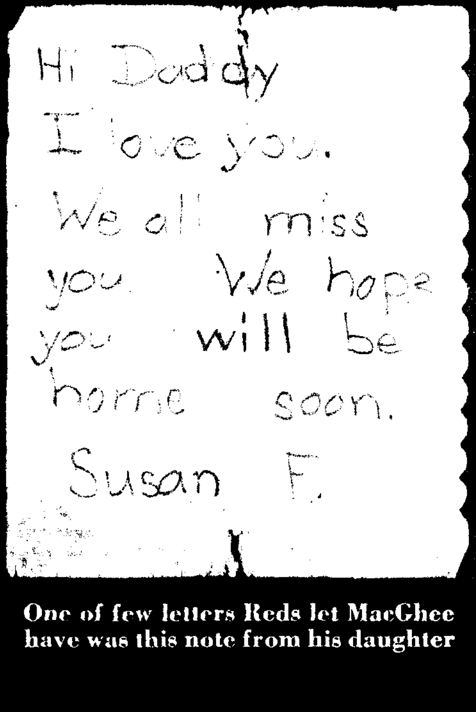
Some of

Here's a story of raw, stubbor

By MAJOR DAVID

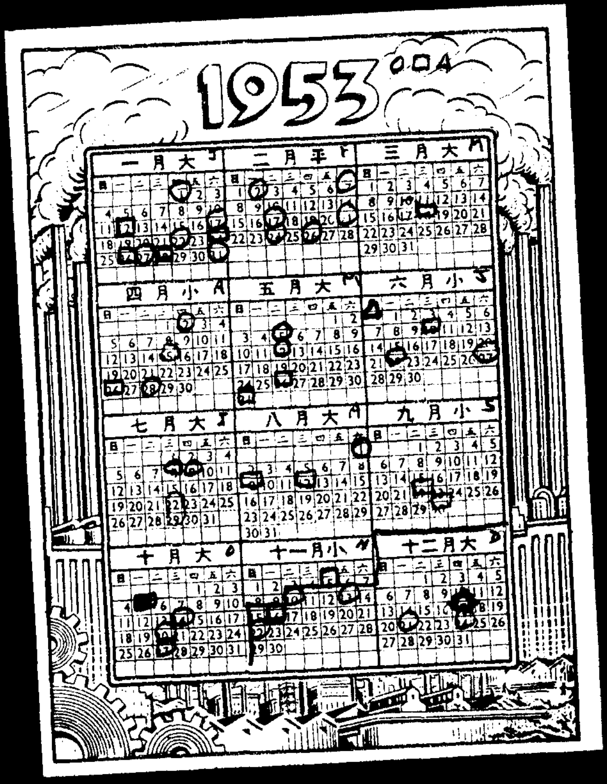


Major MacGhee as he looked to fellow prisoner Cpl. David Lewis, of Chavies, Ky., during his internment in Red camps



Hi Daddy
I love you.
We all miss
you. We hope
you will be
home soon.
Susan F.

One of few letters Reds let MacGhee have was this note from his daughter



During last year of his imprisonment the author received this propaganda calendar from his captors. He then marked down the important dates since his capture, using triangles, squares and circles for the different years—starting with November 10, 1950, the day his B-29 was shot down

THE oil lamp on the straw mat floor gave off more smoke than light, but it flickered on the smooth, hard face of the Chinese sitting cross-legged four feet away. He spoke to me through the interpreter, Hsui, a man we later nicknamed "Take-all-and-come-with" because that was his customary greeting and command.

"You are ranking American war criminal," Hsui translated. "You first Air Force officer captured by Chinese People's Volunteers."

A few minutes before, I had been hustled, shivering in my flight jacket and summer coveralls, into this tiny room of a North Korean house whose windows were hung with blackout rags. Two guards stood by the door and an American Thompson submachine gun lay on the floor next to stacks of maps and papers. Surprisingly, the room smelled of perfumed soap. It was the headquarters of the man sitting opposite me—a man in padded cotton uniform without insignia whom I later identified from a Communist propaganda magazine as General Lin Piao, one of Red China's ranking commanders.

I sprawled on the floor. My back ached where pieces of 37-mm. shell were festering, staining my flight jacket with pus and blood. One week before, on November 10, 1950, the B-29 on which I was radar operator became the first of the Korean war to be shot down by a MIG. As senior officer in the rear I had bailed out last. I learned, three years later, that before me every airman taken prisoner had died. They had all been captured by North Koreans; apparently the Chinese were going to play it differently.

The questions were easily answered at first. I was Major David Forrest MacGhee, thirty-one years old; my wife Betty and three children lived in Tampa, Florida, and my mother in Moorestown, New Jersey. While I drank a cup of hot water I was told that I was "liberated" and had nothing to fear under the "lenient" Chinese policy. What was my outfit?

I said I wasn't required to answer that, according to the Geneva Convention. As soon as my words had been translated a guard leaned forward and slapped my face. When I turned toward him, Take-all-and-come-with slapped me on the other side. General Lin sat impassive and watched. More questions: Your group commander? Slap. Are you based on Okinawa? Slap.

I got a brief intermission when a B-26 roared overhead and the lamp was doused amid much running and shouting. Then the questioning started again, interspersed with boasts of how much the Chinese knew—the names of bomb groups, commanders and top generals. Finally Lin rose and stalked out. The commander was displeased, Hsui said. Unless I changed my attitude I would never see my family again. Who was my squadron com-

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Us Didn't Crack

ourage that should make you proud to be an American

acGHEE, USAF, with PETER KALISCHER

The author recuperating at a Tokyo hospital shortly after his release

mander? I said I didn't know. Someone kicked me. Lin walked in and made a long speech.

I was a warmonger, he said, and for me the lenient policy didn't apply. For all the innocent people I and other airmen had murdered I would be handled like a common war criminal and summarily shot unless I changed my attitude. I was yanked up, hands trussed behind my back, and shoved out into the night. A guard walked in front of me; another guard fell in behind carrying a German machine pistol and holding a sort of leash attached to my bound hands. As I was marched off, Hsui said loudly, "Your life depends on your attitude."

At that point my attitude was this: I was scared silly. I didn't think withholding the name of my unit, the 307th Bomb Group, was worth dying for, since the Chinese knew all about it. But one question leads to another and I had information the Communists would never stop trying to get had they the least inkling I carried it in my head.

I had been in Air Force Operations in the Pentagon from the end of 1946 until September, 1948, as top-secret control officer, among my other duties. I had helped handle the Air Force military-aid program for Chiang Kai-shek. I'd served with a B-36 wing at Fort Worth and had made plans and target presentations before visiting officers at Strategic Air Command headquarters. I knew something of our atomic bomb program. As a radar officer, I was familiar with the latest electronics equipment. I was loaded.

Stumbling between my guards up a rough narrow path, I had the feeling I was not going to be shot. The Chinese had indicated I was too rare a bird to kill. I would have to tell them something, of course—

There was a deafening report three feet in back of my head and a bullet smacked off a boulder in front of me. I was too surprised to decide whether it was a deliberate miss or a bungled execution. The guard in front stopped and the guard who had fired jabbered with him while a dozen Chinese ran up and joined in. I was turned around and taken back to Lin's headquarters.

There Hsui, the interpreter, told me it was all a mistake, and the commander wanted to talk to me again. When Lin arrived I got a final harangue on why only those who fought for peace had a right to live. A guard then took me back to the hut where 10 other American prisoners and I occupied two rooms.

That was my introduction to Bamboo Curtain interrogation—by Koreans, Chinese and one Russian air force general. These interrogations varied from the innocuous to the cruel, from civilized discussions of democracy-versus-Communism to threats, beatings and torture. One weapon the Chinese had late in 1952 but used only as a simple anesthetic because they didn't know how to exploit it fully was sodium pentothal, the so-called truth serum. But *we* knew, and dozens of men followed the example of Lieutenant Paul O'Dowd, Jr., of Berkeley, California, who preferred to have three teeth pulled without benefit of anesthetic rather than risk taking the drug.

Let me say here that there are no heroes in POW camps—the heroes died fighting. But from the moment of capture there developed a split among us that cut across race and rank, educational and economic backgrounds.

At one extreme were the men who successfully fought physical hardship, mental decay and Communist pressure in all forms, men who tried to influence their buddies to fight, who unostentatiously gave up part of their meager rations to keep sick men alive. At the other extreme were the "progressives," the "canaries" and the garden-variety quitters who found it easier to live by playing the Commie game. Some were outright traitors, others just spineless men who didn't have the gumption to kill the lice in their shirts.

A favorite phrase we picked up from the Chinese who were trying to indoctrinate us was, "You don't understand the problem, comrade." If anyone thinks I am writing this simply to indict the progressives or praise the stalwarts—well, he doesn't understand the problem. The problem, as I see it, is twofold:

First, Americans must get to know the true nature of the enemy right down to his socks. Not just the familiar face of Communist brutality, which anyone can recognize, but the evil masquerading as good which is drawing millions into the Red camp.

SANDY GANDY

Home again, with wife Betty; daughter Susan, 8; and sons David, Jr., 6 (l.), and John, 3

Second, Americans must accept the bitter fact that the rigors of POW existence uncovered an alarming weakness in too many of us. It was not a weakness easily detected in everyday life, but showed up when our moral fiber was put to a severe test. The test happened to be how to survive with honor in a prisoner-of-war camp.

The number of Americans who failed at it should frighten us. What will happen when the test is national survival? Moral fiber isn't built with a defense appropriation—it's the end product of schools, churches, community life, family upbringing. Our most shocking discovery as prisoners of war was not merely that Communists committed atrocities, but that they were able to turn Americans against one another by playing on a "to hell with you, Jack, I've got mine" philosophy which flourished in a POW camp, but had its roots at home.

We left the mining-town headquarters of Lin Piao on November 22—11 Americans and 26 South Korean POWs—and by truck and on foot reached a little valley south of Pyoktong, near the Yalu River. In our group were two crewmen from my B-29, Staff Sergeant Philip Aaronson, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the central fire-control gunner, and the navigator, Lieutenant (now Captain) Robert E. Burke, of Wheeling, West Virginia. There was also a remarkable infantry corporal, John L. "Skoshi" Hurst (*su-koshi* means "little" in Japanese) from Wallingford, Kentucky. Hurst had been wounded in Korea, hospitalized in Japan, sent back to Korea, wounded again and captured—all before his eighteenth birthday. He had a bullet hole in his hip, but he never peeped.

Our last meal had been eaten three days before. It was a dish of pig guts and kaoliang, or sorghum. The Korean guard bought the meal from a civilian by paying him with North Korean government bonds that matured in 25 years. My stomach was still squeamish then and I recall thinking that I would digest that mess about the time those bonds were due.

Now, on the trip to the valley we were ravenous. The truck route was over a goat-trail highway that climbed for three hours up a mountain and three hours down. It was so cold the saliva thickened in my mouth. We all shivered uncontrollably, but two of the men, a tanker corporal from Texas named Fulbright and an ex-paratrooper, Lieutenant Chester Osborne, Jr., of Minneapolis, Minnesota, were dressed only in fatigues, and suffered more than the rest of us.

Here I met the first example of the selfishness that became the distinguishing mark of the progressives and the canaries. Two officers in our

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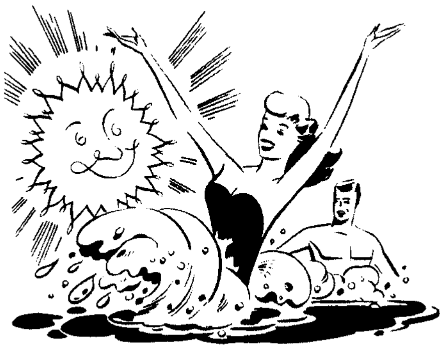

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group wore trench coats and had somehow procured two blankets apiece. Neither took kindly to the suggestion that they give one of their blankets to Tex and Osborne. There were sharp words before they finally handed the blankets over. One of the officers, whom I shall call Major Blank, was later a star broadcaster for the Communists on Traitors' Row.

The Valley—we never knew it by any other name—was one of the first organized POW camps in North Korea. About 300 Americans were quartered there when we arrived and 900 more would appear within 30 days. The officers were soon separated from the enlisted men and housed at the extreme end of the Valley. The Koreans were short on guards—they knew we had no chance to escape from this isolated spot in midwinter—so there was plenty of sneaking back and forth.

We had to steal to exist—soybeans, vegetables, a comforter, rags, firewood, a crockery pot or a tin cup. We were given nothing to hold our twice-a-day ration of cracked corn or millet (and sometimes a watery vegetable soup), and those who had no solid container ate out of the hoods of their field jackets, or used their hands. There was also stealing among ourselves—mainly clothing that was washed and hung out to dry.

Keeping clean, the only preventive medicine we had, required tooth-gritting perseverance. We had to wash in the snow in temperatures close to zero—and mighty few did it. There wasn't a cake of soap in the camp. We were all lousy and got dysentery and stank in varying degrees. The infected wounds in my back got no real treatment and smelled worse and worse. (That lasted three months—until the shell fragments worked out, and the wounds healed by themselves.)

Major Surgery with Scissors

We had a couple of wonderful American doctors in camp, Captain Clarence L. Anderson, of Long Beach, California, and Captain Sidney Essensten, of Minneapolis. All they had for medication was a bedside manner and, come to think of it, not a single bed. There were 40 wounded in the Valley. Between November and the end of January, 1951, when the camp was broken up and moved to Pyoktong, they lost only 16 men out of 1,200. The same winter they performed a successful major abdominal operation on Captain Paul Bromser, of Gatesville, Texas, using for surgical instruments half of a broken scissors and some wire. Paul stood it without anesthesia.

One illness that took a tremendous toll later was what we called the 500-mile stare. All of a sudden a man decided to quit. He didn't eat the little he was offered; he didn't bathe and after a while he didn't want to talk. He just sat huddled up in his few square feet of allotted space looking at nothing. Sometimes he snapped out of it; if he didn't he just died.

The man who saved many of us from death by the 500-mile stare was Father Emil Kapaun. Father Kapaun was by far the greatest man I ever met; he came close to saintliness. You must evaluate this statement against the fact that I am a baptized Unitarian, and until I met this tall, slender 1st Cavalry Division chaplain from Marion, Kansas, I had, if anything, a slight anti-Catholic bias.

Father Kapaun was in his mid-thirties, with sandy hair and rather nondescript features; you'd never pick him out of a crowd. But he gave himself unsparingly to his fellow men. On the march from one POW camp to another he helped carry a wounded man's stretcher for more than 100 miles. Religious services were strictly forbidden, but he always managed to evade the guards on Sundays and sometimes on weekdays to hold services in each of the houses. He dearly loved a pipe, and we tried to keep him in tobacco, trading for it or stealing it, but it was no use—he gave it away to the sick and wounded. We would get a whiff of smoke when he ambled by.

"What the hell are you smoking now, Father—you out of tobacco again?"

"I have plenty of tobacco—don't worry about it."

But it was always celery tops or pine needles or oak leaves he was smoking. He even stole for us. One day he walked into a Korean quartermaster warehouse and staggered out with a 150-pound sack of rice. If caught he would have been put in the hole—a sunless, freezing pit that served as a solitary-confinement jail.

In any weather he washed clothes for the sick, then often gave them some of his own clothes and most of his food. It was never too late at night nor too cold for him to slip out to administer last rites to the dying of any denomination. When they died, it was usually Father Kapaun who said a hurried prayer over the body—and as a final service pitched in with a shovel to help dig the grave.

Don't think the Communists didn't appreciate what Father Kapaun meant to us—they persecuted him with vengeance. As time went by, a strange transformation occurred in the chaplain's appearance: he began physically to look like Christ. His features became more and more ascetic through emaciation, and his long, straggly hair and beard actually changed to reddish-brown. The resemblance was not the product of any one man's imagination; it was so pronounced the men kidded him about it. "Father, if you don't look the spittin' image—" a new POW would begin, and then stop when the chaplain turned away in an agony of embarrassment.

I was not in Pyoktong the following spring when Father Kapaun died, but I heard the story when I got there. He ruptured a vein in his leg and a blood clot formed. He went to the hospital and Anderson and Essensten, our two doctors, begged the Chinese to let them amputate. They refused, saying, "Let God save him. He's a man of God."

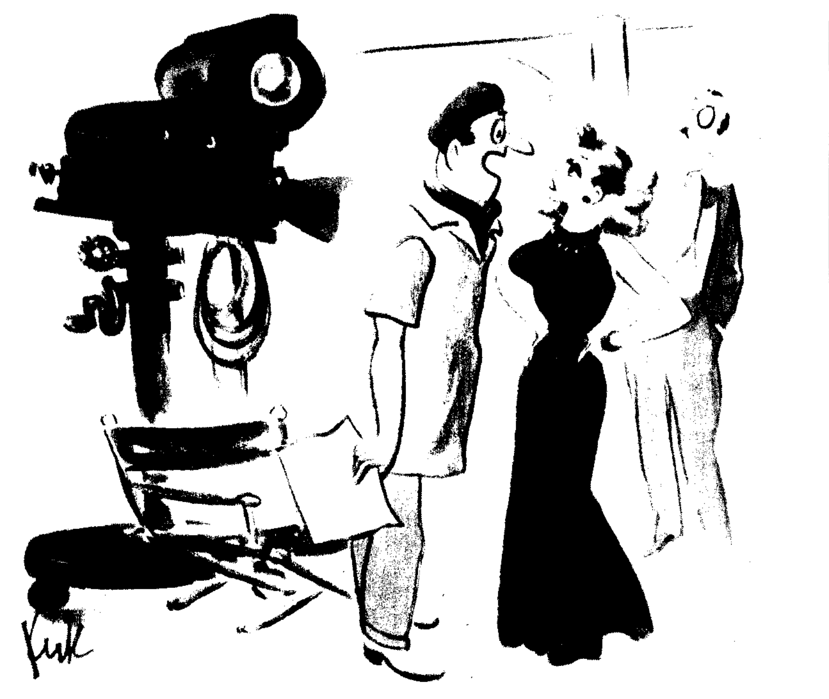
Under Pressure to Broadcast

In December Major Kim Dok Song, the North Korean Army propaganda chief, asked us to make short-wave radio broadcasts—ostensibly to let our families know we were alive but actually to have Americans denounce their country as an aggressor. Two Army majors (one of them was Blank) agreed to broadcast, and as the senior Air Force officer I was expected to do likewise. I refused. But when Kim threatened to starve the 33 men in my area, I consented—with a few mental reservations. I knew I could back out at the last minute, and I knew the broadcast would have to be made from somewhere farther south—perhaps Pyongyang, the North Korean capital—which would give me a better chance to escape.

Some weeks after I agreed to make the broadcast, Kim made a startling announcement. Along with eight other prisoners, I had been chosen, he said, "to be sent home." I didn't believe him and I was right.

My companions on the march south were Bob Burke and Phil Aaronson, of the B-29 crew; Sergeant Clifford Neel, of Osceola, Arkansas, six feet four and almost as wide; Captain Anthony Pecararo, of Westbrook, Maine; Lieutenant Howard Eichelsdoerfer, of Shelbyville, Indiana; Sergeant Katsuki Tanigawa, a Nisei from Hawaii, and two army GIs.

I got in trouble on that trip. I had stolen an axhead for use on a future bug-out operation and got caught. I was put in the hole for the first time, and on Christmas Eve, too. It was much like all the other holes I and hundreds of other POWs were to occupy from time to time—a pit about five feet deep, six feet long and three feet wide, dug in a hillside behind a house. It was miserably cold, with three inches of snow on the ground. I got



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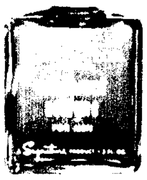

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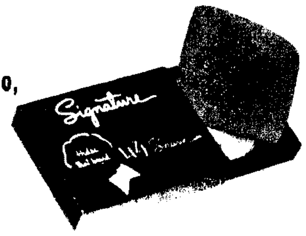

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one bowl of millet a day and my guard was changed every two hours. On New Year's Day I was taken out and rejoined the others from the Valley at a village farther on. It was a joyous reunion, made happier by my arriving in time to eat a holiday dinner—a dog-meat dumpling I found delicious.

That night in the tiny windowless room that was our billet, Sergeant Aaronson led the evening prayer. He said it first in Hebrew and then told us what it meant. When he finished, he asked if anybody objected to his reciting The Bluebird of Happiness. We told him to go ahead. Lying there in the dark we listened and when he had finished, no one said a word, each of us occupied with his own secret thoughts. So ended our first New Year's Day as prisoners of war.

Our village was a Chinese interrogation center. At nine o'clock the next morning a Chinese called for me and took me to a house a quarter of a mile away. The interrogator was Wong, a powerfully built man with a large head and rosy cheeks. We later called him "Dirty Picture" Wong when he confiscated all the photographs of our wives and sweethearts on the grounds that they were pornographic. He spoke American slang, claimed to have worked with our OSS in China during World War II, and was a conscientious sadist who enjoyed his job.

We went through the name, rank and serial number routine again but when I balked at identifying my outfit, Wong wasted no time. He drew a small pistol and held it two feet from my face. "You will tell me!" he shouted. When I didn't say anything, he fired. He hadn't meant to kill me, of course; if he had, he couldn't have missed. He kept right on screaming but my ears were ringing so much I didn't hear a word.

He hit me across the side of the face with the pistol three or four times, abruptly got to his feet and walked out of the room. He was gone three and a half hours. When he returned his first act was to offer me a cigarette and an apology for losing his temper—this was not the way representatives of the peace-loving peoples behaved. I accepted both. Then he pushed forward a pencil and paper and said: "You will draw me a map of Kadena Air Base."

Kadena is the main military airfield on Okinawa. Since MacArthur's headquarters had released stories naming Okinawa and Yokota, Japan, as our two B-29 bases I didn't act coy about having been stationed there, but I told Wong I hadn't been there long enough to draw a map.

That answer fetched me a series of neck-jarring slaps—which Wong punctuated by repeating over and over: "You will draw what you know. You will draw. You will draw what you know . . ." So I drew him a map.

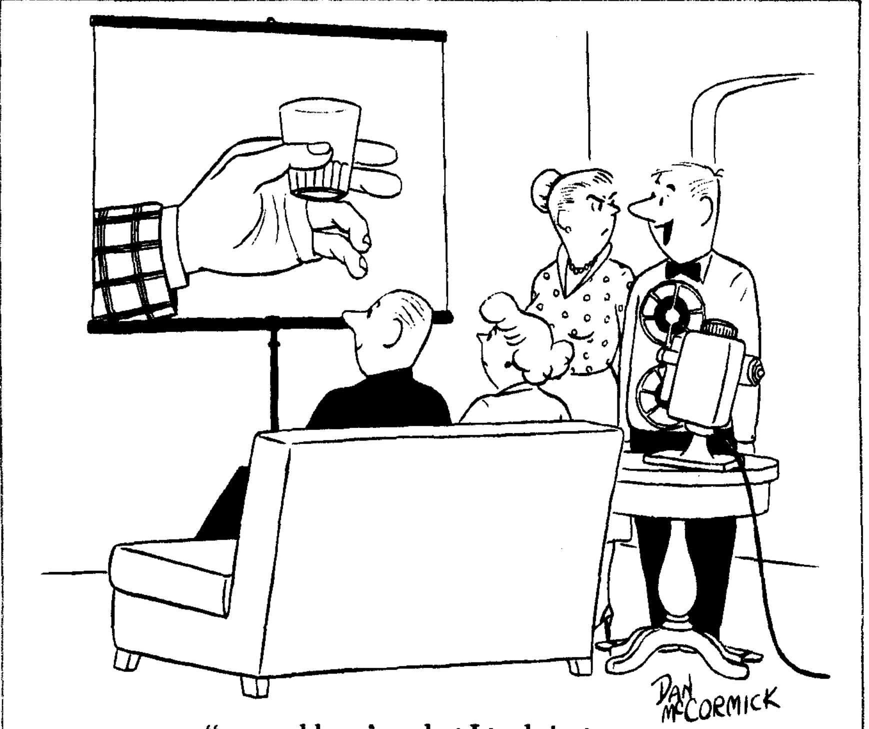
Wong took one look and erupted into an incoherent splutter of English and Chinese out of which I understood only that I had lied. He tossed a tightly rolled paper on the table and opened it. It was a bona fide U.S. Army Corps of Engineers map of Kadena AF Base and Environs.

With that, Wong stamped out of the room again. In 20 minutes he was back with a tall, slender, horse-faced Chinese who carried himself with an assured military bearing. He wore a very fancy fur hat with a black leather visor—unquestionably a big wheel.

This officer, I found out later, was Wang—"Horseface" Wang we called him—a Chinese Red air force general in charge of interrogating Air Force POWs. I got to know him very well in the months to come. Although his convictions were 100 per cent Communist, he was an honorable man by anyone's standards, humane and altogether an enemy I could respect.

Horseface sat down and, with Dirty Picture Wong interpreting, told me quietly where I stood. They needed no information from me, he said, but were interested only in checking my truthfulness. He went into the standard spiel about my being deceived all my life by the corrupt capitalist press and how I must study to become a fighter for peace. There were no threatening overtones this time. Then he left and Dirty Picture Wong took me back to the others.

I went into an immediate huddle with Aaronson and Burke. I knew there would be more interrogations and I wanted our stories to jibe. The next time I was called out by Wong everything went smoothly. I gave him pages



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of phony performance data on World War II aircraft and claimed I had no knowledge of anything more recent than the F-80 jet fighter. I named my outfit, the 307th Bomb Group, but said I was a navigator (not a radar operator) and a chronic alcoholic who had managed to stay in the Air Force only because my rich wife had influence in the Pentagon.

Maligning American Generals

I said some things I am ashamed of to this day. I was asked to tell everything I knew about the personal habits and military reputations of some 75 American generals. I picked 20 names at random and drew as false a picture of each as was compatible with what had appeared in American publications. I slandered them all. This one was a drunkard who wore a girdle to give him a trim figure. That one had a reputation for courage only because his public-relations officer was in love with the general's wife. Another made all his combat decisions after consulting an astrologer. These character assassinations were greeted ecstatically by Wong and his superiors because they fitted their conception of military leaders in a decadent capitalist society.

Those lies still make me sick, particularly when I recall describing one or two officers I actually knew and respected. Maligning them to Dirty Picture Wong was like telling smutty stories about your mother.

This particular interrogation marked a turning point for me on two counts: First, I vowed I would never again say or do anything I couldn't live with; second, it helped convince the Communists of my sincerity.

A new group of POWs moved into the room next to ours. They were from a camp we got to know as Death Valley. Perhaps its horrors had sapped their resistance. They adopted a more co-operative attitude toward interrogation and there was friction between them and our group from the start. It came to a head one night when one of them returned from an interrogation completely shattered. Through the thin partition separating our rooms he pleaded with Captain Tony Pecoraro for organizational data the Communists wanted. The others in the Death Valley room took his part. They argued that the information was unimportant from a tactical viewpoint, so why didn't Pecoraro tell him and save him from further rough questioning?

We held a powwow in our room and Tony turned him down. There wasn't much point in holding out during interrogations if you gave the information away as a present to somebody who wouldn't hold out.

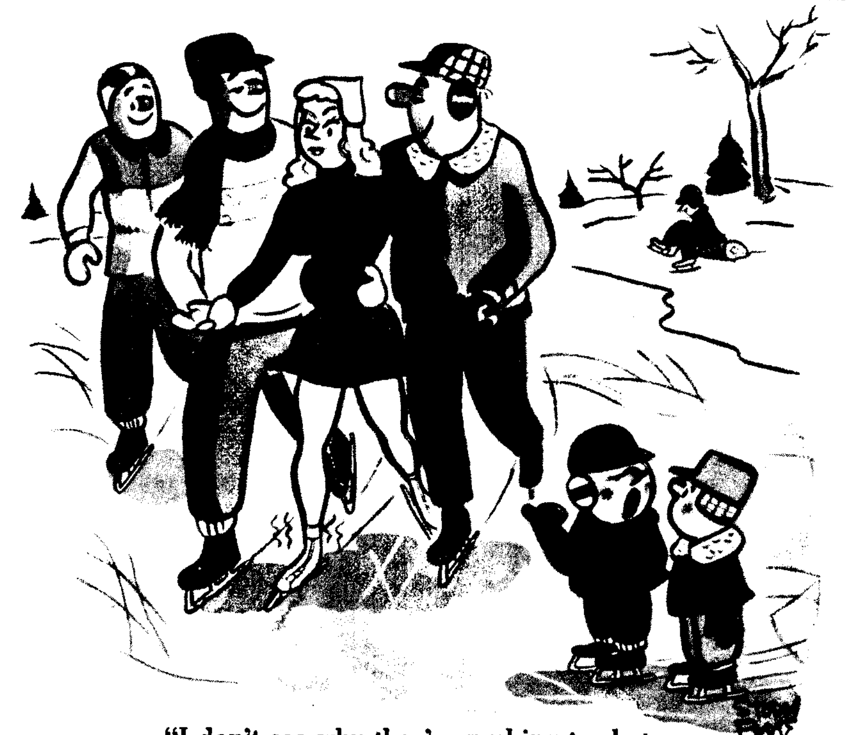
The Chinese got wind of our strained relations and did their utmost to make them worse. They heated the floor of the adjoining room, but not ours; they supplied the other group with blankets, but not us; they gave the others tobacco and we got none. There was no offer to share that tobacco, but if there had been, we were bitter enough to have refused it.

Then, on the night of January 16th, Howard Eichelsdoerfer, in our room, got sick; we thought he had a combination of diphtheria and pneumonia. We swallowed our pride and asked through the partition if one of their group would change places with him, so he could benefit from the warmth. The answer was no. Could we borrow a comforter? To hell with you!

The next morning we were told to fall out; we were moving. Eich was too sick to travel. He gave us the name and address of his sweetheart before saying good-by—for the last time, we were all sure.

But it wasn't. Later he told us that an interpreter named Hsiang and Horseface Wang had brought in a doctor, two male nurses and an ox sled full of medicine, and worked over him 24 hours a day to pull him through. Hsiang had been instrumental in furnishing the POWs in the room adjoining ours with their special comforts, and in denying those comforts to us. That, I suppose, came under the heading of business. Saving Eich, a POW who was marked as unco-operative, was an act of pure humanitarianism.

To add the final contradictory note, in Death Valley, not 20 miles away, POWs with no medication at all were dying at the rate of 27 a day. Death Valley was our eventual destination. We were marched there, arriving on January 20th. I thought I had wit-



COLLIER'S **"I don't see why they're rushing to skate with *her*. She can hardly *stand* on skates"** STAN FINE

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Next in Collier's

February 5 Issue on Sale January 22

You Have an APPOINTMENT With O'HARA

One of the most distinguished of America's writers, John O'Hara, will start a regular feature in the next issue of Collier's. It will be a column in which he presents his views on the world of entertainment and the arts—television, movies, the stage, books, radio, or whatever strikes his fancy—written, as he puts it, "For a semi-mythical friend who doesn't get to New York much and has no connection with show business." His qualifications? Ten books which have earned an unmatched reputation for him as a commentator on 20th-century America, hundreds of short stories, the libretto of the Broadway musical Pal Joey, and a number of motion-picture scripts

THE LIBRETTO & LYRICS
PAL JOEY
BY John O'Hara
LYRICS BY Lorenz Hart
MUSIC BY Richard Rodgers
A RANDOM HOUSE PLAY
JOHN O'HARA
Appointment in Samarra
THE Farmers Hotel
John O'Hara
Hellbox
A RAGE to LIVE
A NOVEL BY
JOHN O'HARA

nessed horror before, but this—this was so bad it took some time for it all to register. There were roughly 1,200 Americans quartered here, plus a handful of South Koreans and 220 Turks. The place looked about the same as our camp near Pyoktong—until you noticed the bodies stacked like cordwood in bomb shelters. The men were too weak and the ground too frozen to dig graves. Six hundred Americans had died in a month—from wounds, disease, starvation and the 500-mile stare. As a group, only the Turks had it whipped. They didn't lose a man.

The worst of it was that this shivery, lice-ridden, starving existence had wrecked all discipline and made human decency a luxury few could afford. Officers and enlisted men fought and stole among themselves, and pulled rank to get larger rations. The camp was under North Korean supervision and even their unemotional Chinese allies couldn't take it: Hsiang, who had joined us on the march, sometimes had tears in his eyes. General Horseface Wang must have been equally shocked. Two days after we arrived he ordered the evacuation of all POWs from Death Valley to Pyoktong and within 48 hours we were on the way.

But I didn't stay in Pyoktong long. I was reminded by Kim, now a lieutenant colonel, that I had promised to make a broadcast. Several days later I joined a "representative" group of 20 officers and enlisted men—whites, Negroes and a few Texans of Mexican ancestry—who were also picked to go on the air. Among them was Major Blank, whom I had met at Lin Piao's headquarters in November. We were taken to Pyongyang.

Kindness in a Police Station

Kim warned us that the local population was bitter toward us because of "indiscriminate bombings." We got some dirty looks but we also encountered some spontaneous acts of good Samaritanism. Once I was left overnight in a Korean police station. A Korean artillery officer, dropping in to get warm, gave me apples and bread, and one sergeant, noticing my pants were ripped, got a needle and thread and sewed them up while I bent over.

Twice in February I was subjected to practice interrogations at the hands of a Korean Major Pak—a man who must still figure in the nightmares of hundreds of POWs. At that time he had not set up the interrogation center later known as Pak's Palace, and he did not yet employ torture. As an interrogator he wasn't much without a club in his hand.

I was with Pak and two POWs, Captain J. B. Smith, of Denver, Colorado, and Flight Lieutenant Gordon Harvey, of the Royal Australian Air Force, when Pak's sister's house blew up from a delayed-action bomb, just as we were approaching it. Pak, beside himself with rage, ordered me to my knees in the street—he was going to shoot me on the spot in revenge against the U.S. Air Force. But he controlled himself and didn't get even with me until two months later.

We finally settled down in a cluster of Korean houses near Pyongyang where our group of 20 was joined by 15 other POWs. The houses were comparatively comfortable and the food good. This was Traitors' Row (some of whose tenants actually resisted the Reds to the end).

About this time I met a woman whose flat, nasal radio voice was familiar to thousands of UN troops in Korea. She was Mrs. Ann Wallis Suh, better known as Seoul City Sue. She was born in Texas, but had renounced her American citizenship when she married a Korean newspaperman years before, and was now English-language news commentator for Radio Pyongyang, on temporary leave to help out with POW propaganda broadcasts.

The Trial of "Private Mink"

Sue was middle-aged, dressed in an olive-drab padded cotton uniform and had a tendency to primp. Her feminine vanity may have saved my life. It happened this way:

When I finally wrote my broadcast I encoded a message, using the first letter of each sentence to spell out: "Five thousand men Pyoktong Yalu River need medicine and clothing." I handed the script to Major Blank. Two days later Kim came to our house in a rage. With him, under guard, was a POW from my room—call him Private Mink. Mink, said Kim, had been caught breaking into Seoul City Sue's quarters with intent to rape; furthermore, he had given as his excuse the preposterous story that he wished to tell Sue of a coded message MacGhee had written into his radio script.

I felt the bottom dropping out of everything. I looked at Mink, but he avoided my eyes. Kim demanded we court-martial Mink. Whatever the sentence—and he assumed it would be death—the Koreans would carry it out.

Five of us held a hurried, secret consultation. As much as we desired to see Mink under the sod we could not push him to the point where he would demand that Kim examine the script—in fact we couldn't figure out why Kim hadn't made such an elementary check by himself. We also wanted to avoid setting a precedent by which the Communists could execute a POW on the basis of an American court-martial.

We tried Mink the next day, with Sue as a prosecution witness, and convicted him on six counts, secretly reserving the seventh—treason—for a future trial in the United States. The sentence was a week's latrine duty.

Kim was furious, but he accepted the verdict.

The next time Major Blank asked me to broadcast I was down with pneumonia. Blank said Kim wanted my speech on tape, if necessary. I took a deep breath and told him bluntly I had agreed to do a broadcast only to reduce the number of miles between me and friendly forces and to get a message out. Now there was no chance of doing that, as a result of Mink's canarying. Therefore my answer was no, I wouldn't do a broadcast now or ever.

"You know I will have to tell Kim you double-crossed him," Blank said.

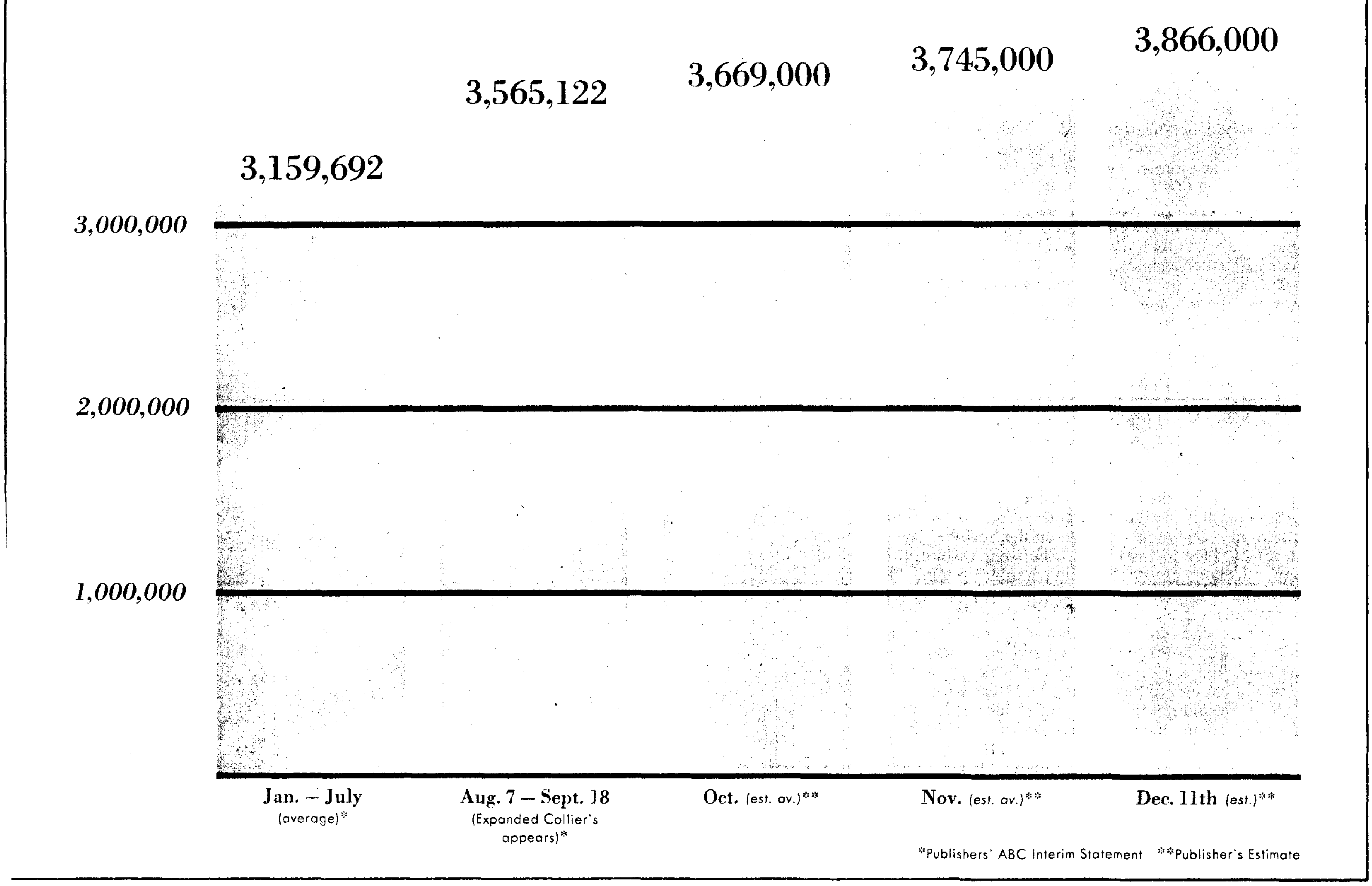
"You do whatever you feel is necessary," I replied.

Within two hours the corporal of the guard was at the house with four names on a slip of paper: mine, Mink's and two other POWs'. We were marched out of Traitors' Row and to the caves at Con-Conn, a predominantly South Korean prison camp eight miles outside of Pyongyang. One look at the place and I knew I must escape if I wanted to live. I began laying plans for my bug-out in the spring.

Major MacGhee concludes the story of his life as a POW in Collier's next issue, out January 22

See what's happened to us

Collier's Net Paid Circulation, 1953



*Publishers' ABC Interim Statement **Publisher's Estimate

Since last July Collier's has attracted nearly 700 thousand new reader families – the most impressive of all tributes to our new, bigger, better magazine.

And – 86 new advertisers have also come aboard.

Collier's

BIGGEST CIRCULATION WINNER OF 1953

Shield of Love

They seemed to hate each other—those two men she loved best. Yet she could not take sides without destroying one of them

By

PEARL S. BUCK

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SHE raised her head to listen. They were quarreling, her husband, her son, the two people she loved best in the world. A moment ago she had put down her book to enjoy the quiet in the living room, the peace of being home after the sad journey, the peace that must somehow be maintained in the house if Roderick were to live out his life. She had explained this carefully to Rod, their son, and so how dared he infuriate his father again?

She sighed, closed her book and went into the study. There they were, the tall, dark boy standing with a rifle in his hands, facing the tall, heavy, white-haired man who was his father.

She bit her lip, hearing Rod's arrogant young voice: "Dad, you ask me to do something and then you don't trust me!"

"Because you aren't trustworthy!" Roderick said.

"How do you know I'm not when you don't let me alone? You're always watching me."

"Of course I'm watching you—I can't risk my finest rifle!"

"Rod," she said. She spoke in a low, firm voice to remind him of all the times she had cautioned him not to make his father angry. He turned on her, and at the sight of her with her finger on her lips, he flung the gun on the table and stalked out of the room. The man sat down on the huge old leather couch and put his face in his hands. She went to him quickly and dropped to her knees before him, imploring him. "Roderick, he's young!"

"Seventeen is old enough to have some sense!"

She held back the reproaches she would have heaped on him even a few weeks ago. Then she would have cried out at him as she had so often done before: "You're sixty-five, Roderick—old enough to have learned a little patience!"

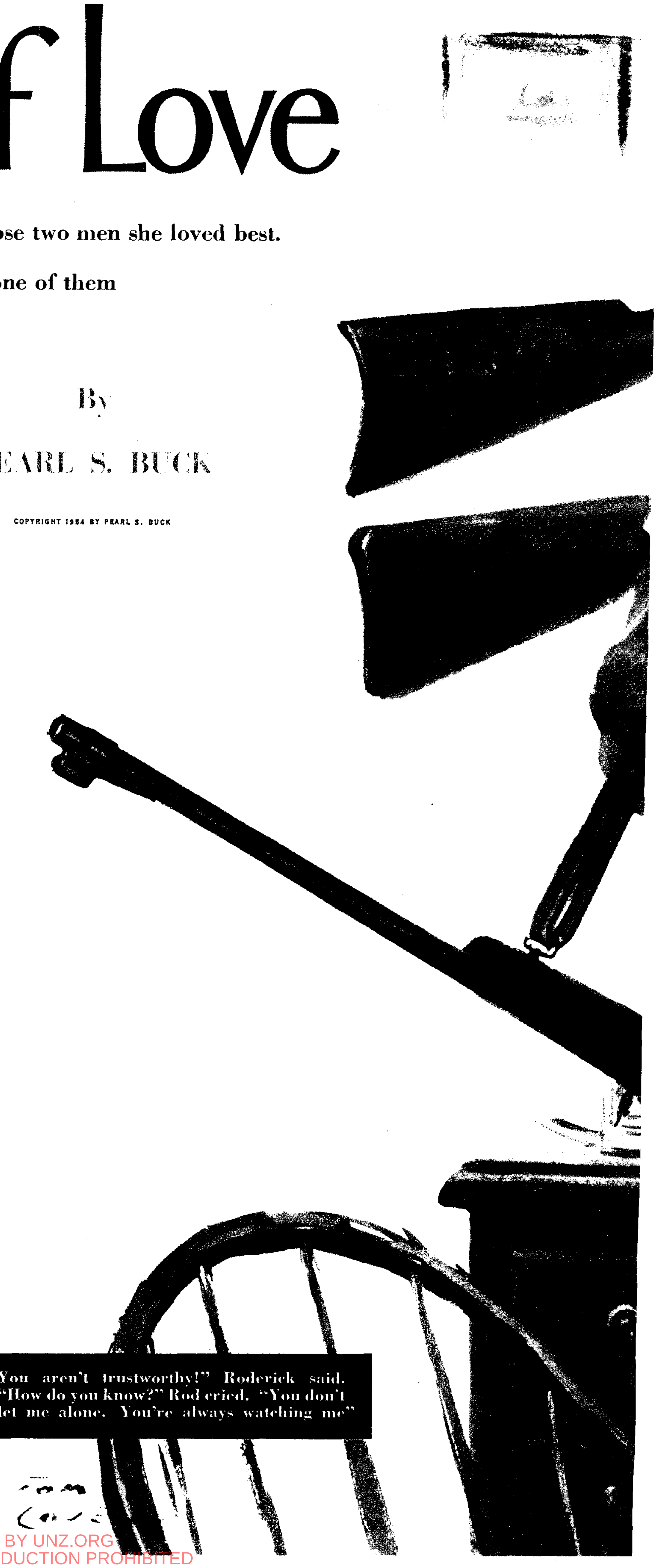
Now she said nothing. She pulled his head to her shoulder and smoothed his hair. Never more could she say anything, not after that dreadful hour at noon one day on a high Wyoming plain. As she knelt by him now, his head finding unaccustomed rest upon her shoulder—for it was she who had always leaned on him—she knew that if she should ever again be tempted to speak such words to him she would remember that scene and be silenced.

Wyoming in the hunting season—it had been his idea for a family vacation, and it was for Rod that he had thought of it. "The boy ought to see his own country before he's drafted," he'd said. "He ought to know what he's fighting for."

That was the way it had begun last New Year's Eve. They had been sitting by the fire, waiting for Rod to come downstairs on his way to a dance at the country club; and he had come hurrying down in his evening clothes, the most beautiful human being ever born, she had thought fondly, and her own creation. Then she had laughed at herself. Had she not fallen in love with Roderick first of all because he was so imperiously handsome, though more than twice her age?

She had been not quite nineteen to his forty-three, and it had not occurred to her when she began to adore him—and let herself show it so recklessly—that he could fall in love with her, or indeed with anyone. The whole town had come to believe at last that he, the most eligible man and the richest, would never marry—though why no one knew, except for the usual legend of an early love, a blonde and delicate girl, who had died, it seemed, of typhoid in Italy one summer. If there had been such a love, he had never told her of it.

He lifted his head from her shoulder abruptly. "Get up from your knees, Sue," he said. She got up then and sat down



"You aren't trustworthy!" Roderick said. "How do you know?" Rod cried. "You don't let me alone. You're always watching me"

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

on the couch beside him and he put his arm around her. He was immense, six feet two in his bare feet, and though he had been slender when she married him, with flashing black eyes and iron-gray hair, he had in the last year grown heavy, in spite of all she could do in the way of gentle suggestions against starches. It was part of his illness, the doctor had told her—the abnormal hunger, the violent angers, the long, half-sleeping silences.

He straightened himself with an effort and raised his great head, his hair, though snow-white now, as thick and fine as it had been in his youth. He fumbled for his pipe, found it, and filled and lighted it and drew on it hard.

"Mustn't let myself get to leaning on you," he said, and pulled her to his knees and held her.

The voice, the words, the gesture of love were so familiar that she was comforted. Perhaps, as time passed, she could forget Wyoming. Yet even as she made the silent hope she saw the place again, the hot bare plain, the shadeless road. They should not have driven the car, of course—at least, Roderick should never have driven it. Actually, Rod was the better driver now, but how could she tell his father that? Rod was more steady and more quick to see a danger. But Roderick had refused to trust the car to his son.

"Why don't you let me take my turn?" Rod had demanded daily.

"Or me?" she had asked.

"Not you, *my pet*," he always said. "You sit still and enjoy the scenery. And I am perfectly able to drive my own car, Rod. The state may give you a license at seventeen but that's too young. I don't want an accident with your mother in the car."

"Nothing would happen," Rod had muttered in the back seat.

"What's that? Speak up!"

"Oh, Roderick," she had cried at last. "Stop nagging the boy, for all our sakes."

How could she ever forget the strange look he had turned on her then? He had turned his head and she saw his face, bewildered, staring, as though she had stabbed him, and slowly his hands had loosened on the wheel. Still it had not occurred to her that anything was really wrong, and it was Rod who saw it first, Rod who had saved them. The car had swerved, she screamed, and instantly her son leaped up, and leaning over his father he caught the wheel and brought the car to safety on the side of the road. By then his father had collapsed.

Oh, what would she have done then without her strong young son? In a moment Rod had spread the car rug on the dry brown grass, had somehow lifted his father down, had found the vacuum jug and was applying ice-cold water to his father's forehead, throat and wrists. Roderick had lain unconscious, his face gone gray, while she had stood by helplessly, sobbing, imagining the horror of sudden death.

IT WAS Rod who spoke, commanding and not afraid. "Mother, stop crying and listen. I'm going for a doctor. Keep cooling his head."

She could not bear to be left alone, but she dared not say so, not to the strong young man who leaped into the car again and sped away. She sat down, obedient, seeing the strange gray face, the lifeless hands, while she went on sobbing softly. And then the thought she had never allowed herself came out of the depth where she had kept it hidden all these years: never, never should she have married a man so old, old enough to be her father, but worse than that, more cruel, old enough to be the grandfather of his own son.

How could the man and boy ever understand each other or keep peace? They were two generations apart. She felt a frightening pity for herself, a woman still young but married to this old man half dead, this dying bulk. And what if he did not die, but never woke again to speak to her or know himself? She was afraid of him.

AND then love came flooding back to save her. He was her husband, the man she had chosen; she loved him only, and age could not destroy the years they had shared together. He had made her know what love could be between a man and woman, and how often she had been sorry for her friends with their young husbands, callow, self-centered, demanding for themselves; whereas she had been a princess to Roderick.

"Dearest!" She whispered the word, leaning over him.

He opened his eyes as though at the sound of her voice. "Sue?"

"Here," she said softly.

"I can't quite see you—"

She put her hand over his eyes. "Rest a minute," she said.

"But what am I doing here on the ground?"

"Darling, you were taken ill."

"Where's Rod?"

"Gone for a doctor, darling."

He pulled her hand away. "I don't need a doctor," he said firmly.

She lost her temper at that, amazing herself. "Oh, no, you don't need a doctor! You just scare us to death but still you don't need a doctor!"

She was crying again but he did not notice. He struggled and sat up dizzily. "Exactly what happened?" he said.

She made him lie down again and he listened, dazed and unbelieving. "Rod couldn't lift me—"

"He did!"

He was silent then, the gray look still on his face, and after a long time, while she sat waiting, her heart aching with love and fear and self-reproach, he spoke slowly and heavily: "I wish the boy hadn't seen me—pass out."

"Rod isn't a boy; he's a man."

He made no answer to that, and she went on, explaining: "He took charge. I couldn't have managed without him."

Far down the level road they saw the car coming back in a cloud of dust. "Perfectly reckless," he said.

"He is trying to save your life," she reminded him.

Then the doctor was there, a lean, young-looking man carrying a black leather bag, and with scarcely a word he took out his stethoscope and listened to Roderick's heart and then measured his blood pressure, and then again and yet again.

"Incredibly high," he told her. "Didn't you know it?"

"No."

"Has he been as usual?"

How loyal of Rod not to complain of his father, she thought. "Abnormally hungry—and too irritable, perhaps," she said unwillingly.

"Why perhaps?"

She hesitated and then said, "He's been used to having his own way."

"Don't you give it to him?"

"Yes, of course. It's not me—it's my son I feel sorry for sometimes."

It was dreadful to tell such facts to a stranger, but Roderick did not seem to hear. He lay there staring up into the bright sky. The doctor leaned over him again and said, "Mr. MacLane, can you hear me?"

Roderick replied with the vigor of outrage: "Of course I can hear you. I'm not deaf, young man."

"That's good. I'm Dr. Robertson. I'm going to order rest for you, for two weeks at least."

"Can't do it," Roderick retorted and she noticed then that his speech was slower, more halting. "My boy—" he said "—the hunting—"

"Never mind that, Dad," Rod said quickly, but his father did not answer him.

The doctor stood up and folded his stethoscope and nodded to Rod. Together they lifted the big man. "Hey," Roderick said. "I'm not luggage. I can walk."

But he made no effort to walk, and he let them lay him on the back seat like luggage. She climbed in then and took his head on her lap. Within an hour he was safely in a neat hospital in a clean and sun-drenched Wyoming town and Dr. Robertson was talking to her in his office.

"And what wine do I serve with the cocktails?"

COLLIER'S CORKA

"It's a stroke, Mrs. MacLane," he said, "a fairly light one, but a definite warning. His life must be different from now on, less responsibility and so on. You must let him have his own way as much as possible, but—"

She broke in: "He's always had his own way."

"With you, perhaps," the doctor replied. "But you'll have to tell the young man, your son, to do his fighting with someone his own age, or with you."

"I see," she said, and then with an impulse to defend both her husband and her son, she added, "I don't think it's anything more than the normal disagreement between a father and an adolescent son."

"There's more than the difference of age between them, though," the doctor said sharply. "I have two sons myself—one fourteen, one sixteen."

She tried to smile, still defending her love. "You don't look old enough."

"I am, nevertheless," the doctor replied. "Anyway, it's rest from now on for your husband, rest and peace."

AND yet Roderick had recovered with amazing speed. There had been no time for hunting, of course, and after one trial he had let Rod drive home. Rod had done a perfect job of it too, she had thought, keeping the low and steady speed the doctor had prescribed. And she had been so touched and grateful when Rod had told her one evening when they were alone, his father having already gone to bed, "I'm going to grow up fast now, Mother, so that I can take care of you both."

"Thank you, Rod," she had said, as if he were already a man.

And yet, when they had got home, the trouble had begun and they had all slipped back again to the old ways. Roderick had forgot, it seemed, that he had ever been ill, and certainly he refused to believe that he could not safely carry on his activities as before. Once he was in his own house he was master again, and he began to treat Rod like a child without really knowing, or so she believed, that he did.

There were the guns, for example, the precious instruments he had always cared for himself, oiling them regularly, taking them apart to examine them for dust and corrosion; such work he had done on week ends for diversion, refusing help. But now he was tired on week ends, for he insisted on keeping his usual office schedule, and yet he would not recognize that he was tired, or acknowledge the fact when she spoke of it.

"Why should I be tired?" he would demand. "I can still do my job, I daresay."

"Of course, darling," she always replied, for peace.

Yet this morning he had dragged himself from bed so obviously weary that she had made the mistake of mentioning it. She had said, after breakfast, "Why don't you let Rod help you today, darling?"

"Because he'd ruin something," he had replied gloomily. "He's too impatient."

"Then he's your son," she had said, half teasing.

But the old humor was gone. He was only grim. "I had more sense at his age," he'd said. "Besides, he'll sleep till noon, I suppose—always does on Sundays, doesn't he?"

KITCHEN AID

My kids and husband will be here—
And then my house guests will appear.
They'll come to help me, one by one,
Each confident the work's been done.
Be still my heart! Beat slow and steady!
The unwashed dishes now are ready.

—D. E. TWIGGS

But sometime during this morning he must have yielded to his weariness, however, and called Rod to help him. She had busied herself about the house and only when she had settled herself in the living room with her book had she heard the angry voices.

"What are you thinking about?" Roderick now demanded suddenly.

"Nothing."

What she had come to with all her thinking was whether she should beg him first to be patient with Rod or whether she should ask patience first from Rod. If she went first to her son, would it not imply disloyalty to Roderick? Yet if she should speak now to Roderick, beseech him once more for the sake of youth, could he or would he understand?

She sat up and pushed back her short reddish hair. "I *am* thinking about something," she said.

He drew on his pipe. "What is it, baby?" he said. "Tell your papa."

He had always made a joke of the difference in their ages, pretending sometimes that she was his darling child. Yet each knew that this was only playful fiction, for he was her passionate lover and she was his.

"Darling," she said now, "I shall make it as straight as I can. You must let Rod grow up. Don't scold him any more. It's bad for you both."

He was irritated immediately. "Damn it, Sue, I'd be only too glad if he'd grow up. What am I doing to prevent it, pray tell—unless you think I ought to turn over the house to him? I don't intend to do that, whatever age he is. The fact is, Sue, which you don't notice but which I see very clearly, the boy is as conceited as a cock pheasant—has been ever since I let him drive the car home. He'll be putting me on bread and milk next."

She put her hand on his lips and whispered, "Forget what I said."

SHE got up after that, and murmuring something about picking the late chrysanthemums she went into the garden, stopping outside the window to look in. Had she hurt him by leaving him so abruptly? No, he had forgot; he had stretched himself on the couch and closed his eyes. This easy oblivion had become his habit, and the knowledge struck into her heart. He was old, he was really old, her darling, her love, and all her passion and devotion must now be framed in tenderness and never in demand. He must be what he had become and yet not discover his own change. She was suddenly ruthless in his defense.

"Rod!" She called her son loudly in the garden, not knowing where he was.

"I'm here," he replied, unexpectedly near.

The door of the garage opened suddenly and there he was, grimy with oil, a black rag in his hand. "What on earth are you doing?" she said.

"The fuel line in the car is clogged," he said patiently. "I noticed it last night when Dad drove in. I didn't say anything. I thought I'd fix it without his knowing it."

"Don't let me stop you," she said. But she followed him into the garage.

"Shut the door, will you?" he said.

"He's asleep," she said, but she shut the door and sat down on a box while he went on working.

"It's hell," he said abruptly.

She did not want to ask what hell it was, but then compelled herself to say: "Meaning?"

"Meaning the way he won't let me do anything. He seems to think I'm seven years old instead of seventeen."

She said, out of what store of wisdom she did not know: "He's afraid of you." And the moment she had said it she knew it was the truth.

"What!" he cried. He stood, rag in hand, staring at her, his eyes bright in his oil-blackened face.

"He's afraid of you because he sees you are a man."

He still stared, not comprehending. "Then why in heck doesn't he treat me like a man?" he said.

"Rod, don't you see? If you're a man already, then he's old."

"So what? He *is* old."

"Oh, Rod, don't be brutal! You'll be old too, someday."

MERCY, she was about to ask, have mercy for an old man who is your father; and then suddenly her love for Roderick became a shield for him. Why should she ask mercy for a strong man because he was growing old? He was himself, as long as he lived, deserving respect and honor. She chose a different course.

"I wish you could remember him when you were born," she said, smiling. "He came into my room, so huge, so full of life, handsome to look at. He'd been playing golf all day—we hadn't expected you so soon, Rod, but you were impatient as you've always been, pushing ahead of your time. They had to send someone after your father, and he came in like the big west wind and picked you up. I'll never forget the two of you—he so big and you so small, cuddled in his arms. I loved you both so much that I cried."

Rod was suddenly polishing the car with the dirty rag, saying nothing.

"I suppose that in his mind he always sees you as you were that first day," she said, but firmly, and not in apology.

"Sure," Rod said reasonably, still not looking at her. "But the fact is, I'm not a kid, am I?" He was not being rude—that she was sure of—only honest and troubled and wanting to be himself.

"How alike you two are now," she said thoughtfully. "Both of you so tall, so stubborn—"

"I don't see it," he said.

"You are," she insisted. "You want to prove yourself already a man to him, and he wants to show you that he is still a man. Two words—*already* and *still*." She paused a moment and then, suddenly, she said, "You're two males, contending, like the two bull elk we saw on the Wyoming plains the day before your father was ill. Remember?"

They had both forgotten but now they both remembered. The car had risen to the top of a low mesa and there before them were the two elk, heads high for battle. There had been something ridiculous in the sight; and humorously Roderick had honked the horn and the animals, startled, had run away.

"Silly, wasn't it?" she said, remembering it and smiling again.

He leaned against the car, listening while she talked, and now he blushed and she changed her words quickly. "No, not silly. Pathetic, sad—natural, I suppose, and maybe inevitable. And I could laugh at you both now except that I am between—your shield and his. But perhaps that is my place, being a woman."

She was talking far above his head. He had no idea of what she was trying to say—or had he? A queer, half-humorous smile was on his lips. He picked up a piece of pipe and began rubbing it with the filthy rag, slowly and with exaggerated care. "You may have something," he said. "I never thought of it like that."

"I love you both exactly the same but differently," she said irrelevantly.

"We don't fight about you," he said.

"I'm audience," she reminded him.

"Oh, well!" he said and threw her a laughing, wholly perceptive look. "There'll be other girls, you know!"

She was staggered by his maturity. He *was* a man, after all. But she said only, "Not for Roderick."

He threw his rag on the floor, and giving up any pretense of working, he put his hands on his hips and faced her. "You're asking me to let him finish his own show, aren't you?"

"When I came in here I hadn't the faintest idea what to ask," she said honestly. "Only he's got to get his piece spoken—before the curtain falls." Her lips trembled. From now on, she thought, she would hide nothing from her son.

"Whereas," he said thoughtfully, "I'm still waiting for my cue."

"It's very near," she said. "And don't forget—it's been a great show. You'll be doing well to match it. He's a father to be proud of, an honorable, brave man."

"Sure," he said.

They shared a shy moment of perfect understanding and then they heard the shout: "Sue, where are you? Rod?"

"You or me?" Rod asked.

"Me," she said decisively. "Go on with your job."

SHE walked out into the sunshine then and into the house. Roderick was up and searching for her, his face ruddy under his snowy shock of hair. "Where were you?" he demanded.

"Talking with Rod."

"Where's he?"

"In the garage," she said smoothly. "He's cleaning the fuel line in the car."

He turned on her and roared. "What—"

She stopped him with a pure, bright look. "Let him," she said clearly. "Why are you afraid to let him be a man?"

He stared at her—oh, exactly as her son had done, the two so ridiculously alike! "I'm not afraid!" he exploded.

"I'm glad of that," she said calmly. "You needn't be, you know. You needn't fear any man alive, not even your own son."

His mouth became set and she put her hand on his cheek. "You're a very strong man," she said softly. "Don't I know?" She lifted her face for his kiss.

Oh, yes, she thought as his arms encircled her. She was exactly where she should be in point of time and place—between the two of them, a shield to both, a shield of love. —PEARL S. BUCK

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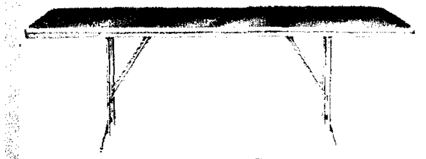

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Bull's-eye! Anton Thorn, of Milwaukee, kneels in fishing hut on Lake Winneconne, Wis., and with harpoon scores clean hit on king-sized sturgeon. Fish yielded 12 pounds of caviar

In tavern used as weighing station.

By ALFRED M. LANSING

THE rubber-nosed sturgeon is a big fish, sometimes weighing as much as 375 pounds. If he takes care of himself, a sturgeon can expect to live a hundred years, possibly lots more. Life is long, all right; but it's also rather dull, because sturgeon don't do much except cruise along the bottoms of lakes and rivers in search of something to eat. Happily, the sturgeon is assisted in his quest by four barbels, or feelers, under his nose. They tell him when he's found something appetizing, like a red worm, for instance. Then the sturgeon lets down a contraption that looks something like the front end of an old-fashioned vacuum cleaner, sucks up the food and blows the extraneous material out through his gills.

The sturgeon looks a lot like a shark. But there's at least one big difference—no teeth. The sturgeon may look fierce, but he's really harmless. Couldn't bite you if he wanted to—but neither can he bite a fisherman's bait.

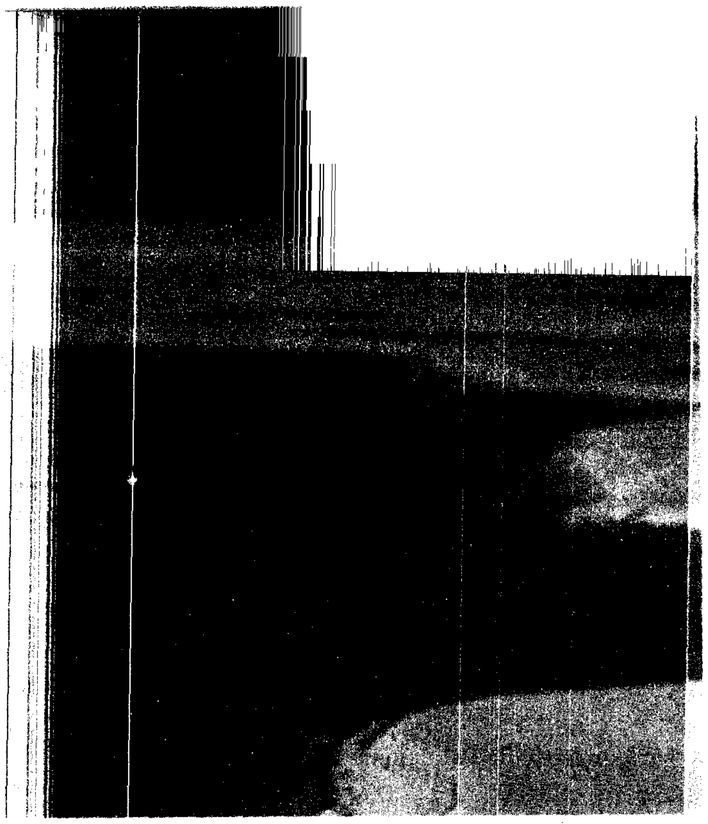
Does that stump the sturgeon fisherman? Never. He goes after his caviar-loaded quarry with a spear that looks like a five-tined pitchfork. The art of spearing sturgeon has been refined to a high degree among Midwesterners in Wisconsin and Michigan. Often hundreds of shacks pepper the lakes during the open season, which begins very soon now. Here's how it's done:

First, dig a hole through the ice about six feet square, and place a little house over the hole. Put on all the clothes you can find, snuggle down inside the house and wait, all the while peering down into the hole in the ice watching for sturgeon.

If you're lucky, a sturgeon will mosey by before the cold has solidified you. (At this point, many's the sturgeon spearer who has suddenly become paralyzed with buck, or sturgeon, fever.) You're different. You let go with your harpoonlike spear (with its attached rope); your aim is good, you play the fish right and haul in your sturgeon. And a good-sized specimen will keep you in caviar all winter. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

herman George Korn lifts catch to show patron



Occasionally eager fishermen drive cars onto thin ice—too thin

Fishing with a Fork

What has no teeth, lives to be a century old, looks like a shark, but couldn't bite a banana in half? Why, the original container for caviar, of course

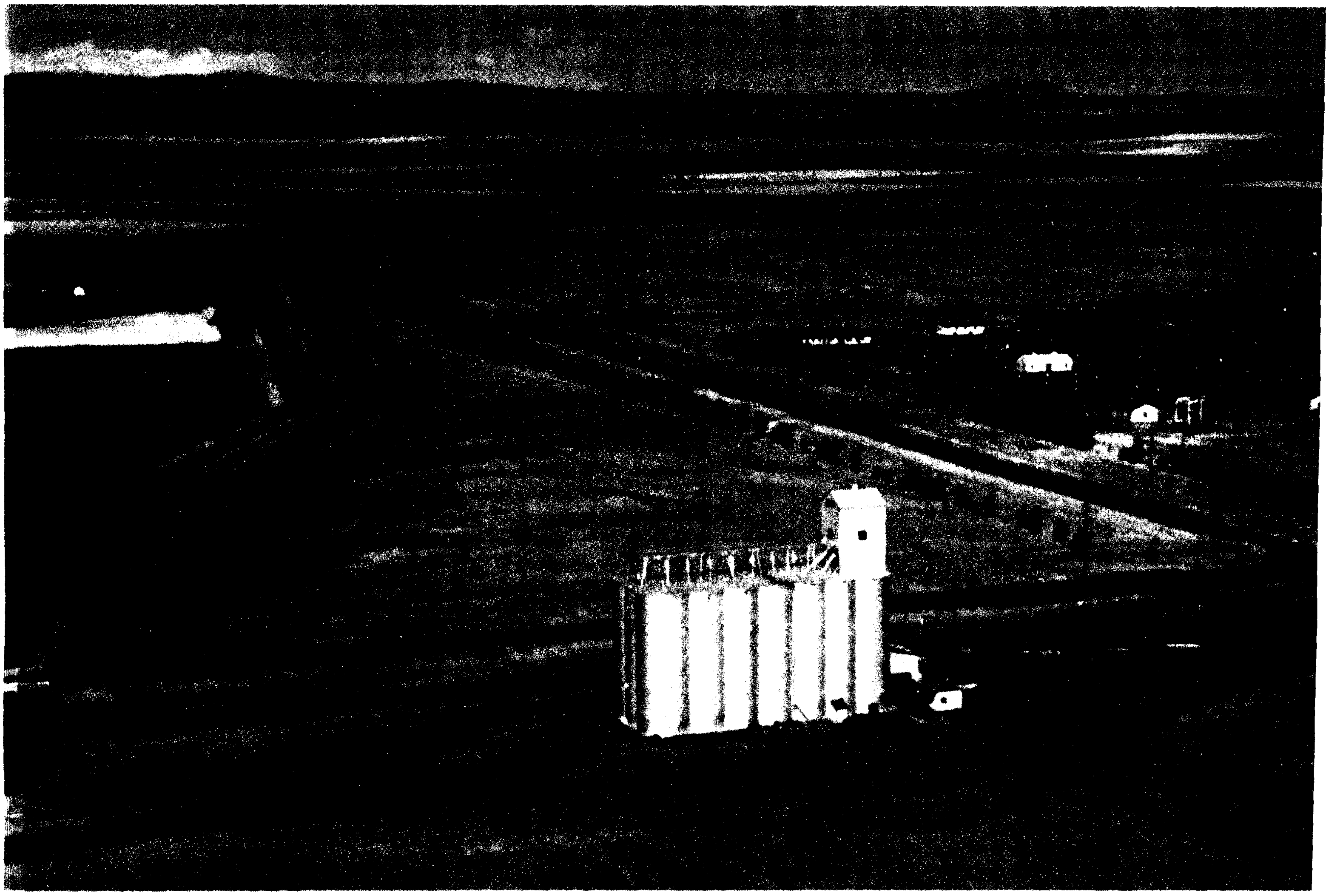
In tavern back room, Thorn (kneeling, left) watches conservation officer Vincent Skilling check trophy's weight—96 pounds. Ichthyologists estimate fish was about 60 years old

Car tracks twisting among fishing shacks on Lake Winneconne trace twilight pattern on ice

Buckingham at work on his Tule Lake farm

Seven years ago, young Stan Buckingham earned $225 a month. Then he won a government lottery to homestead in California. Now, with 175 fertile acres and rich promise for the future, he can tell you . . .

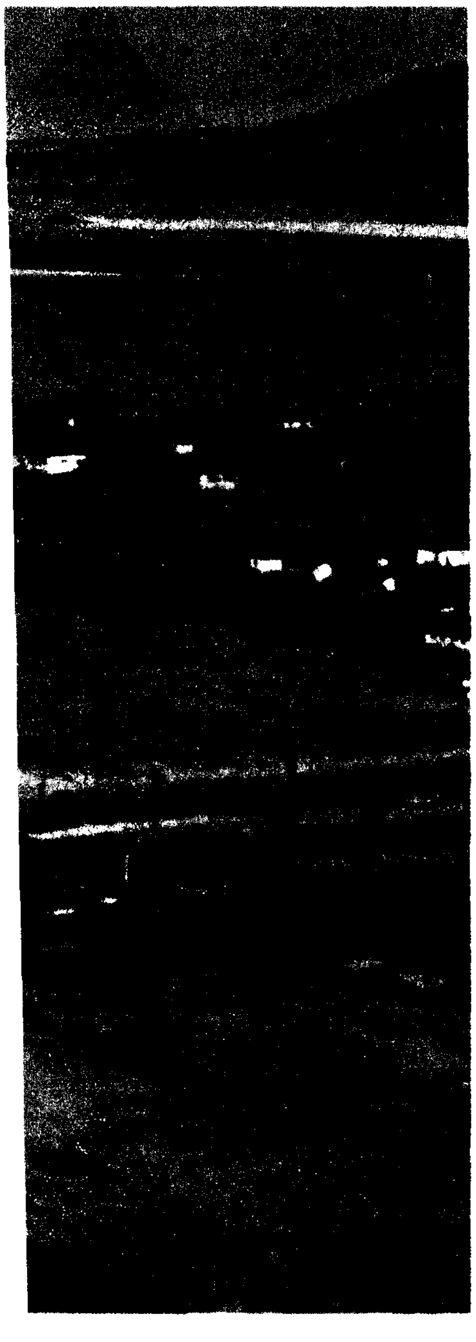
SODBUSTING PAYS



Homesteaders turned this land, once at the bottom of Tule Lake, into thriving farms. At right is World War II Japanese Relocation Center

Buckingham with wife Eileen and youngsters

OFF



By ROBERT DE ROOS

THE last seven years have been full of wonder and change for Keith Stanley Buckingham, a red-haired young farmer in faded blue jeans and a floppy straw hat who works the fruitful soil near Tulelake, in California's northern reaches.

A little more than seven years ago, Stan Buckingham was just another veteran, a former captain who had served in the Pacific. He was a bachelor, working for a sugar-beet-seed outfit in Salem, Oregon. He desperately wanted a farm, but he knew that on his $225-a-month salary he had about as much chance to become a successful farmer as a Point Barrow Eskimo.

Today, Buckingham owns two rich farms totaling 175 acres and worth, by moderate estimate, $75,000. He is married and has two children. In 1952, he was named Modoc County Farmer of the Year. In 1953 he had what he considers a poor year—yet he will wind up with around $5,000 to show for his 12 months' work.

This Cinderella twist to the Buckingham fortunes started with luck, but the luck was compounded by hard work. It all began in the summer of 1946, when Stan Buckingham read that the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation was going to give away homesteads in the rich Tule Lake basin.

Since 1907, he knew, the Bureau of Reclamation had been building dams and diversion works to change the course of the Lost River so that it would drain into the Klamath River instead of Tule Lake, its historic destination. Over the years, as the lake gradually dried up, its rich bottom lands had been converted into irrigated farms—homesteaded by veterans of World War I in 1922, and in six of the following 15 years, as new land was opened.

Now, the paper said, the bureau was ready to give away 86 homesteads of from 60 to 141 acres, depending on the quality of the land. Veterans of World War II would be given preference if they could meet the requirements: at least 90 days in the armed forces; $2,000 in assets (Buckingham had $3,000 saved from his Army pay), some farming experience and "habits of honesty, temperance, thrift and industry."

On his first day off, Buckingham went to see the land and talk with the earlier homesteaders. They told him there never had been a complete crop failure in the basin, although summer frosts sometimes cut yields severely. They said the winters were tough and the summers short, but they flatly stated this was the best farmland in the United States—the kind of land which produced 400 sacks of potatoes an acre or 3,000 pounds of premium brewers' barley. "This land is so rich," they told Buckingham, "that it once was packaged by the pound and sold in Los Angeles department stores."

Stan Buckingham applied for a homestead at once. Later, he read that more than 2,000 other veterans also wanted a crack at this lavish government issue. The odds were almost 25 to one against his name being drawn, but in December of 1946 the unbelievable happened: Buckingham's name was the ninth pulled out of the pickle jar used for the lottery. That meant he had ninth choice of any of the land opened for entry.

He picked his land with care, choosing a parcel 103 acres in size, almost 20 acres larger than the average homestead. It lay at the edge of an alkali section and its soil was not so good as that in some of the smaller plots. "I figured I could improve the soil," Buckingham says. In March of 1947, when the final allocations of land were made, Buckingham got the homestead he wanted. He was so excited he made the 66-mile round trip between Klamath Falls and Tule Lake just to give his homestead a possessive look.

Eighty-six homesteads were awarded in 1947. In 1948 and 1949 there were more lotteries and finally there were 216 young veterans on the Tule Lake land. (Other lotteries have been held for homesteads in the Minidoka Project in Idaho and for the chance to purchase land in the Columbia Basin Project in central Washington. In 1954, more veterans will apply for homestead or purchase land in the Gila Project near Yuma, Arizona, the Columbia Basin Project, the Minidoka Project and the Coachella Project in southern California.)

Stan Buckingham and the other modern sodbusters of Tule Lake have come a long way since they first plowed the rich bottom soil of the defunct lake in 1947. Although they are scattered over 20,000 acres, they have forged a dynamic, here-to-stay sort of community of fatly productive fields, have raised a prodigious crop of babies and have provided for their spiritual, social and educational needs. And if they did not suffer the hardships of the pioneer homesteaders, their difficulties were still formidable.

Buckingham will never forget the day he arrived at his homestead, a raw April day in 1947 when the frozen sod crunched under his boots and the land lay lifeless under a chill sky. He had driven from Salem with all his possessions in a borrowed trailer—the desk and bookcase he had used at college, a radio, a suitcase and bedding—to live on this almost virgin soil.

He had to admit his place did not look like much. The land had been farmed under lease before it was opened to homestead entry, and under the straw there was a wan crop of seed clover—which was to produce the bulk of Buckingham's income that first year. But there was nothing else, not a stick or stone, tree or hillock to distinguish his land from the rest of the flat, gray bottom of an ancient lake.

Housebuilding of Paramount Interest

Pacing off 200 feet, Buckingham made a cross in the hard ground with the toe of his boot. He would put the house here, on the corner of the land nearest town, Tulelake, five miles away. Then he felt a singeing doubt. It was one thing to make a mark in the gray soil and say, "This is where I'll put the house," but it was another proposition to think of the crops to be put in, of the expensive equipment he would have to buy, of building the house itself, of the slow years until his homestead would resemble the picture he had in his mind.

He turned back to his car. Six miles away, over the winter-seared flatness, he could see the black buildings of the abandoned Japanese internment camp at Newell and, beyond, the rocky promontory called the Peninsula because it once jutted into the bulrushes of Tule Lake. Far beyond the Peninsula and beyond the low, lava-caked hills which rimmed the basin, Mount Shasta dully reflected the spring sun.

Buckingham drove to the Tule Lake Relocation Center, the tattered camp where thousands of Japanese were interned during the war and where the homesteaders now had their headquarters. The secondhand camp was not much—row after row of barracks, their sides covered with tar paper tearing in the constant wind. Homesteaders were arriving in a weird conglomeration of tired cars and trucks piled high with household gear. One drove up with a whole house on a truck and a privy on a trailer—ready for business. "It looked like a second Grapes of Wrath," said Buckingham.

The homesteaders were an oddly assorted lot—accountants, loggers, farm hands, butchers, salesmen, mostly from the West but a few from the Midwest and one from Virginia. They had three things in common: all were young, averaging thirty; they had served about three years in the armed forces; all wanted to farm. At least the men did. In those early days, some of the wives took a dark view of this country without homes.

Stan Buckingham was twenty-seven in 1947. He had grown up on a farm near Bellfountain, Oregon. He was graduated from Oregon State, the agricultural school, and then was drafted into the Army. He wanted to farm—and now he had his chance.

The night he learned that his name had been

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES STEINHEIMER

drawn Buckingham, a temperate, thrifty and industrious man, embarked on some temperate celebrating in Salem. In the course of this evening, he was introduced to Eileen Percy, the slender secretary to the manager of the telephone company. She remembers now that she found him a little boring. "All Stan could talk about was this homestead he'd won," she recalls. "I'd never even heard of the place. I wasn't interested in a farmer anyway. I knew the terrible lives they lead—always tied down to a cow or something."

But for the next few months, while Stan worked at his sugar-beet job and made an occasional trip to his winter-bound homestead, he and Eileen saw more and more of each other—going to dances, movies, bowling together. Stan admits he was impressed, even if Eileen was not. "The first time she ever watched me, I bowled 264," he grins, "and that was just about a hundred pins better than I ever got before."

Eileen was coming around. "It didn't take me long to realize that Stan was no ordinary farmer," she says. "He is an exceptional person and I was pretty quick to find that out. We went together steadily until he went down to the homestead. By then, we were engaged."

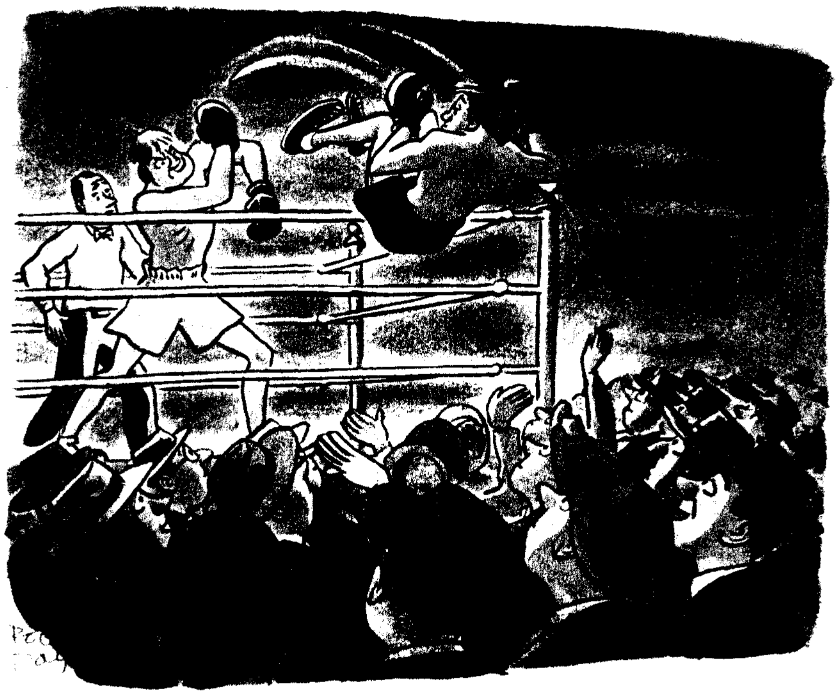
Families Combined Forces

Stan's brother-in-law, Amos Bierly, had also won a homestead and they teamed up—with an assist from Frank Buckingham, Stan's older brother—when they first reached the basin. "That first year we were all short of equipment," Buckingham says. "Anyone who had equipment loaned it out." Bierly and Buckingham had one tractor between them. Stan, who wanted to put in 15 acres of barley, worked it from 4:00 A.M. to noon, when Bierly took over. "One night I was bringing the tractor home from Bierly's place and I must have gone to sleep. I woke up just as the tractor was about to tip into an irrigation ditch," Stan says. "We were all pretty exhausted."

Bierly and Buckingham, like the rest of the homesteaders, had been allotted some buildings from the Japanese camp—40-by-20-foot barracks which they could move to the homestead complete, and 100-by-20-foot buildings which they had to cut in half first. Stan also was allotted a mess hall; he and Bierly dismantled it and carefully salvaged the lumber.

Buckingham had been working 15 hours a day on his farm and on the barracks when Eileen Percy arrived. She and Buckingham were married May 31, 1947, and moved into a small apartment at the Tule Lake Relocation Center. Buckingham brought Eileen's possessions down from Salem and then got too busy to unload the truck. "Then, of course, it rained," says Eileen. "There was a piece of red cloth on top of my stuff and the color ran through everything I owned."

Despite the rain, the homesteaders' plows, turning the peat soil, raised heavy clouds of dust—as they still do every spring—which laid a gray film over everything. "This is the dustiest country in the world," Eileen Buckingham says with deep feeling. "We used to eat sandwiches all the time because we could never seem to get the dishes clean long enough to eat off them."



COLLIER'S "Here he comes again! 3D movies of this fight will make a fortune" ROBERT DAY

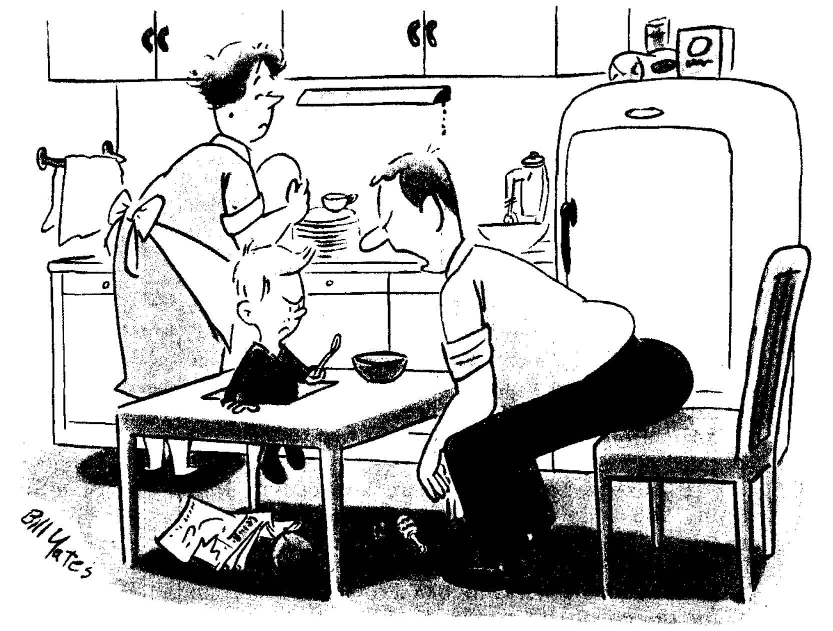
When the barley was planted, Buckingham began to convert his barracks into a home. He drilled a 20-foot well and installed a pitcher pump. With advice from Eileen, Stan and his brother Frank divided the 20-by-40-foot barracks into rooms, two bedrooms across one end, a narrow living-dining-room combination, and, back of that, the kitchen, bathroom and the rear entry hall.

Although it was not finished, they moved in early in September, while Stan was harvesting. "The walls were just boards and torn tar paper," Buckingham recalls. "There were cracks big enough so the moths and millers could squeeze in when it got cold. Eileen didn't like bugs. She made it rough for me until we made the place strong enough to keep the bugs out." A year later, he covered the houses with attractive asbestos shingles.

The place had a solid floor, most of the interior studding was up and even some of the sheet-rock partitions had been raised. There was no plumbing. Eileen went to town and paid $77 for a sink, "a fancy one with a spray rig," and Stan connected a hose to its innards so water would drain out of the house—but the water first had to be carried in from the well. There was no water heater. When the Buckinghams wanted a bath, they went to the former Japanese camp six miles away.

Work on the house went very slowly; Buckingham did it all himself except for a little plumbing. "It was just last spring that we finally got the bathroom finished," says Mrs. Buckingham. "It's hard to imagine living in the middle of a place where there is nothing. Just cooking and cleaning up after a meal took forever. I wish I'd kept a diary. You forget so much—but maybe it's because you want to forget."

When the crops were harvested, the Buckinghams and their neighbors dived into their community problems: they needed roads and telephones, they wanted a farm adviser, something had to be done about their domestic water, there was the question of schools, irrigation problems had to be straightened out. There were only a few roads. "We just drove across the country like navigating at sea," says Buckingham. "When one track got too muddy, we'd just turn out and make a new one."



COLLIER'S "Go ahead and eat it. Pretend it's sand" BILL YATES

A committee of homesteaders met every week or so with the county supervisors and finally got a road appropriation. "There wasn't enough money to go around," Buckingham says, "so we flipped a coin to see where it would be spent. The fellows in the southern section won and got some roads, good enough so they could at least get out to the highway in the winter. The roads are still not very good. Last winter, school was closed two weeks because the busses couldn't travel."

"One of the hardest things was trying to get ready for all those meetings," Eileen says, "trying to get washed and dressed when we didn't have any closets or plumbing. You'd get yourself fixed up as well as you could and then wade out through the barley stubble to the car. By the time you got there, you weren't fixed up any more."

The homesteaders were adept at the town-hall way of doing business. It was a wonder to the previous settlers. "These young people aspire to a better life," said a 1931 homesteader. "We just took everything as it came, but these fellows go out and get what they want." The flood tide of meetings which engulfed the homesteaders during their first winters had subsided a little now, but Eileen Buckingham can say, "We're in on everything that happens. We all know what we want and we go out and squabble for it."

Homesteaders Join Existing Clubs

The Homestead Club was organized very quickly to serve as the voice of the newcomers. The American Legion and the Farm Bureau and the Tulelake Growers' Association already had been formed and the new homesteaders joined in force. "When we came here, the old-timers told us to take over," Buckingham says, "but a few of them seemed to resent it a little when we did."

The homesteaders organized a community church, celebrated their first harvest with a Harvest Ball, organized a community Thanksgiving dinner and Christmas celebration. Two Four-H clubs were set up—Buckingham took over the leadership of one, the Modoc Toilers. "Since the first two years, the people have split up more," Buckingham says. "They're more interested in their own problems now that we're settled. That's only natural."

The first year of homesteading, the Buckinghams netted $3,390. But by the time the money came in, they had spent their original $3,000 for equipment, including a tractor, a cultivator, a mower, a fertilizer spreader, a disk harrow, an electric pump for the well and a half interest in a combine.

A lot of head scratching went on around the bridge table the Buckinghams used for dining and as a desk as they figured the best way to spend what little they had. Eileen put together a few essential purchases: an electric range and refrigerator, a washing machine and an oil stove to replace the wood-burning monster which had come with the barracks. They also purchased a bed: they had been sleeping on Army cots.

In 1948, Stan leased out 20 acres to a potato farmer and put 80 acres into barley. It was a good year, and his income, including the return on the Oregon sugar-beet plot he had worked on before winning his homestead, was $7,000 before taxes—enough to buy a grain drill, a new cultivator, a ditcher and a harrow. His old car had expired in the front yard and they bought a new sedan for $2,300. Stan visited a neighbor and bought a Jersey cow named Browneyes as a birthday gift for Janet, their first child, born August 18, 1948.

Since 1948, the Buckinghams have purchased $11,279 worth of farm equipment. They have spent $5,000 on the house. They have bought a large radio, an automatic clothes washer and drier, a home freezer and have paid for the arrival of Keith George Buckingham, now four. Last year excepted, their income has gone up steadily—"and that's how I hope it's going to be," says Stan.

Negotiates a Bank Loan

In the spring of 1949, Buckingham got an electrifying bit of news: his neighbor across the road, a 1937 homesteader, wanted to sell his 72 acres! "I couldn't sleep that night," Buckingham grins. "I sure wanted that place, but I didn't have any money." Nevertheless, he went calling on his neighbor early the next morning. "He told me he wanted $32,000 for the place and I hightailed it to town to see the banker." The bank loaned Buckingham $10,000 as a down payment, and the new place, which he farms on shares with a friend, is paying itself off at the rate of $5,000 a year, plus interest. As the owner of two homesteads, Buckingham's future looks good.

Nevertheless, farming is always a gamble. "You always have to borrow money to get the crops in and borrow more for the harvest," he says. In 1952, before receiving one penny of income, he had to borrow $9,000 for his farming operations—which included 20 acres of potatoes, 115 acres of barley, 10 acres of pasture and 20 acres of alfalfa. His gross income for the year was about $21,000, out of which he had to pay for expenses, depreciation and the bank loan—leaving him $8,000 before taxes.

The extent of each year's farming operation depends "partly on how much money I have to invest and partly on how much time I have," Buckingham says. "It takes time to plant barley, potatoes or clover. The growing season is so short—only a hundred days—that you have only about 40 days to get all your crops in. Some of the fellows go all barley one year and take it easy. Some go all out for spuds, if they can get the money, and hope to make a killing."

Potatoes are the most profitable crop—if the price is right. "The rub is," says Buckingham, "that if you plant 15 acres of spuds you need almost as much equipment as you would to farm a hundred."

Even though the homesteaders were blessed by high prices in their first years, some of them could not make the grade. Of the original 216, four have died and 26—including Amos Bierly—have left the land for a variety of reasons. A few veterans proved up their homesteads and sold out, taking $35,000 or more for their hitch on the free land. "A lot of them are sorry they left now," Buckingham says. "Where you come from always looks best until you go back."

The homesteaders who have stayed are a substantial lot and they will stick. Buckingham guesses the average homesteader is making between $6,000 and $7,000 a year before taxes. "No one is getting rich," he says, "but most of us are doing all right."

Statistics gathered by the Bureau of Reclamation bear him out. Many of the homesteaders are in debt; they owe an average of $6,000 apiece. But their net worth averages $30,000. Many still live in makeshift houses, but all have electricity and 70 per cent have telephones. Eighty-five per cent own trucks, 75 per cent own automobiles, 85 per cent own tractors. And all are acquiring expensive farm and home equipment.

Jerry Marcus

COLLIER'S "Guess whose wife gave birth to a baby boy?" JERRY MARCUS

Admits His Good Luck

Some of the older homesteaders—the veterans of World War I—grumble a little about the success of the newcomers and say, "They've had everything handed to them on a silver platter." Buckingham is the first to admit his great good luck. "Farmers usually have to work forty years to get a farm free and clear," he says. "We got ours for nothing—that's pretty hard to beat. All we have to pay for is the irrigation construction."

Buckingham, who is an elder in the Presbyterian church in Tulelake, believes the group is "way above average in churchgoing." A community church has been built at the Japanese camp and there are four churches in Tulelake, including a new $47,000 Catholic church. Sixty per cent of its parishioners are new homesteaders.

But the Newell School, on the site of the Japanese camp, is the greatest pride of the homesteaders. They bonded themselves for $152,000, the legal maximum, to pay for the $213,000 school, and the state took care of the rest. "There were not many kids of school age when we got down here," Buckingham says, "but we could see there would be a problem one day. Right away, we got a parent-teachers outfit going and finally got the bonds approved.

"We knew when we built the school that it would be too small but we had to do something." The school opened in September, 1953, and overflowed with children. "We'll expand as soon as possible," says Buckingham.

At the moment, it is impossible to say just how large the school ultimately will be—because the outstanding crop of the Tule Lake basin is children. No one seems to know how many children there are. When Paul Christy, chairman of the school board, was asked, he replied: "You mean today or tomorrow?"

Some of the young families already have four children, the oldest in first grade. The 33 miles of road between Tule Lake and Klamath Falls, Oregon, the nearest hospital town, was nicknamed Stork Speedway as the homesteaders scorched the road to get their wives to the delivery room.

The years have fallen into a rhythm now. The summer is the hectic time, with planting, cultivating, irrigating and finally the harvest. "There are lots of meetings in the winter," Buckingham says. "And you still have to do the milking and tend the chickens and try to get some work done on the house. In the winter of 1949 I built a chicken house and last winter I built the corrals."

A lot of the winter is spent trying to keep warm. "The water pipes freeze every so often," says Eileen, "and then Stan has to get out the blowtorch and thaw them out." One morning, when the mercury foundered at 31 degrees below zero, Buckingham awoke to find the oil stove had gone out—the Diesel oil which fed the flame had jelled in the pipes.

The homesteaders chafe under the climate and the bad roads which keep them close to home. "We don't go anywhere," Eileen Buckingham says. "In the winter, it's the roads and in summer we're too busy to leave."

Although Buckingham was elected to the Republican county central committee, he says politics does not take up much of the homesteaders' time. But they are embroiled in one political controversy—with the Department of the Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service, over the disposal of the remaining lands in the Tule Lake basin. Oscar L. Chapman, as one of his last acts as Interior Secretary, declared that about 4,500 acres of this land should be allotted to Fish and Wildlife as a game preserve.

The homesteaders are angry, vocal and seemingly unanimous in condemning this action—which has been suspended temporarily by Douglas McKay, the present Secretary of the Interior. They demand the land be opened to new homesteaders, pleading the good of the community, benefits to the national economy and opportunity for more veterans.

Asks for Reasonableness

"All we ask is that they be reasonable about it," Stan Buckingham comments. "The government came in here and spent $15,000,000 or so on this project and now they want to turn over some of the best land to the ducks."

Back of the homesteaders' ardor lies an economic fact. While their homesteads were a gift of the government, they still must pay for the cost of the irrigation works. The amount has not been set, but it will be around $85 an acre, payable in 40 years. If the disputed land is homesteaded or leased to veterans, it will bear its share of the irrigation costs. If it goes to Fish and Wildlife, they say, it will not contribute to these costs.

Whatever the outcome of that controversy, it will not affect the homesteaders too deeply if crops are good and prices stay up. Their basic goal is to get out of debt. "I don't worry about frost or prices or things I can't control," says Stan Buckingham. "So far I've been able to pay off every year." Eileen adds: "Yes, but we've never had a year when we didn't have to borrow. That's the year I'm waiting for."

"Right now," says Stan, "I guess my net worth is plenty, but I can't buy peanuts. I'm borrowed right up to the limit."

Yet his homestead means security, security partly given by a generous government and made real by the family working together. "Stan teases me," Eileen says. "He's always saying, 'You know we could probably get $75,000 for this place. I think I'll sell.' But I know he'll be a farmer the rest of his life, and probably right here. And that suits me fine." ▲▲▲

A SPECIAL FICTION FEATURE

Lora felt she would go mad if she didn't escape from
the boredom of this isolated mining town. She knew
where to find excitement—but was the price too high?

herself alone

A NOVELETTE

By CHARLES MERGENDAHL

THE daily train from Lima was coming to a stop at the station in Casamatuca as Lora Conroy crossed the wooden platform. In the coach marked *Segunda* she saw an Indian leaning out the window, violently ill from altitude sickness; in the *Primera* coach a white-coated doctor was squeezing oxygen from a canvas bag into the mouth of a gasping woman. Brown-faced Peruvians sprayed water on the green engine, which had a llama's head painted in gold on the cab; and from the last car a white man, obviously a salesman, staggered gasping into the Peruvian mining town, nearly three miles above sea level.

Lora turned away, feeling sudden nausea as she remembered her own arrival over two years ago, her first sight of the gray, barren town, the dirty Indians crowding the platform, and Martin failing to meet her. Faint with altitude sickness—*soroche*—and disgusted with the ugly town, she had almost climbed back on the train, returned immediately to Lima, and flown back to Ohio on the first plane out.

But she had stayed. And now, walking down the cement steps toward the club of the Manston Mining Company, she wondered what would have become of her if she had left immediately, had never married Martin Conroy at all.

Lora paused on the clubhouse steps. She glanced around at the train, which was pulling out, going on into the Andes and then down into the green valley beyond. And again she felt the old longing—for new people, for the town in Ohio that she'd left so impulsively only a month after breaking her engagement to Martin—left in order to marry him and live here with him while he worked out his first contract as a mining engineer in the center of the last nowhere on earth. Longing, she thought. I'm always longing for something that isn't here . . . She shrugged and went down the stairs to the clubhouse bar.

Rita Dermet was sitting in a booth sipping a warm Coca-Cola. She smiled at Lora, and then leaned over to wipe crumbs from the mouth of one of her three small children. "Shopping?" she said pleasantly.

"No," Lora said and sat beside the older woman. She looked bleakly at the gay chromium and leather with which the mine owners had decorated the club in order to give the engineers' wives some small sense of gaiety. "No, I let the maids do all the shopping."

"Oh, but—"

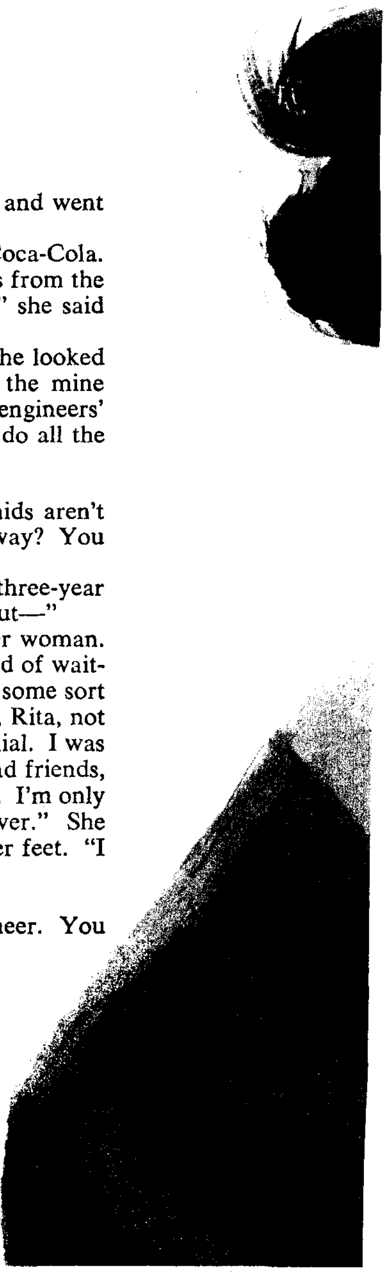
"I know, Rita," she said tiredly. "These Indian maids aren't very trustworthy. But up here what good is money anyway? You couldn't buy a new dress if you could afford one."

Rita looked at her closely. "Martin's on his first three-year contract," she said, "and the first is always the hardest, but—"

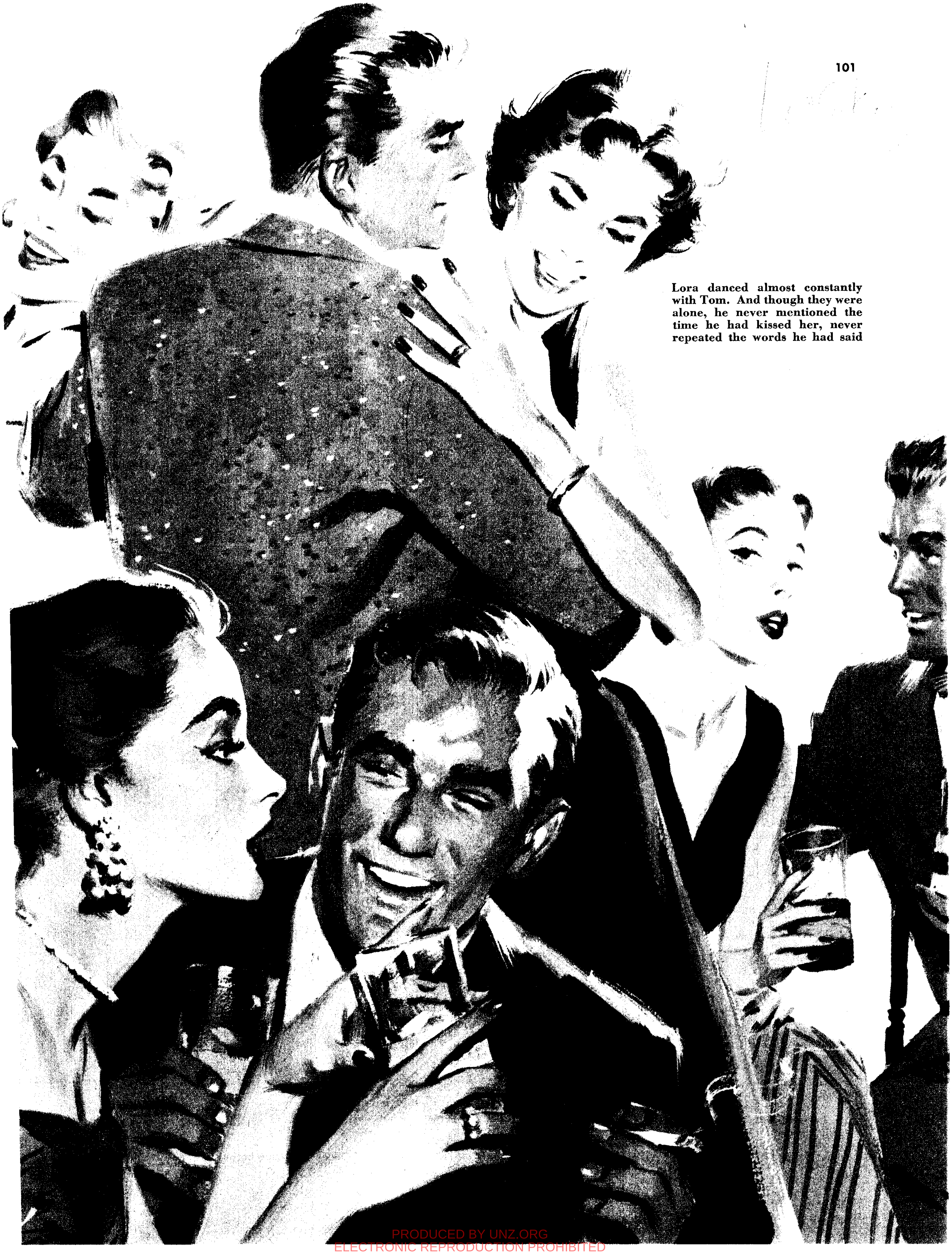
"Please," Lora said and looked candidly at the older woman. "I know, Rita. You think I should have children, instead of waiting until we leave here. You think I should try to make some sort of life out of this terrible routine. But I'm an American, Rita, not English like you. I wasn't brought up to become a colonial. I was raised in a town in Ohio. I went to a state university, had friends, went to parties; I could go to the city whenever I pleased. I'm only twenty-five now, and I hate to think life is already over." She stopped, and then, after a long silence, got wearily to her feet. "I try not to let Martin know how I feel. I really do, Rita."

"I've been here—"

"Nine years, I know. But your father was an engineer. You



ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY



Lora danced almost constantly with Tom. And though they were alone, he never mentioned the time he had kissed her, never repeated the words he had said married an engineer. You don't *want* anything else, I'd say."

"Don't I, Lora?"

"I'm sorry. It's just that every day I seem to become a little more impatient—a little crazier, I guess. Maybe it's the altitude." She turned away and walked swiftly toward the door.

Rita called after her: "Look at Nat Hicks. She's newer here than you are. But she enjoys—"

"I'm not Nat Hicks," she said without turning, and then rushed up the stairs and along the boardwalk to the parking lot. I'm not Nat Hicks, she told herself. I'm not as self-sufficient as Nat. I'm nobody but myself, and I'm bored to death, and I hate myself for it. I hate myself! She got into the car and drove fast through the dirt streets, her eyes staring straight ahead through the mud-spattered windshield.

The road to the house wound dangerously along a mountain ledge. There were no guard rails on the cliff side, and occasionally cars had gone over the edge. They had dropped three hundred feet, and no one had ever come out alive.

An Indian shepherd driving a herd of llamas blocked the road ahead. She stopped the car and waited, thinking how once those llamas had been at least slightly interesting, but now even the fact that they spat in your face when angry was no longer an amusing idea. She looked out at the mountain on her left. The road had been cut through an Indian cemetery. The road builders had sliced through a coffin, and there, staring into her face, was a human skull. "How goes it?" she said aloud. "How does it feel to be dead?" She released the brake and drove on, her hands clenched white on the steering wheel.

THE engineers' families lived in six one-story frame houses set in a row on a wide setback of a barren mountain. There were gardens between the houses, and in back of each was a small adobe hut for the Indian maid. Behind the maids' huts was a small white house for the company's only bachelor engineer. Behind that were the soaring Andes, which cut off the sun at three each afternoon, casting the settlement into shadow and turning the sky into a bleak grayness filled with hovering black vultures that spiraled endlessly over the jagged rocks and the struggling cactus.

Lora turned off the road at the gravel driveway and drove into the community garage. It was four o'clock now; the sun had gone and the evening cold had begun. She got wearily out of the car and walked back toward her house. Across the garden she saw Emma Singleton wandering aimlessly about her yard. She waved, but Emma only turned away, another sign of her growing hatred for the town and all her neighbors. On the other side of Lora and Martin's house, Nat Hicks sat happily on her small terrace, listening to a radio program from Lima. She waved happily. Her blonde hair was still bright, even without sunlight.

"Hello, Nat," Lora said and walked slowly toward the smiling girl. "Aren't you cold?"

"The music keeps me warm."

"Emma hates it."

"She hates everything. Even her husband."

"Yes," Lora said. She stared down at Nat Hicks, young and beautiful, and apparently very happy. "Nat," she said, "you're from Los Angeles, aren't you? You were a model before you came here?"

"That's right. Why?" The perpetual smile was on her lips.

"It must have been very exciting—Los Angeles, Hollywood."

Nat shrugged. "When you're in love, honey, anywhere is interesting." She laughed, and said, "*You* should know that, even if Emma doesn't."

"Yes—yes, of course," Lora said, and walked back toward her own house. She thought: Why should being in love make everything interesting? And what is being in love anyway, when you begin feeling like I do? She opened the screen door, went inside, turned on the radio, and then switched it off again. She heard a car in the drive and hurried back to the doorway. But it was not Martin. It was Tom Leiker, the camp's only bachelor. Tom was thirty-one; he was handsome and loud and very sure of himself. He was also, Lora knew, someone to stay away from.

"How goes it?" Tom asked, coming up the walk. He was dressed neatly in sport clothes; his broad shoulders and easy graceful walk gave him the appearance of a college boy. "You look as beautiful as ever," he said.

"The same old routine, getting more tired of it every day."

"I use it on all the girls," he said, and laughed, sure of his charm and good looks.

"Don't you ever get tired of flirting, Tom?"

"I do it to give you lonesome girls diversion."

"What makes you think anyone is lonesome?" she asked, and hoped he didn't sense that she was anxious for his answer.

"A pretty girl alone"—he was looking directly at her and was no longer smiling—"is always lonesome. And up here, well . . ." He nodded toward the mountains, and his meaning was all there in the casual gesture. "You know?"

"No. I don't know. I don't!" Lora said and turned quickly away, slamming the door behind her. Outside she could hear Tom's confident, sudden laugh, and then the sound of his walk on the gravel as he rounded the house.

Lora Conroy went to the window and watched Tom's easy gait as he went up the path. She had never been inside his house. She imagined it was vulgar and loud. "You fool!" she said aloud. "You conceited fool!"

Then she threw herself down onto the sofa and lay motionless, feeling nothing but the mountain cold of late afternoon.

Martin arrived home shortly after five. Lying on the sofa, Lora heard the company jeep stop outside, and then Martin's voice. She got up and went to the door. Martin stood with his back to her, leaning on the jeep, talking with the Indian driver and Bob Hicks and Rita's husband, Jerry Dermet. Lora stared absently at Martin's back, and slowly her love for him overcame the day's discontent. She remembered with horror her wavering thoughts of only a half hour before, and suddenly she was terrified. "Martin!" she called, her voice high, nearly a scream.

He turned quickly, startled, then smiled and started toward her. As he came up the walk, Lora's fright ebbed. The sight of her husband—a tall, dark-haired young man in coveralls, carrying dirty gloves, and wearing a miner's hat that was pushed to the back of his head—reassured her. She loved him. She did, she did. But sometimes, here, so far away . . .

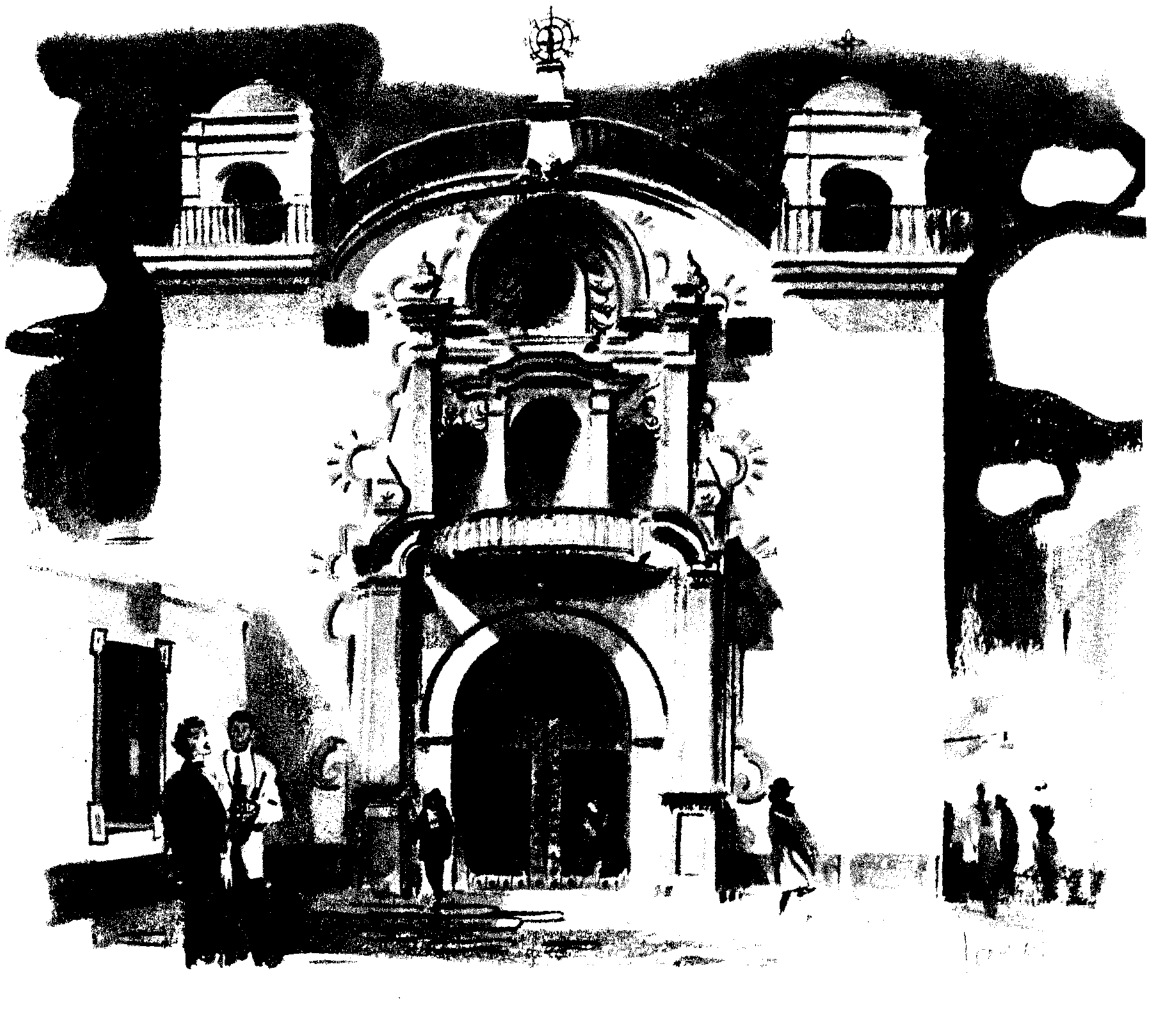
"Hello, darling," he said, his gray eyes bright in his mud-covered face. He put out a hand, but she stepped back.

"You'd better wash up, darling."

"Okay," he said. "By the way, I've got a surprise for you. I'll tell you about it later." He started toward the bathroom, and Lora watched him, thinking: Why doesn't he wash up at the mine like Tom Leiker? Why— He went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. "No sense keeping you in suspense, honey," Martin called over the sound of running water. "The surprise is that we're driving down to Lima tomorrow morning."

"Lima?" she said quietly. "Tomorrow?"

"An old college friend telephoned this morning. He and his wife are on a tour of South America and want to see us. I figured it was about time we got a look at civilization again, so I wangled tomorrow off—" Martin came to the bathroom door, a towel wrapped about his waist. "Tomorrow's Friday, so we get a long week end. We can drive back Sunday afternoon while it's still daylight." He smiled at her, his black wavy hair wet



Lora's only other visit to Lima had been two years before, and now it seemed wonderful against his forehead. "What do you say to that?"

"Oh, Martin!" Lora said, scarcely believing it. Then suddenly she rushed toward him, flung her arms about his wet bare shoulders. "Oh, darling, it's what I need—more than anything on earth. And it's what *we* need. You see that, don't you?"

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I see."

He did not see, of course. But now, to Lora Conroy, it did not really matter. She was dizzy with joy at the prospect of a vacation after more than a year in barren Casamatuca.

It was eleven when Lora finally got into bed. Martin was still awake. He turned his head, smiled at her briefly. "Happy?"

"Oh, yes, terribly. And when we get back, everything will be so different and—"

"I know what you mean, honey."

She knew he didn't, but she bent over and kissed him, and said, "I'm glad I chased you up here."

"I'm glad you did too," he said, and then, after a moment, he added, "You remember what I was telling you about Tom Leiker, about how he was getting careless? Well, today, down on the lower level, he—"

"Please, Martin," Lora said.

"You've got to be careful down there, and—"

"Please, not now, darling," Lora said firmly. "Let's not talk about the mine."

"All right, baby," he said and kissed her and snapped out the light.

Lora Conroy lay staring up into the darkness, thinking of the Indian skull and of Tom Leiker, and— She shivered, grasped Martin's shoulder, whispered, "I love you. I do, I do!" and pressed her face into her pillow, forcing herself to think of the Lima hotels and the people who lived every day in a world of continual excitement.

MOST of the wives in the settlement were on hand to see them off.

Nat Hicks stood by the car, smiling as always. Rita Dermet was there, her children grouped around her, her face calm and disconcertingly content. And Emma Singleton stood silently by, her narrow, immobile face expressing jealousy and resentment. Usually Lora sympathized with Emma. Now, however, she saw her as weak, without the courage to face reality. "After all," Lora said, "what's a little trip to Lima anyway?"

"You'll find out," Emma said darkly.

"Of course. I'll love every minute of it."

"And you won't forget a single minute, either," Emma said.

Lora looked curiously at Emma for a moment, and then Martin started the car and drove down the gravel drive. Lora turned to wave good-by and caught a glimpse of Tom Leiker back on the path to his house. He was staring at her, and in a moment he raised his hand and waved. She turned quickly and fixed her eyes on the road ahead.

Martin drove easily, seemingly unconcerned with the narrow, twisting road and the river bed far below. He was wearing a flannel suit, and he looked especially handsome. Lora moved close to him and felt a new happiness and contentment as they wound slowly down through the mountains, gradually losing altitude until their ears were stopped and breathing was strange and difficult.

Martin said, "You know, I've got to admit I'm excited myself. Not just seeing Ray, but—"

"Ray?"

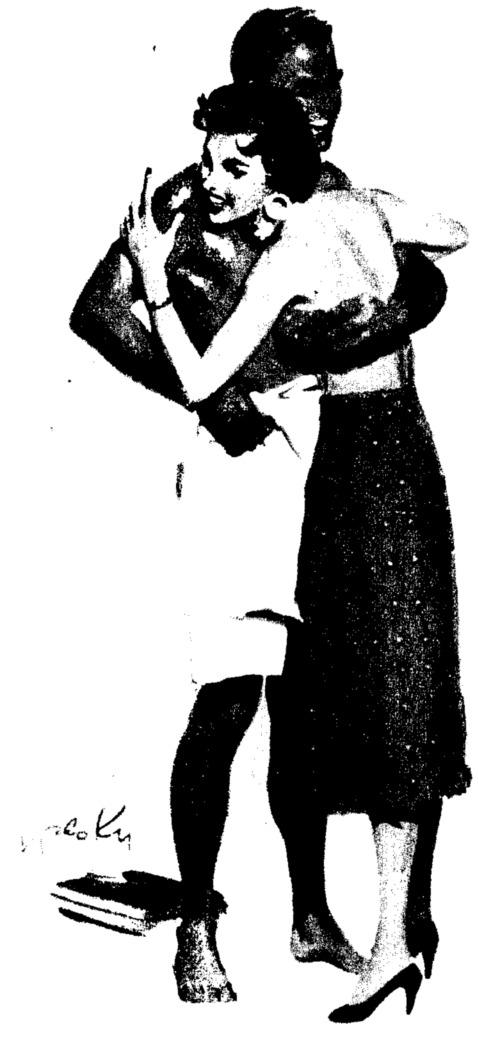
"Ray Gordon. I've never met his wife, but Ray's a wonderful guy; I know you'll like him."

She smiled and said, "I like you pretty well too."

Now, in late afternoon, Lima's traffic was heavy. The brown-coated policemen stood daringly at the intersections, directing the racing cars, the swaying trolleys, the jaywalking pedestrians.

"It's not New York," Martin said, as he drove through the flower-decked Plaza San Martín, "but it looks good to me."

"It's wonderful," Lora agreed. Her only other visit to Lima had been two years before, and then she had simply taken a taxi from the airport to the railway station. "It's simply marvelous."



"Oh, Martin," Lora said, "it's what we need—to get away from this town"

Martin parked in front of the Hotel Bolivar, and two bellboys carried their luggage up to their room. Martin telephoned Ray Gordon on the floor below, while Lora changed into a red velveteen cocktail dress that she'd brought with her from Ohio. She'd made up her face carefully, appraised herself with satisfaction in the full-length mirror.

"You're beautiful," Martin told her admiringly. "Ray says they'll meet us in the bar for cocktails."

"A hotel bar," Lora whispered, whirled gaily around, and then took Martin's arm and they went down to the dark paneled room.

Ray Gordon and his wife were waiting, and immediately Lora felt embarrassment and pain. Shaking hands with Ray, she scarcely noticed his round white face; she saw only his clothes, which were new and pressed and made Martin's flannel suit seem suddenly old. And nodding to Mrs. Gordon —Dell—Lora felt shabby and alone. Her velveteen dress was all wrong. It was too long, too formal, and too much of the style of two years before.

It's silly, she told herself. Of course it's silly. And she sat and looked at Dell Gordon's lovely delicate face, the earrings, the black, carefully groomed hair. "No hairdressers," she heard herself say, "and the air's so dry, you know, and—"

Dell smiled in sympathy, and said that she liked Lima, though not so well as Buenos Aires or Rio.

"Of course," Lora said "there is a perpetual cloud, but if you're careful to arrive in season . . ." She drank her pisco sour quickly, wishing she'd ordered Scotch like Ray or a Daiquiri like Dell. "It's not bad," she said, trying to believe it. "I mean, after a while you get used to pisco and—"

"Yes, I've tried it," Dell said.

They had dinner at Raimondi's, where they ate Peruvian food from marble-topped tables. Dell remarked that Spanish food was interesting enough, but really nothing like French or Italian.

"You've been to Europe?" Lora asked.

"Yes, we're wanderers, Ray and I," Dell said and rested her hand on her husband's arm. "We don't believe in getting bored while we can still do something about it."

Martin laughed and said, "Ray's never done a lick of work in his life."

"All right, all right," Ray said, laughing too. "So my grandfather owned a string of drugstores. Was it my fault?"

"I married him for his aspirin tablets." Dell's hand touched her husband's fingers.

Lora said, "I married Martin for his silver," trying to make a joke of it, but unable to quite hide her jealousy.

"Not much of it in the mine. Mostly copper and zinc."

"Enough," she said, and touched his arm, remembered Dell's similar gesture, and pulled her hand away.

After dinner they went to the Embassy Club, and when Lora was dancing with Ray, he said that Martin was a wonderful fellow, and asked if she liked Casamatuca.

"Would you?" she said. "Would Dell?"

He laughed. "Dell's different than most. Craves excitement, can't stand boredom. She's different."

"Not so different," Lora said, trying to keep the bitterness from her voice.

WHEN they got back to their table, Martin announced that he'd convinced Dell that she and Ray should visit them at Casamatuca on the following week end. "If you haven't seen a mining town," he said lightly, "then you haven't lived."

"No," Lora said, and thought that perhaps you hadn't died either.

"I don't know," Ray said dubiously. "We've got reservations—"

"Oh, come on!" Dell said. "Think of the adventure, Ray. Martin says the railroad goes higher than any other standard-gauge in the world, and I'm dying to see how they live—"

"In cages. The tourists look at us through glass windows!" Lora said angrily, and then mumbled an apology and got up and went into the powder room. She smoked a cigarette until she was calm; then she went back to the table.

When they returned to the hotel, it seemed to Lora that everyone was laughing more than was necessary. And as the Gordons said good night and went off down the hallway, Dell's arm linked in Ray's, they looked wonderfully happy.

"Nice couple," Martin said as they went up to their own room. "They'll be busy the next day or two—flying to Cuzco to see the Inca ruins. But they'll be up to see us in a week, and we'll have a party for them," he said, and then asked: "Why did you say that to Dell, and then suddenly leave the table?"

"I don't know," Lora said. "Oh, you wouldn't understand."

"Anything wrong, honey?"

"No," she said and looked down at her dress, suddenly hating it. "Martin, I—I want you to buy a new suit."

"Now, honey," he said, "you buy a new dress if you like, but this old suit's served me well for two years now, and—"

"And will serve you well for two more!" There was an edge to her voice. She began to undress quickly, thinking: I'll get a new dress and I'll enjoy the next two days!

On the following morning, Saturday, Lora Conroy bought an evening dress—the very latest style in yellow dress denim. And in the afternoon she had her hair washed and set for the first time since her arrival in Peru. She had her nails manicured

"We're wanderers, Ray and I," Dell Gordon said. "We don't believe in getting bored"

too, and she felt like a new person on Sunday morning, when Martin took her to the bullfight. It was hot in the stands, and her mind wandered continually to Dell Gordon and the party she must prepare for Dell's visit. But eventually the spectacle was over, and they had almost reached the car when Martin suddenly stopped beside a middle-aged man who stood waiting at the curb, trying to get a taxi.

"Larry Holden!" Martin said. "How are you?"

After introducing the man to Lora and inviting him to ride back across the river with them, Martin explained, "Larry works at the U.S. Embassy. He rescued me from an awful mess when I first arrived here."

Larry laughed and said, "It was just a routine visa problem, really."

THEY dropped Larry Holden off at the Sud America Building on the Plaza San Martín, which housed the embassy. "Work to do," he said. "Even on Sunday." Then suddenly he added, "Say there's an embassy party tonight at the country club. How about you two—"

"Afraid not," Martin said. "Work begins tomorrow."

"Come on now!" He turned to Lora. "How about you Mrs. Conroy? Can't you talk your husband into a little fun before you go back to the wilderness?"

"I'll try," she said and then with a touch of excitement she thought of the new evening dress. "Yes, I'll try."

"It won't work," Martin said and waved goodby. . . .

They were halfway up to their room before Lora's pleading turned to anger. "But *why,* Martin? I have a new dress. I've never been to an embassy party," she said.

"Work," he said curtly.

"You could phone them. Or we could leave at four tomorrow morning."

"The road's too dangerous at night. We'll have to leave immediately." They had reached their room now, and Martin unlocked the door. "I'm sorry, Lora," he said.

"Yes, you're sorry!" Lora said with heavy sarcasm, feeling only hot, surging anger. "Dell Gordon merely *suggests* coming to visit us, and Ray's willing to break reservations—do everything—in order to please his wife."

"Look, honey," Martin said patiently. "I've told you. I don't trust Tom Leiker in the mine alone. It even worried me to leave for these three days. I only came for your sake, and—"

"And we've got to go back. I know, I know!" She was nearly screaming now. "Back to that horrible, rotten little town and those terrible mountains and the dirt and—" Suddenly she flung herself on the bed and sobbed wildly in anger and resentment. Martin stood helplessly over her, saying comforting words that she did not hear and would never have believed.

Emma Singleton was the first person Lora saw after her arrival back in Casamatuca. Emma came in early Monday morning and slouched in an armchair. "Well, how was the week end?" she asked.

"Fine. I bought a new dress," Lora said, not looking at Emma, going about her business of straightening the living room.

"Oh?"

"Yes, an evening dress. One of those new denims." She brushed ashes from Martin's chair, put his engineering books away in the maple case.

"And just where do you intend to wear it?" Emma asked, filling each word with calculated irony.

"I don't know. But I'll wear it." Lora's voice was hard and flat. "I'll wear it!"

"Oh, sure," Emma said. "Look, Lora, I've been here five years now. Why don't you give up?"

"Give up?"

"Get resigned. Admit that no one can like this boring place."

"Look at Nat Hicks."

"You're not Nat."

"No . . ." Lora remembered now that she had had this same conversation with Rita only a few days before, reminded herself that now their positions were reversed now she was on the defensive.

"And besides"—Emma's eyes were veiled and she smiled secretly—"Nat finds ways to amuse herself."

"What do you mean by that?" Lora asked.

"Oh, nothing—just that she finds ways."

"Look, Emma—" Suddenly she was fed up with hints and gossip and raw emotion. All last night she had sincerely tried to be repentant for her outbreak in the Bolivar. Now repentance was no good; suddenly there was only aching weariness. "Please get out of here, Emma," she said.

"Well!"

"Please, before I say something really nasty."

Emma got up slowly, laughed, and left the house. Long after she had gone, Lora sat trembling in a chair, thinking: I will not listen to that woman. I will not. Then, when she felt calm, she got up and went out into the morning sun.

A RADIO blared out in a burst of music, and she looked up and saw Nat Hicks settling herself in a canvas lawn chair. Lora got up and walked toward Nat slowly, studying the blonde girl carefully. "Nat," she said.

"Oh, hello. Have a good time in Lima?"

"Yes, wonderful." She avoided Nat's eyes. "I—I want to ask you something, Nat," she said. "It's very important to me, and—" But suddenly there was no question that she could ask. She had defended Nat against Emma because she believed in this gay and beautiful girl, and even looked to her for help. But she could not say, What is your secret for keeping life interesting? That was a question she could never ask. She laughed uneasily. "I'm sorry, Nat. I—"

"Go ahead, darling. If there's anything—"

"No, thanks just the same," Lora said and turned quickly back toward her house. When she reached the community garage, she stopped to let a car back out of the drive.

The car stopped and Tom Leiker leaned out. "Waiting for me?"

"Naturally," she said, and started to walk around the car.

Tom said, "What you need is a drink."

Lora laughed, then stopped, said softly: "I do. As a matter of fact, that's exactly what I do need."

"Okay," Tom said. "Get in the car then." He had opened the door, slid out, and was holding her arm. "And don't tell me you've got something important to do, because we both know you haven't."

"No, I haven't," she said, and got quickly into the car and slid toward the opposite door. Tom got in beside her, backed out, and headed down the road to town.

"I've got the makings up at my place," he said, "but it wouldn't look so good, your going up there." His voice seemed to question her and his eyes watched her in the mirror.

"But I'm simply dying to," she said, not looking at him. "Do let me know when it's my turn to visit you."

"All right," he said angrily.

"Look," she said wearily, "let's just have a nice drink at the club."

Tom did not answer, but his eyes were still watching her in the mirror as he drove along the twisting road to town. Passing the rows of stucco buildings, the huge mounds of silt and ore, he smiled wryly. "Ugly," he said. "Really, it's ugly."

He parked the car and then they went into the bar.

While waiting for her Martini, Lora looked at Tom's handsome, regular features, his wide shoulders and rough hands. "Shouldn't you be at the mine?" she asked.

"Sometimes I get bored too."

"Oh?" She glanced quickly at him, and then down at her newly manicured nails. "I thought hard work was the best cure—"

"Do *you* work hard? Do *you* keep yourself busy?" He paused as the drinks were set before them; then he raised his glass and touched it lightly to hers. "Here's to a couple of bored young people," he said. "I'm lonesome—and so are you."

"Lonesome is as lonesome does—or something like that," she said nervously.

"I hear you went to Lima to meet some friends of Martin's who were just passing through," he said. "To people like that Peru is a place you visit on the way to somewhere else. Some people never rot, do they? They don't have to fight boredom because there never is any."

"I thought we came here for a *pleasant* drink."

"So you got your hair and nails done and came home, and instead of feeling better because of the week end, you feel worse."

"I bought an evening dress too," she said. "Don't leave anything out. It's yellow denim and—"

"So you have bought a dress that nobody will ever see."

"All right, all right!" she said and sipped her cocktail. "They're coming next week end, Martin's friends. I'm having a party. Friday night. Of course you'll come."

"Of course I'll come," he said. "They won't want to miss any of the curiosities up here."

Lora laughed dully. "That's almost exactly what I said myself—right to their faces."

"We understand each other," he said looking intently at her, and suddenly his hand moved quickly and touched her fingers. She pulled her hand away, and told herself she was acting like a child.

THEY had four Martinis each. Tom's eyes became slightly bleared. He talked a great deal, and Lora tried hard to see him as someone casually amusing. But, instead, being with him this morning was different and unusually exciting; life seemed momentarily brighter than it had for some time. Liquor? she thought. Maybe Nat Hicks drinks a lot by herself. Maybe that's her secret. Or maybe there's some man— She set her glass down hard. "Nat," she said aloud. "Nat Hicks!"

"A girl in love," Tom said.

"With—" she said, letting him finish it.

"Her husband, of course."

"Yes, of course," she said, and felt tremendously relieved. She reached for a cigarette, leaned forward toward the match, and held Tom's hand steadily in her own. It felt rough under her fingers. She watched him shake out the match, and thought that it was really quite a nice hand.

When Rita came into the bar, her three children following her like ducklings, Lora Conroy had just finished her fourth Martini, and the sight of Rita, calm, resigned, moving slowly toward her, served to bring her back to reality.

"Well, hello," Rita said.

Tom laughed easily, and said it was about time he got on up to the mine. He glanced at Rita, and then looked steadily into Lora's eyes. "I'll take you home first," he said.

"You needn't bother," Rita said, smiling at him. "I'm on my way home myself. I'd be glad to—"

"All right," Lora said, wondering: What am I doing here anyway? What am I doing here?

Tom stood up a little unsteadily. "Martin'll raise hell with me," he said. "Always so damn' conscientious about working hours."

"I know," Lora said, remembering what Martin had told her about Tom's carelessness and feeling slightly responsible.

"See you later," Tom said and flipped his hand in a gesture of farewell, and went out.

Rita sat down in the booth and watched Lora play nervously with her cocktail glass. "Coming?"

"Yes," she said, but she sat without moving, feeling the dizziness in her mind. She turned the glass faster, felt it slip, and it rolled from the table and splintered on the floor. "Let's go, Rita," she said and slid from the booth, wavered slightly, and followed Rita up the stairs.

"Why hate me?" Rita asked looking straight ahead as she drove up the winding road. "I haven't done anything."

"I don't hate you, Rita. In fact I—"

"Everyone gets restless after a trip to Lima."

"Who said I was restless?"

"Get some sleep and a fresh outlook," Rita said and patted Lora's knee. When she spoke again, she had changed the subject: "We're all looking forward to meeting Martin's friends on Friday."

"Yes, the Gordons—they're very nice," she said, but she was thinking: How could they help being nice when there is never anything to disturb them? And then, as the car turned up the gravel drive toward the small, familiar houses, Lora said to herself: I love Martin. But something's getting into me that I hate. I fight it and it comes back and then I fight it some more. Lima only made it worse. Seeing Dell with her easy life, in love with her husband, I—

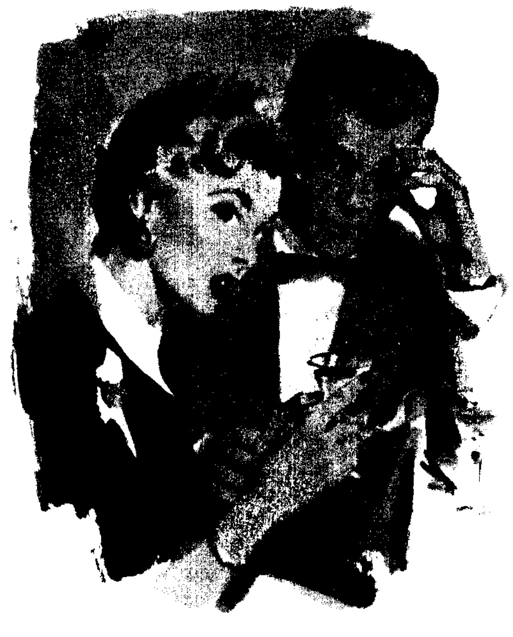
Rita said, "Have some children, Lora."

"Here? Way up here?"

"Well, I've got three, and they seem to take to the altitude."

Lora got quickly out of the car and ran up the walk. As she entered the house, Rita was still sitting in the car, looking after her with a puzzled frown.

Lora pressed her hands to her eyes, thinking: If only I could feel like she does. If only I could be happy with my house and a child. She went out into the kitchen where her two Indian maids were sitting on stools, talking in Spanish, idly peeling yellow Huancayo potatoes. Lora stared at them, at their squat bodies, their dark, animal eyes, their white-stockinged legs, and the black braided hair that fell below their shoulders. Stupid, she thought. They're stupid, lazy, stupid! In the States one good maid would do. Here you need two, and— She pushed the thought from her mind, reminded herself that she *did* have two maids and she *was* very fond of them, and if dinner was not so good as usual tonight, it was not their fault but her own.



"We do understand each other," Tom said to Lora, and touched her hand

"I'm back," she said aloud in broken, ungrammatical Spanish, "and I'm going to bed." She smiled at the two brown faces and started slowly toward her bedroom.

As she passed the maple bookshelf, she paused, staring at Martin's engineering books. Why does he have to read them every night? Why— She saw her college yearbook, which she'd brought all the way from Ohio. She drew it out and leafed slowly through the pages, staring at the faces of old friends—girls who lived now in New York and San Francisco, the boys who had married the girls, ones who had become doctors and lawyers with suburban homes and summer cottages. She shut the book quickly and went on into the bedroom, where she flung herself fully dressed on the bed. She saw Dell Gordon with her gay, happy face; she saw Larry Holden, saying, "Can't you talk your husband into a little fun before you go back to the wilderness?" She clenched her fists tight, trying to force those images from her mind. Eventually sleep came, and in her dreams she remembered Tom Leiker's warm touch on her hand.

Lora awoke with a start, hearing Martin's voice calling, "Darling! You home, darling?"

"Yes, I'm here," she said and added to herself, "I'm always here. Never anywhere else." She sat up, her head throbbing. "Just a minute," she called and went into the bathroom and washed her face in cold water; as the shock roused her, she thought: I must tell him about Tom, about the drinks. She took two aspirin and then walked slowly toward the living room, feeling that her head would break like delicate crystal if she moved it violently.

Martin was slumped in a chair, wearing the inevitable coveralls, his face dirt-streaked as always. He was frowning, but he looked up and smiled when she entered. "Hello, honey."

"Hello, darling," she said, thinking: I won't kiss him now. I'll tell him first. And aloud she said, "Did you have a good day?"

"Hell, no. Tom Leiker came in about four hours late," he said. "He was drunk and—"

"But nothing happened?" anxiety in her voice.

"No, but something could have. You can't have drunken men in a mine." He paused. "I—I'll have to put in a complaint. Get him fired."

"Fired?" she asked softly, and the feeling of responsibility for Tom's having taken the drinks returned. "But it wouldn't happen again. You don't understand, Martin. You're so absorbed with your work that you don't realize that everybody goes off the handle now and then. Everybody—" And suddenly she realized what she was doing, whom she was defending. And she realized also that it was too late now, and she could never tell him about this morning—not now and not ever. For wasn't she partially defending herself?

There was silence, and then Martin said finally, "Well, we'll see." He got up and went to the bedroom to change his clothes. Lora slowly paced the room. Do something, she told herself. Go see about dinner. Do something! She went to the kitchen and gave meaningless instructions to the maids. She glanced through the window, and saw Tom Leiker walking up the mountainside toward his small white house. Suddenly she turned and ran to the bedroom, where Martin was dressing. She flung herself into his arms, sobbing.

DURING the next four days, Lora was busy with preparations for the party for Dell and Ray. She ordered special delicacies from Lima. She made arrangements for one of the club's waiters to serve the drinks, and borrowed Nat Hicks's phonograph. It was exciting, preparing for a party. But then in her bedroom, looking once more at the yellow evening dress, the realization of what this party really was came to her. She sat desolately on the bed. She said to herself: All right, it's fun preparing for a party. But what about after it's over? For Dell Gordon it will have been just another party. But for me, it will be something I'll have to remember and relish and— No, I won't! I'll make this party different. It will never wear off, *never!*

Lora got up and went quickly into the living room. She sat beside Martin on the sofa, looking at him as he studied an engineering book. He was really quite good-looking, she thought. And he was kind and sympathetic, even though he did not quite understand her. And much as it annoyed her, watching him read his endless books, she reminded herself that they had only a year left to go in Casamatuca. Her voice was cajoling when she spoke.

"Martin, why do you read that all the time?"

"Learning. Have to keep learning," he said.

"But you've got your degree—"

"Look," he said, lowering the book slowly and suddenly smiling. "I've got a surprise for you, honey. You know Cy Reynolds?"

"The manager?"

"Yes, well, Cy's contract is up in two months—and he's leaving."

"Oh," Lora said, and thought: Cy's wife is going to escape, she's going to get out of here. Then she said aloud, "I didn't know that."

"Well, he is, and I'm due to get his job. All I have to do is finish this contract and sign for three more years. It's automatic. It's—" He paused, and then smiled. "—well, it's wonderful; if you agree, of course. I mean if you—"

LORA did not hear Martin's final anxious question. She felt cold, and her hands were clasped tight in her lap. "Three," she said softly, "three more years?"

"It's a short time, and we're young, Lora, and—"

"Yes," she said, "I'm glad for you, Martin, and—of course I agree that we should stay." She got up and walked slowly across the room. "I—I suppose you've had Tom Leiker fired?" she asked, and wondered why, now, she was asking about Tom.

"No, he's not fired yet."

"He will be, though, when you become the manager?"

"That depends. After all—"

"I know, Martin. I know." Then she said, "I'm going out. For a walk. I'd like some air." She opened the door and went out to the front steps.

It was drizzling softly and the night was dark. She hesitated, wondering if she should get a raincoat, decided not to and stepped out into the night. She walked slowly along the gravel road, past Nat Hicks's house; past Emma's house, dark now at ten o'clock because Emma tried to escape in drugged sleep; past Rita Dermet's, where Rita sat near the window, sewing, knitting, occupying herself in various useful ways. Cy Reynolds' house was next. It was slightly larger than the others, and it was here that they would move, she and Martin, and here that they would live out their next three years together.

Lora stood silent before the small frame house, not feeling the dampness of her clothes or hair. She thought: Three doors away, and three years to go. She laughed without humor, and glanced to the right to the last of the row of six houses, where the Dan Lackermans lived. They were a quiet couple, the Lackermans. Somehow you never saw them; somehow they seemed only to be there to complete the set of six mining engineers, their six wives, their maids and their young children.

"Young," she said aloud. "It's a young man's job. But what about young wives?" Then she noticed that up in the blackness there was a light on in Tom Leiker's cottage. "Well, at least you're not in the row, Tom Leiker. At least you're alone," she said, and from the darkness a voice answered.

"We're *both* alone, Lora."

She turned, startled, and through the dark and the drizzle made out Tom's approaching figure. Instinctively she stepped backward until her hand touched one of the eucalyptus trees that lined the short street.

"Tom, you—you frightened me."

"I thought I heard you call me."

"No, I was—"

"Thinking. Just thinking."

"Yes," she said. She could see the strong features of his face, see that he was smiling. "I didn't tell Martin, Tom—about the other morning over at the club."

"Tell him. What do I care? He gets sore—I leave. No contract can make me stick here. Martin can become manager if he likes, sign a new contract—but not me. I'm fed up."

"Are you, Tom?"

"There's only one reason I like this place," he said, and his hand touched her sleeve. "Seeing you, that's all. Just being able to look down at your house." She did not say anything, and he moved closer. "Martin doesn't understand, does he? Not about what this place does to people like me and—you." And then Lora felt his lips against hers. His arms were around her, and he was kissing her hard. Angrily, she tried to twist away, and then she felt the anger slowly leaving her.

"Tom, please. It's just that there aren't any other women here, and—"

"I've known enough women, here and other places, to know exactly what I want," he said, but she turned then and ran wildly back down the gravel road. At her own walk she slowed and climbed, out of breath, to the porch. Standing there, her breath coming more slowly, she realized that it was not from Tom Leiker that she had run so wildly, but from the growing restlessness within herself. . . .

The Gordons arrived at noon on Friday. As Ray climbed down from the train, his smile was weak, his legs unsteady. "Got a pain behind my eyes. Can't get my breath. There's no air. No air," he gasped.

Martin laughed and handed him a *soroche* tablet. "It'll slow down your heart," he said, and then turned to Dell. "How about you?"

"I feel fine—wonderful," she said. Her clothes were neatly pressed even after the long train ride.

Lora watched as Dell looked slowly around the station, and at the Indian women working raw wool into fine woven baskets. Then Dell glanced up at the mountains and the mounds of ore and silt, and at the depressing details of the little town. She turned to Lora and said, "Do you live here *all* the time?"

"No," she said, trying to keep her voice steady, "about three miles from here. But we have a club here in town, and a bar, and a movie, and—" She stopped, aware that she was defending what she had grown to hate.

ON THE drive out to the house, Ray looked over the mountain ledge and turned a bit green, but Dell was completely unconcerned. She touched her husband's arm and said lightly, "Remember the Alps, Ray? Remember that cable car in Austria, and the Ferris wheel in Vienna?"

At the cemetery Martin slowed down to show his guests the exposed skull in the half coffin. "He looks quite content," Dell said. "I should love to have his photograph."

Ray went straight to bed after lunch, but Dell changed into slacks, and Lora showed her about the little community while Martin returned to the mine.

"The Dermets do have a lot of children," Dell said. "Why don't you have any?"

"I—I've decided to wait till we leave here."

"Personally, I've simply never found the time for them," Dell said. "Oh, what's that little house up there? The little white one."

"That's Tom Leiker's house. He's our only bachelor," Lora said.

Dell laughed. "And I expect your Tom Leiker—in a place like this—I expect he causes various problems," Dell said, and then added, "certain women become restless. You understand?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't," Lora said flatly.

"Once, in Africa, Ray and I stayed at a sugar plantation. We were amused to see the wives making eyes at the one unmarried—and unattractive—man. They'd lost all sense of proportion."

"We keep ours," Lora said, her voice hard. And then, catching sight of Nat waving from her back yard, she remembered Emma's insinuations and her own crazy suspicions. She stepped back into the shade, and suddenly realized she was under the tree that she and Tom Leiker had stood beneath less than forty-eight hours before. "Let's go," she said, and walked on down the gravel road.

At four o'clock Rita arrived with eight cocktail glasses, and a few moments later Nat Hicks came in with a bottle of Scotch to add to the night's festivities. They both greeted Dell with cordiality and left promptly, promising to come early and stay till dawn. "That Nat Hicks is quite lovely," Dell commented after they'd gone.

"Yes, she used to be a model before she was married."

"Odd—such a beautiful girl up here in nowhere."

"She's terribly in love with her husband," Lora said, and the words sounded familiar; she remembered, in a moment, that they'd been spoken by Tom. "We all love our husbands; up here you have to," she added simply, and wished that she felt the sincerity of her own voice.

Twenty minutes later Tom Leiker came in, drank a double Scotch from Nat's bottle, waved, and was gone.

After the door had closed behind him, Dell Gordon said pleasantly, "Well, Casamatuca's not exactly like that sugar plantation. Your single man, he's quite—in fact, he's very attractive."

"Yes, I suppose he is. I'd never thought about it." She turned away, remembering the strange feeling she always had with Tom, the touch of his fingers at the club and the touch of his lips in the damp night.

THE party began tentatively around eight. Emma Singleton and her silent husband were the first to arrive. Dell was still dressing at the time, but Ray had struggled from his sickbed to a chair in the living room. Lora, wearing a navy piqué halter dress that she'd once been proud of, sat near Ray and tried to be as pleasant as possible. Then Dell appeared, wearing a breath-taking cocktail dress of red-gold taffeta that exposed her slim shoulders, and Lora prayed that the other guests would arrive quickly, take away the bitter monotony of Emma's voice, the silent stares of her husband.

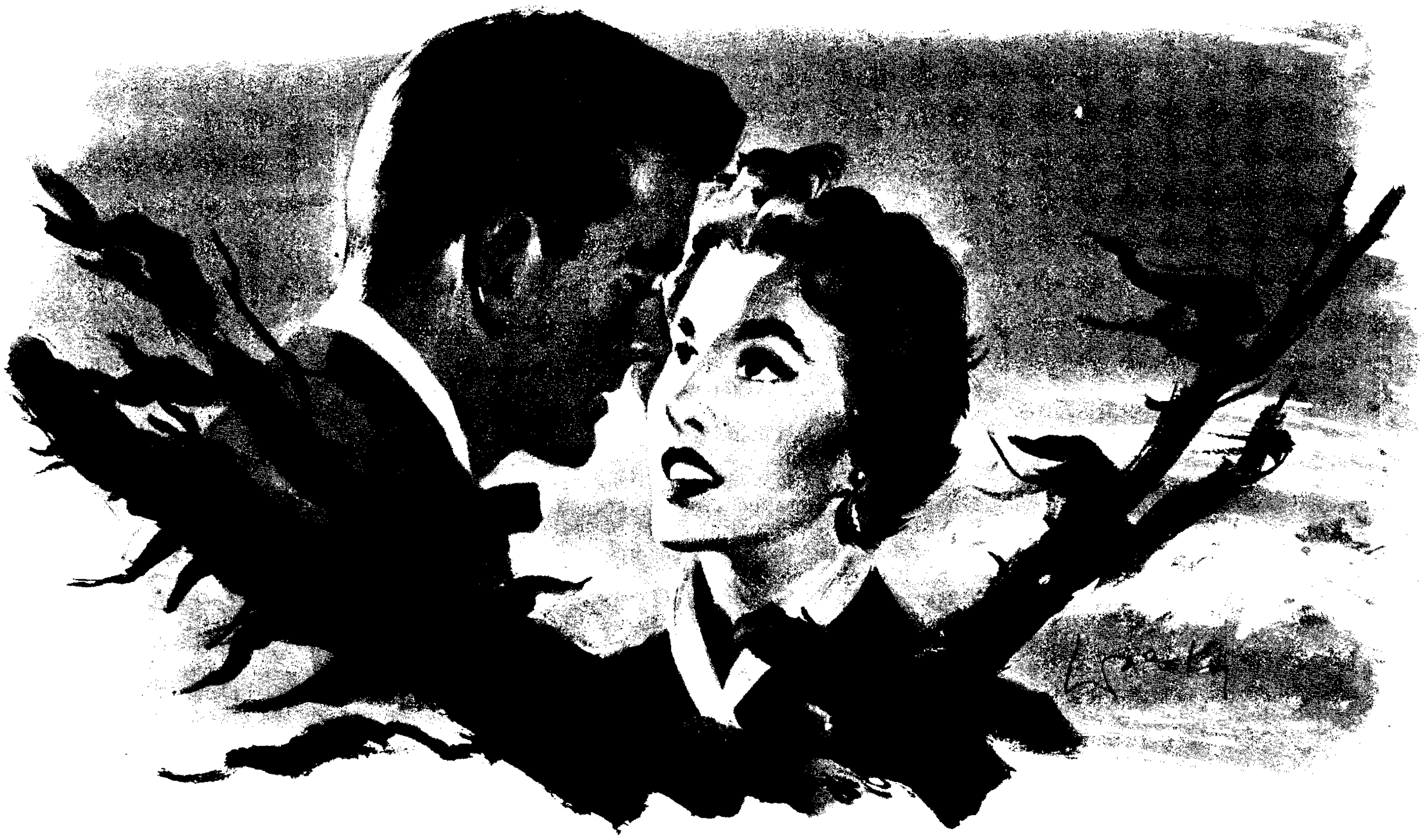
But the next to arrive were the Lackermans, who seemed to creep unnoticed into the room. They sat in chairs in the corner—as far from the bare waxed floor as possible—and held their drinks in both hands, and said nothing.

Lora tried to be animated, but she felt miserable in her old blue dress, and kept thinking of the new denim evening dress that she would never wear. She went into the kitchen to check on the hors d'oeuvres, and stayed a full twenty minutes, listening for the doorbell and giving irrelevant instructions to her two staring maids. The hired boy came in through the swinging door, mixed more old fashioneds, and left again. Lora looked out the window and saw the lights were still on in Tom Leiker's cottage.

Finally the bell rang and Lora heard Nat's laughing voice, followed immediately by the cheerful greetings of Rita and her husband. The phonograph was playing I'll Be Seeing You, and a couple was dancing. Then the light in Tom Leiker's cottage went out.

Lora went back to the living room. She urged cocktails and hors d'oeuvres on everyone, danced with Martin, and waved hello to Tom Leiker as he entered. Now let the party carry itself, she thought, because I don't feel like being a hostess. I just want to forget everything and have the very best time of my life.

The party carried itself. Parties always did in



"Martin doesn't understand," Tom said, "what this place does to people like me—and you"

Casamatuca because they were held only on special occasions, and whenever there was a special occasion inhibitions were released in great bursts of joy or anger. By ten o'clock the Conroys' house was a bedlam of music, shouts and laughter.

"They're having a good time," Martin said at eleven o'clock.

"You're being awfully quiet, though," Lora said.

"Work tomorrow. And the managership, you know," he said.

Lora, beginning then, pushed aside all thoughts of Casamatuca and the next four years. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she realized that on the surface this party was like all the others: Cy Reynolds was telling the same old stories, Nat was playing her same old records, Emma was arguing with anyone who came close, and Rita sat in her familiar way, watching everything with calm and tolerant eyes. Lora knew that outside it was the same, but inside herself there was a fierce desire to dance until she fell exhausted, to laugh until the dawn of the dreaded new day.

A firm hand touched her arm. "My dance?" Tom Leiker said.

"Yes, Tom, yes," she said and stepped into his waiting arms and danced as she had never danced before. When the record stopped, she leaned against him, out of breath.

"Where's Nat?" he said. "I promised I'd dance with her next."

"Must you?" Lora asked, and was surprised at the jealousy in her voice.

"Got to give all you girls a good time," he said. "By the way, your friend Dell is damned aloof."

"She thinks *you're* attractive," Lora said, and thought: Keep him from Nat. If he doesn't like Dell, let him dance with her all he likes.

Tom looked down at her. "I thought you had a new dress," he said. "You should have worn it."

"An evening dress? And have everyone laugh at me?"

"I wouldn't laugh," he said, as a new record started, and his arm slipped about her waist. "I'd really like to see you in it."

"It's too daring."

"All the more reason," he said and his arm tightened around her.

Lora looked over his shoulder and saw that Dell was refusing a proffered drink. Never lets herself go, she thought. Never any reason to. Nothing there to explode.

The music stopped again, and Lora went deliberately to the kitchen, telling herself not to have any more cocktails, to stop thinking about the dress, to stop thinking about Tom and Nat Hicks. She paced nervously until she heard voices outside on the lawn. As usual at Casamatuca, the party was spreading itself, moving outdoors into the cold moonlight, into other rooms, and would eventually end up in someone else's house. She glanced at her watch. It was one thirty.

WHEN she went back to the living room, Martin was standing alone; Tom was drinking, talking seriously to Dell. Lora watched them, and noticed that, when Nat went by, Tom turned and followed her with his eyes.

"Lora," Martin said. "Ray's already in bed. And I think I'll go along myself. The party's young, though, and Dell seems to be having fun."

Her first impulse was to chastise him for leaving his own party, but immediately she realized that she did not care whether Martin went to bed or not. "All right," she said, her eyes still watching Tom. "Go ahead, Martin."

"Somebody's got to have a level head at the mine tomorrow," he said.

"All right, Martin. You just keep right on having a level head," she said and turned away. She saw Tom walking toward the dining room in the direction that Nat Hicks had gone and strode after him, laughing. She caught his arm and said, "Another dance and maybe I'll put on that dress."

"A promise?"

"A promise."

An hour passed. And in that hour, Lora danced almost constantly with Tom. Once he danced with Dell and returned to report that she was as aloof as ever; and once, with Lora's watchful eyes on his back, he danced with Nat Hicks. But mostly Tom and she were alone, though he never mentioned the time he had kissed her, never repeated the words he then said.

As time passed, he even seemed to have forgotten her promise about the evening dress. She felt that something important was slipping away, and then, when the music stopped, she kept her face close to his, kept her hand on his arm. "Tom," she whispered, "I'll go put on the dress. We'll go for a ride, watch the sun come up."

"I don't know, Lora," he said. "We—"

"We'll get away from this horrible boredom—" Her face was even closer to his, and their lips were touching. "Tom. Wait here, Tom." She turned and ran toward the bedroom, thinking: There's no harm, there's no harm. She knew that what she was doing was insane—but she didn't care, just so long as tonight would last and be remembered.

Martin woke up as she was getting into the new evening dress. He raised up on his elbow and said sleepily, "What are you doing, Lora?"

"You can see what I'm doing," she said.

"But an evening dress—"

"If I don't wear it now, when will I wear it? To an embassy party in Lima?" She strode into the bathroom, appraised herself in the mirror, and then rushed back to the living room, where she stopped abruptly, her heart beating wildly. The room was empty.

Lora went to the nearest chair and sat down weakly. The phonograph was still playing, and from outside there came sounds of laughter. She smoothed her dress absently, thinking: He'll be back. Of course he'll be back. But she knew that he wouldn't. Then suddenly she got up, feeling angry and hurt, and started toward the bedroom when Emma came in from the yard.

"Well," Emma said with a smile that was almost cruel, "the new dress?"

"Yes," she said furiously. And then, watching Emma's little smile, her anger burst forth in defiance. "I'm going someplace!" She rushed across the room and out into the night. In the garden she stood motionless, feeling suddenly very much alone. I won't, she thought, I won't just sit and take this any longer. She turned in fury toward the light in the house of Tom Leiker.

Lora walked slowly, her thoughts confused. The light was out when he left for the party, she rationalized. He wants me to see the light. To herself she said: Cats go crazy in this altitude; chickens can't lay eggs; insects can't live. Only humans. And perhaps even we're half dead. Perhaps, like the cats, I'm a little crazy myself.

SHE climbed slowly, lifting her dress above the cactus plants. Dell was right, she thought. When you get bored enough, you do lose your sense of proportion. But I don't care any more. She was close to the house now. In her mind's eye she could see Tom waiting for her. He would touch her hand, perhaps kiss her.

Suddenly she was cold. She paused and shook her head slowly. I must be crazy, she thought, chasing Tom like this. But I can't stand this place. I can't. And she moved on, automatically, her eyes looking straight ahead at the light that grew ever brighter. Her foot struck a stone that started a miniature landslide. And suddenly the light in the house went out.

Lora stopped, holding her breath. She was still standing motionless in the deep shadows when a woman came out of Tom Leiker's house, glanced hastily around, and then ran down into the garden, passing only a few yards from Lora.

For a long moment Lora did not move. She stared at the darkened house, and then looked down the hillside in the direction the woman had gone. Down the path a small object gleamed in the moonlight. Dumbly she walked forward and picked it up, and then she walked back down the path, breathing painfully, trying not to think anything at all.

Back in the empty house, Lora inspected the bright object. It was the gold cap to a lipstick. Inside there were smears of red—a red that was touched with orange; it was a peculiar shade that only one person in Casamatuca used—Nat Hicks.

Lora laughed aloud, almost hysterically. Then she went out along the gravel drive, up the walk and into Nat Hicks's living room.

Nat was there, sitting with her husband and the Lackermans. She looked up and smiled, and as Lora moved closer, the smile widened and her lips were a bright reddish-orange in the yellow light of the room. "What a lovely dress!" Nat said. "Why, Lora, it's beautiful!"

The cap was still clutched in Lora's hand. She smiled bitterly and said, "I—I *thought* I saw you come in, Nat."

"You probably did. I was out for a walk. Needed fresh air."

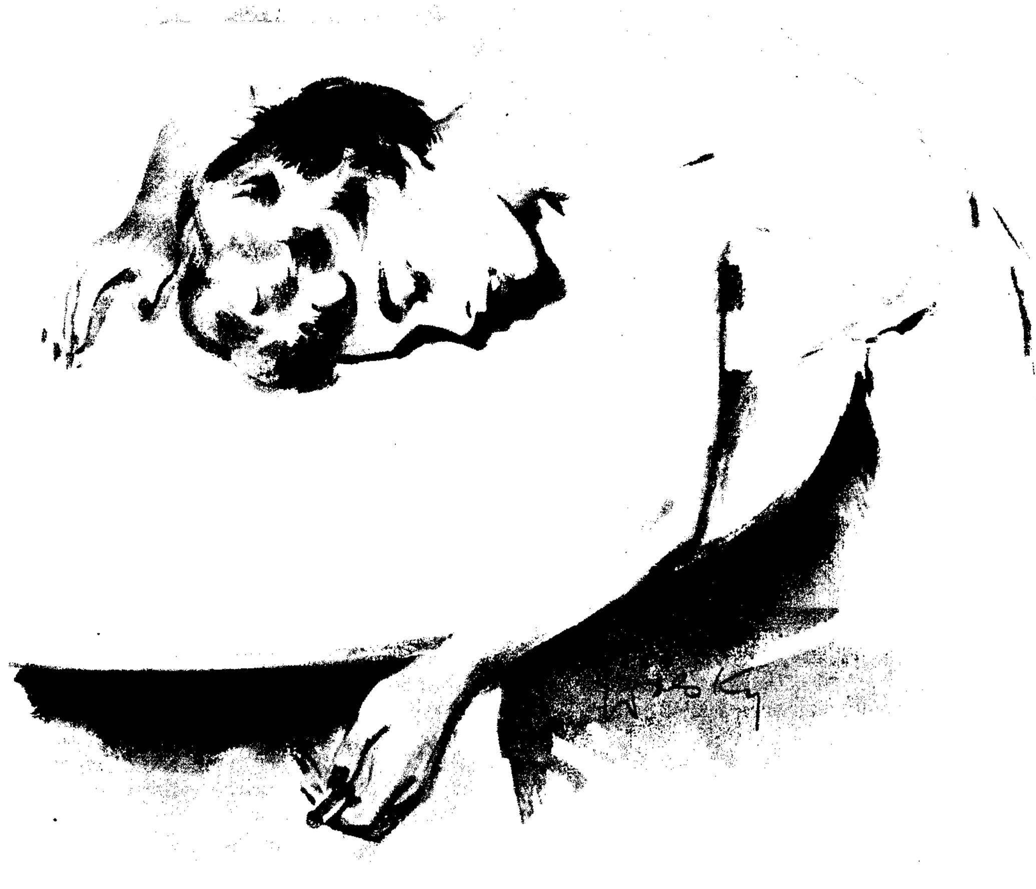
"Yes, fresh air. Please excuse me," she said and turned mechanically and went back to her own house. In the kitchen she made coffee and drank it with trembling hands. In love with her husband, she thought. Oh, yes, life is always interesting when you're in love. And of course you're not bored, Nat. Oh, no, oh, no! She laughed hysterically, realizing sickly that she had counted on Nat to show her the secret of honest contentment; but now Nat Hicks had disillusioned her. Lora went into the bedroom and undressed. As she got her flannel robe out of the closet, several hangers clattered to the floor.

Martin woke up and said, "Lora?"

"Leave me alone! It's all your fault!"

"Now look here—" Martin said, sudden anger in his voice.

"Leave me alone!" she screamed. She turned and ran out onto the sun porch, where she flung herself onto a chair and let her head drop forward to the round metal table before her. For a long time she cried, and then finally she fell asleep, her head resting on her arms, the gold lipstick cap still held in her hand.



For a long time she cried, and then finally she fell asleep, still holding the gold cap

THE sun was shining brightly when Lora awoke. She rubbed her arms, shivering, and picked up her robe, which had slipped from her shoulders during the night. She tried to remember what she was doing here on the sun porch. And then all the events of the previous night came back with a rush of horror. She opened her hand and looked with awed disbelief at the gold cap, and then she thrust it into the pocket of her robe. She stood up and went slowly into the dining room, where Dell and Ray were eating breakfast.

"Good morning," Dell said. She was as beautiful as ever, but there was something strange about her. She seemed younger, gayer. And yet the vivaciousness seemed oddly out of place. "Martin's already gone," she said. "He left a second ago."

"I'll be back in a minute," Lora said, and went into the bedroom. She put on a sweater and slacks, and returned to the table.

Ray finished breakfast, and then got up and excused himself, his face a grayish-white.

Dell laughed and said, "He can't wait to get back down to sea level."

"I'm afraid he didn't have much fun last night," Lora said, and thought bitterly: But I know who did. Oh, yes, indeed, I know who did.

"I guess not," Dell said. "But the rest of us did."

"Yes, I guess so." Lora drank her coffee, wondering desperately what she should do about Nat Hicks. She gazed at the calm, knowing face of Dell Gordon. Perhaps Dell, with all her sophistication, was the person to ask. Lora felt she had to ask someone. "Dell?"

"Yes?"

"What would you do if—well, if you'd started doing something that was wrong? I mean, would you tell Ray?"

"Naturally. Ray and I have no secrets. Of course we have very few problems either. We're"—she paused—"perfectly adjusted. Most problems arise from stagnation and boredom, and we're very careful to avoid both." There was quiet mockery in her voice. She finished eating, touched her lips with a napkin and asked, "You see?"

"Yes, I see," Lora said, and tried to keep the bitterness from her voice. She felt Dell's eyes watching her, and she was relieved when the telephone rang. She got up quickly, and ran to the living room to answer it.

"Hello, *Señora* Conroy?" The voice was unfamiliar, speaking frantically in Spanish—something about the mine, about an accident, about Martin.

"Martin!" Lora echoed dumbly. "Martin! An accident?" She slammed the receiver into the cradle, and ran to the garage. Behind her Dell was calling, but Lora did not answer. She backed out the car and drove the three miles to town as fast as she could, unmindful of the dangerous curves. All the way she kept sobbing, "Martin . . . Martin . . ." forgetting Nat Hicks and Tom Leiker and the long night before. The brakes screeched as she pulled up at the mine office, leaped from the car, and ran to the mouth of the mine, where the rail tracks that ran a half mile into the center of the mountain disappeared into a round black hole.

Cy Reynolds, wearing a leather jacket, was pacing up and down near the opening. He caught Lora's arm. "It's all right, Lora, it's all right!"

She broke from his grasp, but he caught her once more. "You know how the Indians feel about women in the mine," he said.

"But Martin—"

"He's all right. The doctor's in there now. Just a broken arm."

"A broken arm?" Lora asked. She sat slowly on an empty ore car.

Cy's voice came from far away: "He'll be back at work tomorrow." He paused. "But Tom—"

"Tom?"

Cy did not say anything, and Lora looked up at him, saw him watching the mouth of the tunnel. Then an ore car rattled out, carrying Martin and the doctor, seated together on the narrow wooden seat. Martin's face was grimy, his coveralls were torn, his arm was in a splint. His mouth was set in a grim line.

"Darling!" Lora cried and got up and ran toward him. She kissed him and helped him from the car. And it was then that she saw the blanket, wrapped around a figure in the back, pulled up to hide the face. She backed slowly away.

"Tom Leiker," Martin said.

"Oh, Martin . . ." She covered her eyes with both her hands.

Cy said, "He must have kept on drinking after the party last night. He ordered an overhead removed that should have stayed. Martin risked his life trying to save him. We're lucky that nobody else—"

LORA heard nothing more. She walked dumbly toward the car, Martin beside her. As she climbed in behind the wheel, another car screeched to a stop beside her. It was Nat Hicks. Her hair was uncombed, her voice shaking when she spoke. "I heard something happened—my husband—"

"He's all right," Martin said. Lora stared with dumb fascination at the girl's anxious face. She put her hand into the pocket of her slacks, touched the gold lipstick cap. Then she said, "Tom Leiker is dead."

"Dead?" Nat's voice was flat and unreal.

"Yes, I thought you might like to know," Lora said and started the car. She drove fast, knowing relief that Martin was safe, knowing shame for Nat—and complete disgust for herself.

"Poor Tom," Martin said quietly. "I'm terribly sorry."

"At least he escaped," Lora said. "It was the hard way, but he did get away." She felt bitter and sick and wretchedly confused.

When they got home, she insisted that Martin go to bed and rest. "I'll drive Dell and Ray to the station," she said. "You need some rest."

"Okay, I'll obey," he said, and she kissed him. Despite her love for Martin and the fact that she was relieved that he was safe, she knew that nothing had really changed—nothing at all.

She went slowly into the living room, wondering what she would do now. Her hope that Nat Hicks would be able to show her how to make her next four years with Martin happy was gone.

"Was it just a broken arm?" Dell asked.

"Yes," she said vaguely. "But Tom Leiker was killed."

"Killed?" Dell said, truly shocked. "Oh, that's—that's terrible!"

"Yes," Lora said, and now she envied Dell even more—she even had honest feelings.

"Of course I'd just met him," Dell said, "but he seemed quite nice."

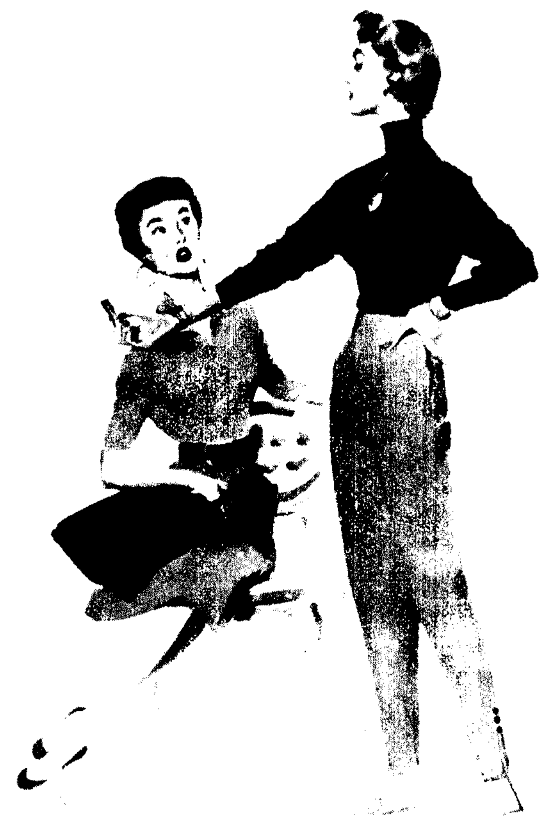
"Yes, he was." Lora sat down wearily, feeling a thousand years old.

"Well"—Dell glanced at her watch—"I do wish there were something we could do to help, but with Ray sick—well, I guess we'd better start along." She smiled anxiously, then opened her bag and carefully made up her mouth. She started to shut the bag, then opened it again and said, "Oh, I almost forgot about this lipstick. And I still haven't found the cap."

"The cap?" Lora asked, confused. "The cap, Dell?"

"It's nothing really," Dell said. "I lost my lipstick last night and borrowed Nat's. Then I lost the top to it, and I haven't the faintest idea where." She laughed musically, and Lora Conroy got up slowly. For a moment she stood motionless, staring at Dell's mouth, at the reddish-orange color on her lips.

Then, in confusion, she began to pace back and forth across the living room. All she could think was: Of course she looked different this morning.



Lora held out the gold cap. "Is this what you've been looking for, Dell?"

The color doesn't suit her. It's Nat's color. Not her color—Nat's color. She stopped in the center of the room. She turned, and found Dell still smiling at her.

"Anything the matter, Lora?"

"No, nothing at all." Suddenly relief was running like cool, soothing water over her entire body. And then slowly the relief turned to hard, overwhelming hatred. Her fist was clenched on the gold cap in the pocket of her slacks, and suddenly she wanted to throw it into Dell Gordon's face. She drew the cap from her pocket, held it out and said, "Is this what you've been looking for?"

"Why, yes," Dell said, and started to reach out for it. Then her eyes narrowed and her fingers went white as she gripped the handle of her purse. "Where did you find it?"

The time had come—the time to wipe out all of Dell's previous insinuations, to vindicate Nat Hicks and erase her own suspicions. "I found it," she said carefully. "I found it—"

"Well," Ray said behind her. "I'm packed and ready. We'll have to hurry I'm afraid." He went over to his wife, and touched her arm affectionately.

Lora stared at Dell, and at Ray, and then she tossed the gold cap on the coffee table. "It was in the bathroom," she said, and saw the relief in Dell's face. She thought: She's beneath contempt. She has nothing—nothing.

A few moments later Lora Conroy drove the Gordons to the railroad station. In the rearview mirror she could see them in the back seat, holding hands like young lovers.

Dell said, "We'll be off to New York in a week, and will I be glad to get back."

"You're lucky," Lora said. "I'll still be here with the rest of the poor bored wives. I only hope we can keep from losing our sense of proportion." She said no more, alarmed by the angry resentment in her voice. She felt her sudden hatred and contempt for Dell Gordon dissolving slowly into pity, for now she realized that this desperate, fun-seeking woman had gone the irretrievable distance, the distance that she had almost gone herself.

The train was late. Lora stood waiting with the Gordons on the station platform, watching the train circle around the rim of the mountains, trying to assimilate her changed feelings toward Dell Gordon and the wonderful life she lived.

Ray, happy at the prospect of leaving, said, "We certainly enjoyed our visit, even though I wasn't up to par." He smiled at Dell. "I suppose you thought I was a wet hen for not sticking out the party last night. But I'm glad you had a good time."

"I did," she said, and her smile did not change. "I had a lovely time. I wasn't bored for a single minute." She patted her husband's arm tenderly.

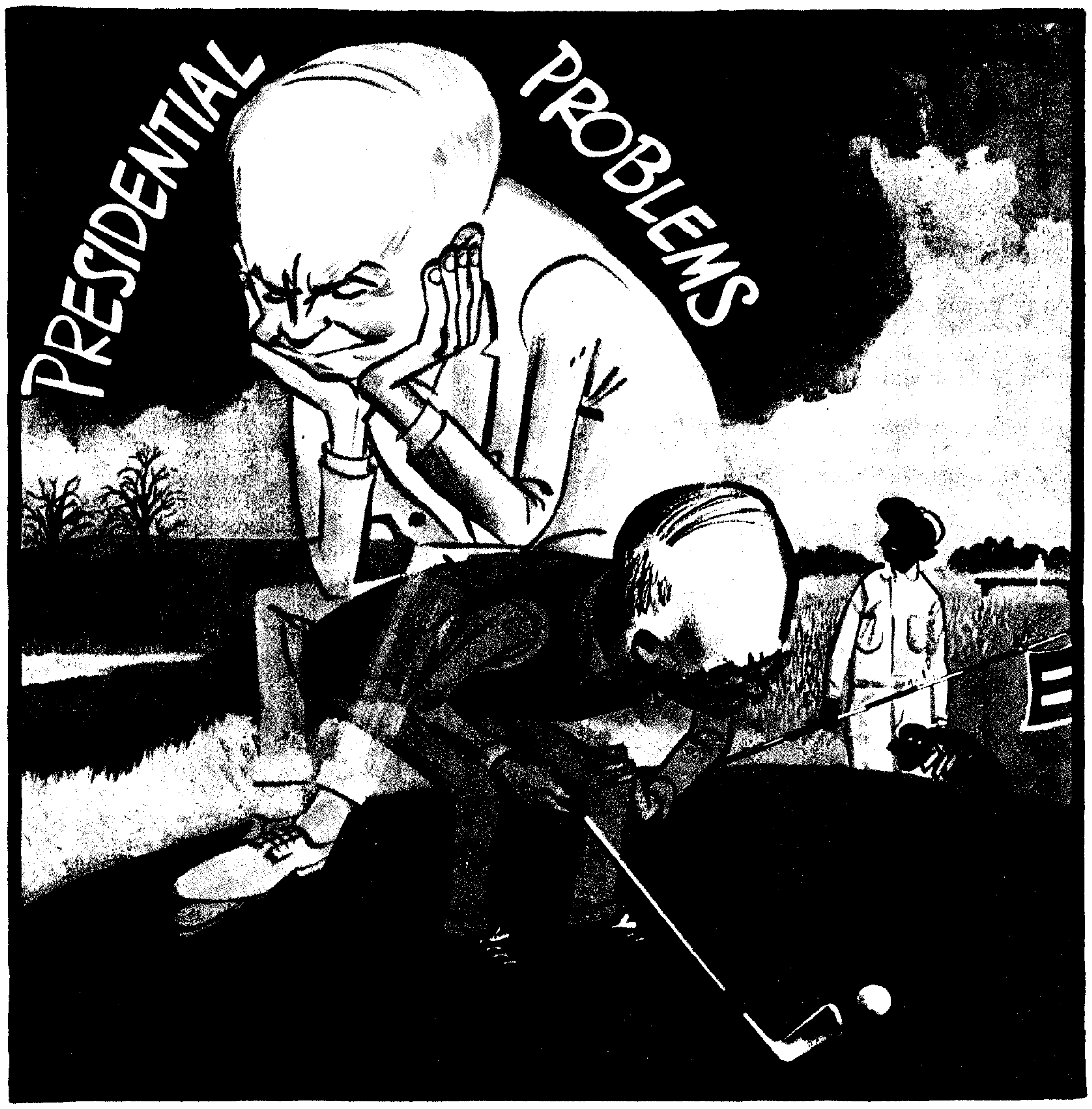
Then the train was in the station and they were all saying good-by. Lora stood on the platform, watching the train chug slowly upward in the long climb before it started the downward run to Lima and civilization. Then she started back toward the car. She looked at the Indians selling goods along the road. She smiled at them, felt somehow that they were her friends, her comrades in this strange high land. She looked around at the blue sky, the bright sun, the circling vultures overhead, the gay flowers that managed to grow so bravely at this impossible height.

BACK in the car she drove home slowly, stopped at the graveyard, and stared for a long time at the white skull in the open box. Well! she thought with grim humor, you may have lost everything else, but at least you kept your head. And then she thought of Tom Leiker, shuddered, remembered all that had happened between them and remembered what had caused it. "Boredom," she said aloud. "Boredom. What is it? What exactly is it? Where does it come from? Where?" And the answer came to her: Boredom comes from inside yourself. You can't escape it. It's an inadequacy inside yourself.

Suddenly Lora Conroy laughed, and she drove home with the laughter still inside her. But then, as she reached the drive, she found she was thinking with horror of a life like Dell's—full of an endless search for escape and finding nothing but disillusion and self-hatred. As she got out of the car, Emma was trudging toward her down the gravel road. She shouted, "Hi, Emma!" and laughed at the scowling face. Nat Hicks waved from her yard—lovely, wonderful Nat, who had found the good life without pain or struggle. Lora waved happily in return. If you can give all of yourself to your love for your husband, she thought, then life is always wonderful.

She ran up the walk, caught a glimpse of Rita and her three children in their yard. Within yourself, she thought, it's all within yourself. And she opened the door, thinking of Nat's gay face, of Rita's calm eyes, of the manager's house into which she and Martin would move. Of course she would still be bored sometimes; the days would be endless, and four years was a long time. But the new house *was* larger. Children *did* thrive so well in the mountain air. She turned in the doorway and looked out at the breath-taking vista before her, and thought happily of Martin and the years to come.

—CHARLES MERGENDAHL



HARRY DEVLIN

Inseparable Twosome

IN THE OPENING PARAGRAPH of this issue's story about "Mamie's Cabin," the house built for the President and his lady at the Augusta National Golf Club, Helen Worden Erskine mentions other Presidential hideaways. The reference set us thinking about the hobbies and relaxations, as well as retreats, of various chief executives. And it also reminded us of the many critical remarks we've heard recently to the effect that "Ike plays too much golf."

Well, other Presidents, in the memory of mortal and not too ancient man, have played golf—Messrs. Taft, Wilson and Harding, for example. Mr. Coolidge, a more sedentary type, took naps after lunch. Mr. Hoover was and is an ardent, expert angler. Mr. Roosevelt collected stamps. Mr. Truman favored early-morning walks and late-evening poker.

We can't recall any concerted criticism of the hobbies or hideaways of other Presidents. But now we keep hearing that "Ike plays too much golf." We don't get it.

The office of the Presidency is generally agreed to be the hardest job in this country, and probably in the world. And it is not a job that its holder can run away from. The Presidency dogs the incumbent's footsteps as inexorably as do the Secret Service men who guard him.

It seems odd, then, that American citizens should begrudge their President a few hours of relaxation. For this is the era of the 40-hour week (going on 30), when the goal of most workers is less work and more leisure. All of Mr. Eisenhower's critics, we are sure, try to get some fun out of life. So why do they insist that a man elected to what is frequently called a "killing job" literally endanger his health and life by an unremitting schedule of work?

It is ridiculous to imply that the President does not take his job seriously, or that he regards his residence in the White House as a vacation period. He is sorely beset, as any other man in his shoes would be. If he can consign the onerous duties of his office to the back of his mind for a few hours of a few days each year, while he whacks a golf ball around the course, it is no sin or shame. So we say more power to you, Mr. President, and may you break 90 every time out.

Why Squander "Good Will"?

THREE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH the Perón government in Argentina, after a series of harassing and increasingly flimsy pretexts, closed La Prensa, one of the world's great newspapers. For almost 81 years La Prensa, under the enlightened leadership of José Clemente Paz (its founder), Ezequiel P. Paz (his son), and Alberto Gainza Paz (the founder's grandson and La Prensa's last editor-publisher under free management), was a symbol of freedom. It was ever a guardian and champion of a free press and of Argentina's constitution. It was proudly patriotic in the best sense of the word. It promoted education, provided free medical service, and performed many other worthy, selfless services that long since had made it a monument to the profession of journalism. So Juan D. Perón closed it, then seized and confiscated all its properties.

The anniversary of that unhappy event seems an appropriate time to take a brief look at the Perón government today, and to give some thought to the United States' attitude and policy toward that government.

The Perón regime is still a Fascist police state—operating, as most such states do, behind the transparent façade of phony legality, but with all the familiar, insidious trappings of totalitarianism.

There is a Congress, but it is only a mouthpiece for Perón. There are opposition parties, but they are not allowed to meet. There are labor unions—which include Communists who consistently support Perón—but the dictator runs them. There are courts, but the judges receive telephoned instructions from the government on the disposition of their cases.

There are secret police, and sudden, dead-of-night arrests, and unexplained disappearances, and tortures (see Collier's two-part series, Inside Perón's Secret Torture Chambers, June 28-July 5, 1952). There is no right of habeas corpus since Perón declared a wholly unconstitutional "state of internal war" after the military rebellion of September, 1951.

Economically, too, Perón follows the totalitarian pattern, and in doing so he has put his country in a bad way. Borrowing a page from the Soviet book, he tried to boost his country's industry at the expense of its agriculture, and at the same time subsidize the industrial expansion out of agricultural profits. But now world wheat prices are down. Argentina cannot live up to its meat export commitments. Perón is losing money. He cannot make his coal-and-oil-deficient nation self-sufficient, so he must import much of the lifeblood of industry. That takes dollars. We hope he will not get any more from the United States.

In the last few years this country's attitude toward Perón has gone from the tough realism of Ambassador Spruille Braden through appeasement to aloof politeness. Now there may be another change in the making. Since Dr. Milton Eisenhower, the President's brother, decided to include Argentina in his good-will tour of South America there has been a notable abatement of anti-Yankee propaganda in the Argentine press and government agencies. We can't say we are pleased by the visit or the reaction.

The United States, as the world's archfoe of dictatorship, owes Perón no "good will." We think that diplomatic correctness, to borrow a diplomatic term, is as far as the American government ought to go. And let us give Perón no more dollars, which would only serve to bolster and prolong his power. Present events indicate that Perón's regime is weakening under the weight of its political cruelties and its economic ineptitudes. Its eventual collapse will be accomplished only through internal upheaval, but come it must and come it will. Let it be soon. And let our government do nothing to impede or delay the liberation of a proud and once-free people.

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